





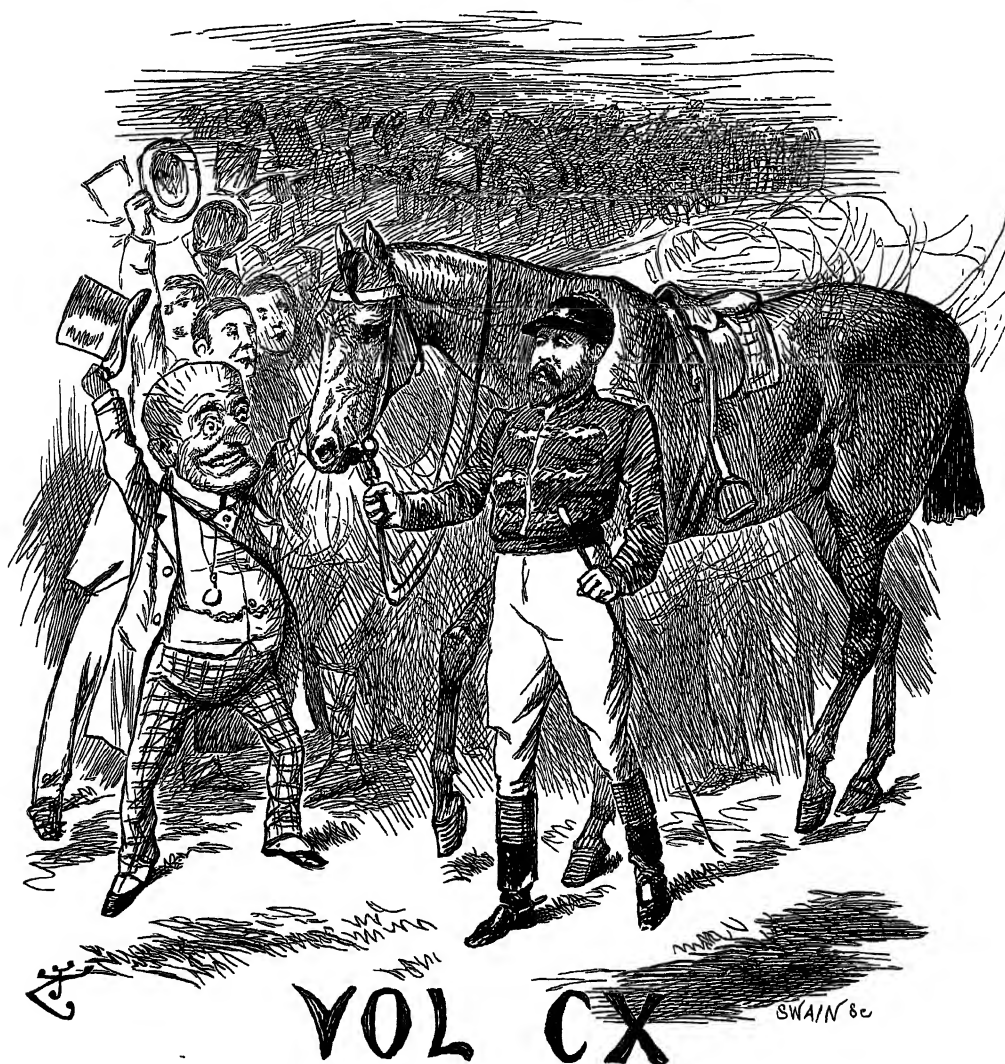








# punch



LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1896.





"IXION himself, by all that's wonderful!" said Mr. PUNCH, addressing—in defiance of mere mundane injunction—the Man at the Wheel.

"Mr. PUNCH and none other, by all that's delightful!" responded the Thessalian, trimming his bicycle lamp as tenderly as a masher tittivates his budding moustache.

"Happy to meet you, I'm sure—anywhere!" smiled the omnivagant Sage, pleasantly. "But how on earth did you get out of Hades and into Heav—well, say Olympus?"

"On my Wheel," answered IXION. "It has proved a Wheel of Fortune to me—in the long run. I fancy I hold the record for long distance, anyhow."

"But how did you contrive to turn your wheel of torment into a *Rota Fortuna*, IXION?"

"As DISRAELI—who was a man after my own heart—made me write in JUNO's album, 'adventures are to the adventurous.' MERCURY—who is not a bad fellow for a turnkey—first gave me the tip. In this epoch the Wheel rules the world! Olympus is awfully Conservative. But Olympus is also dull—as your Philosopher said most Conservatives are. And Olympus, like the Greeks, is always glad of 'some new thing,' if it be adroitly introduced. Now DISRAELI and I shared that useful knowledge how to educate a Conservative party—like the followers of JOVE or DERBY—without scaring it into revolt. Olympus—especially the she-side of it—was awearying for some novelty which was not as old as the hills or as stale as the New Fiction. To be brief, I cleverly converted my wheel of torture, and the chains wherewith I was bound thereto—MERCURY winking while I worked—into a Safety Bike! Then he whispered to JUPITER and JUNO that I was having quite a good time on my converted cycle. Curiosity did the rest, and now VULCAN and his Cyclops (floated as 'The Etna Cycle Company, Limited') are so full of orders even JOVE has to give six weeks' notice when he wants a new Wheel. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" echoed Mr. PUNCH. "There seems to be a lot of human nature not only in humanity, but in divinity also. I presume you are quite a *persona grata* again—especially with the goddesses?"

"I believe you, my bhoy!" said the Thessalian, with a wink. "Olympus now ought rather to be called Olympia. Your Miss PATTISONS, MARIE PAULES, and Mlles. SOLANGES are not in it, either for zeal or pace, with JUNO, VENUS, MINERVA, and that tremendously tenacious long-distance championess, dear DIANA! Are you a wheelman, Mr. PUNCH?"

"Am I not Everything in *excelsis*?" queried the Sage, coolly. "I wonder at *your* asking such a question! I'll take you, or any of your Olympian 'cracks,' gods or goddesses, on at any distance you like!"

"On a cloud-course?" asked IXION, archly.

"Well, I'm better used to grass or asphalté," said Mr. PUNCH. "And perhaps I'm not so sweet on clouds as you are—or were—my dear Ixion. You, from long experience, are doubtless used to 'rolling in the air,'—on a wheel!"

The bold Thessalian actually blushed, and his impudent eye fell before Mr. PUNCH's significant glance. "I own that I prefer *innubilis æther*—now," said he. "But we've all sorts of tracks in Olympus. You pay your entrance fee, and you take your choice. If you like to enter for the Golden Apple Handicap, JUNO, VENUS, and MINERVA will run you a race on grass, or ATALANTA will give you a start, as a newer and swifter Milanion, over the Three Pippin Asphalté Track, at your pleasure. As for me, I'm your man at any distance, over any track, from cloud-course to cinder-path!"

"You always *were* a cheeky chap, Ixion," replied Mr. PUNCH, drily. "But how do your Olympian ladies *look on* Wheels? Do they don—well, Divided Skirts; and do they go *gracefully*, or humped and awkward, like too many terrestrial she-cyclists?"

"Look for yourself, Mr. PUNCH," responded Ixion. "'Here they come!' as your Derbyites yell, especially when a Popular Prince looks like to win. Peep through the cloud-rift, and you, Mr. PUNCH, like poor CENORE,

"Mays't well behold them unbeheld, unheard  
Hear all, and, like young PARIS, judge of gods!"

Sure enough, there they came, Goddesses Three. "Great HERÈ," pearly-shouldered PALLAS, "Idalian APHRODITE, beautiful," all on the World-dominating Wheel, all in Olympian Cycling Costume, all working away at treadle and handle as for dear life, like mere she-mortals at a mundane Cycle Meeting.

"What think you of my Three Olympian Pupils, Mr. PARIS-PUNCH?" asked Ixion.

"Humph!" said the Sage. "Methinks, personally, I should have preferred them as they appeared of old on the piny top of 'many-fountained Ida.' Women on Wheels look less like goddesses than they do *off* them, in my opinion, and goddesses on Wheels more like ordinary—*very* ordinary women. But I suppose the Wheel has 'come to stay'—for some time at least, in Olympus as in Hyde Park."

"You bet!" laughed Ixion. "Why, even that pompous upstart, PHÆBUS, is practising biking at night on the strict Q.T., and I expect soon will be putting down his stables, selling off his horses of the sun, and doing his daily round on Wheels! But look out, Mr. PARIS-PUNCH! This course is two laps to the mile, and the Illustrious Three will be back presently, when you will have to award the Apple——"

"Not at all, Ixion, my boy!" retorted Mr. PUNCH. "I have a better and fitter prize for the Olympian winner than any Golden Apple. My work and my awards are not for a mere cycle, but for all cycles, and cycles of cycles, 'not for an age, but for all time,' like my friend, WILLIAM OF AVON'S."

"And what is that prize of prizes for the Olympian winner of winners or champion of champions?" asked Ixion, curiously.

"Not a mere Golden Apple, but a veritable Golden Book," responded PUNCH, displaying to the amazed and interested Ixion his

## One Hundred and Tenth Volume!!!



# PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1896.



AQUARIUS.

PISCES.

ARIES.

TAURUS.

GEMINI.

CANCER.

MARCH xxxi Days.	
1 S. S. in Lent	17 St. Patrick
2 W. S. in Lent	18 St. Joseph
3 Th. S. in Lent	19 St. John the Baptist
4 W. S. in Lent	20 St. Peter
5 Th. S. in Lent	21 St. Paul
6 W. S. in Lent	22 St. Andrew
7 Th. S. in Lent	23 St. Thomas
8 W. S. in Lent	24 St. James
9 Th. S. in Lent	25 St. Philip
10 W. S. in Lent	26 St. Nicholas
11 Th. S. in Lent	27 St. Basil
12 W. S. in Lent	28 St. Agnes
13 Th. S. in Lent	29 St. Vincent
14 W. S. in Lent	30 St. John the Evangelist
15 Th. S. in Lent	31 St. Peter the Apostle

JANUARY xxxi Days.	
1 W. Year's Day	17 St. Anthony
2 Th. S. in Jan	18 St. Francis
3 W. S. in Jan	19 St. Ignace
4 Th. S. in Jan	20 St. Agnes
5 W. S. in Jan	21 St. Vincent
6 Th. S. in Jan	22 St. John the Baptist
7 W. S. in Jan	23 St. Peter
8 Th. S. in Jan	24 St. Paul
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12 Th. S. in Jan	28 St. Philip
13 W. S. in Jan	29 St. Nicholas
14 Th. S. in Jan	30 St. Basil
15 W. S. in Jan	31 St. Agnes

FEBRUARY xxix Days.	
1 S. S. in Feb	17 St. Anthony
2 W. S. in Feb	18 St. Francis
3 Th. S. in Feb	19 St. Ignace
4 W. S. in Feb	20 St. Agnes
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13 Th. S. in Feb	29 St. Nicholas
14 W. S. in Feb	30 St. Basil
15 Th. S. in Feb	31 St. Agnes

JUNE xxx Days.	
1 M. S. in June	17 St. Anthony
2 W. S. in June	18 St. Francis
3 Th. S. in June	19 St. Ignace
4 W. S. in June	20 St. Agnes
5 Th. S. in June	21 St. Vincent
6 W. S. in June	22 St. John the Baptist
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14 W. S. in June	30 St. Basil
15 Th. S. in June	31 St. Agnes

APRIL xxx Days.	
1 W. S. in Apr	17 St. Anthony
2 Th. S. in Apr	18 St. Francis
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15 W. S. in Apr	31 St. Agnes

MAY xxxi Days.	
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13 Th. S. in May	29 St. Nicholas
14 W. S. in May	30 St. Basil
15 Th. S. in May	31 St. Agnes





LEO.

VIRGO.

LIBRA.

SCORPIO.

SAGITTARIUS.

CAPRICORNUS.

JULY xxxi Days.

1 W. R. Boyce  
2 Th. R. Foul d.  
3 F. R. R. R. R.  
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AUGUST xxxi Days.

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NOVEMBER xxx Days.

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DECEMBER xxxi Days.

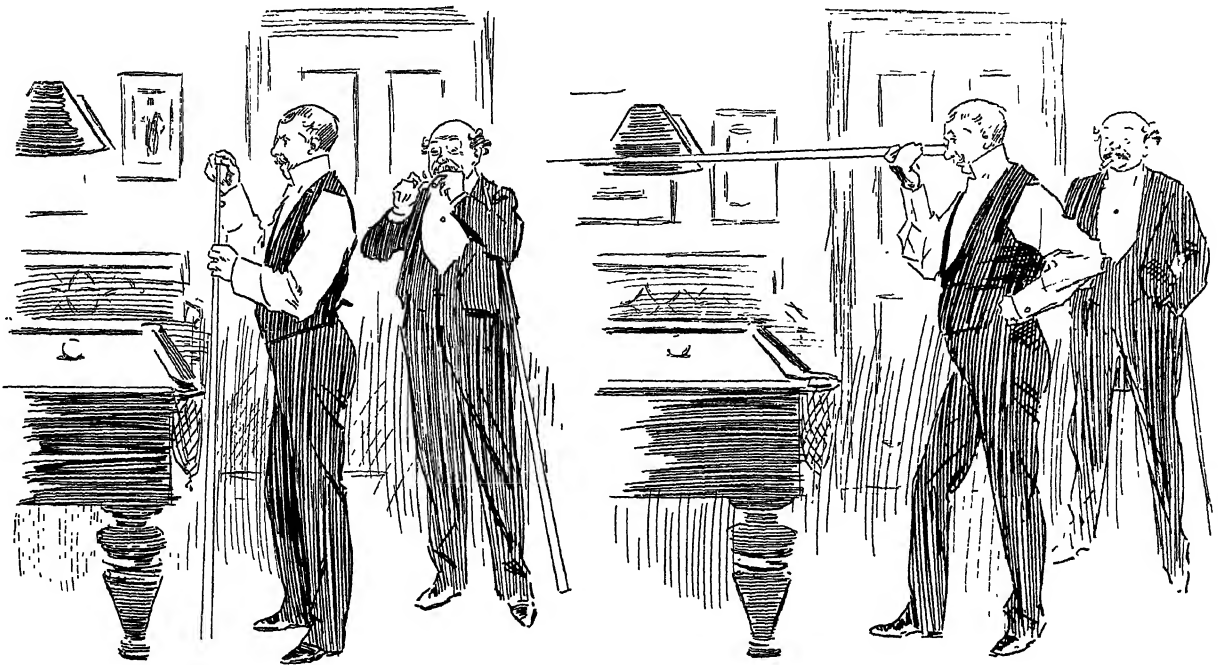
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"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."

FIRST LABOUR.—"Our 'ARRY's" YOUNG WOMAN, 'ARRIET, VOWED SHE COULD ONLY BESTOW 'ER 'AND ON A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN, WHO MUST BE "A NAILER" AT EVERY GAME AND ATHLETIC EXERCISE. 'ARRY, DETERMINED TO GO IN AND WIN, BEGINS WITH SKATING. HE "CUTS A FIGURE" ON THE ICE.

P. H. M. 1895



SECOND LABOUR.—'ARRY PLAYS BILLIARDS, AND



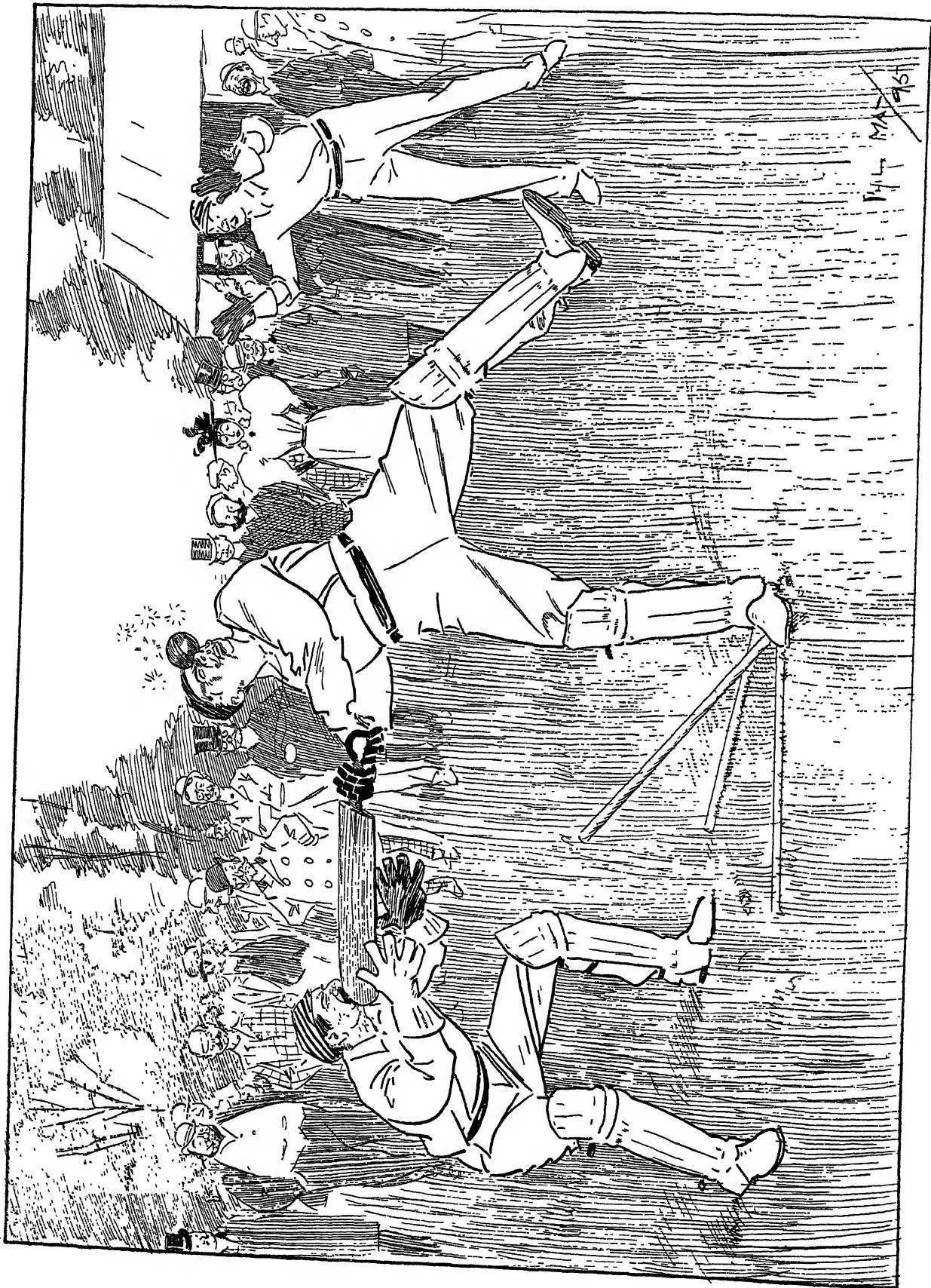
MAKES A FANCY STROKE.

"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."



"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."

THIRD LABOUR.—'ARRY CATCHES A CRAB.



"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."  
FOURTH LABOUR.—'ARRY PLAYS CRICKET, AND "WISHES HE 'ADN'T."





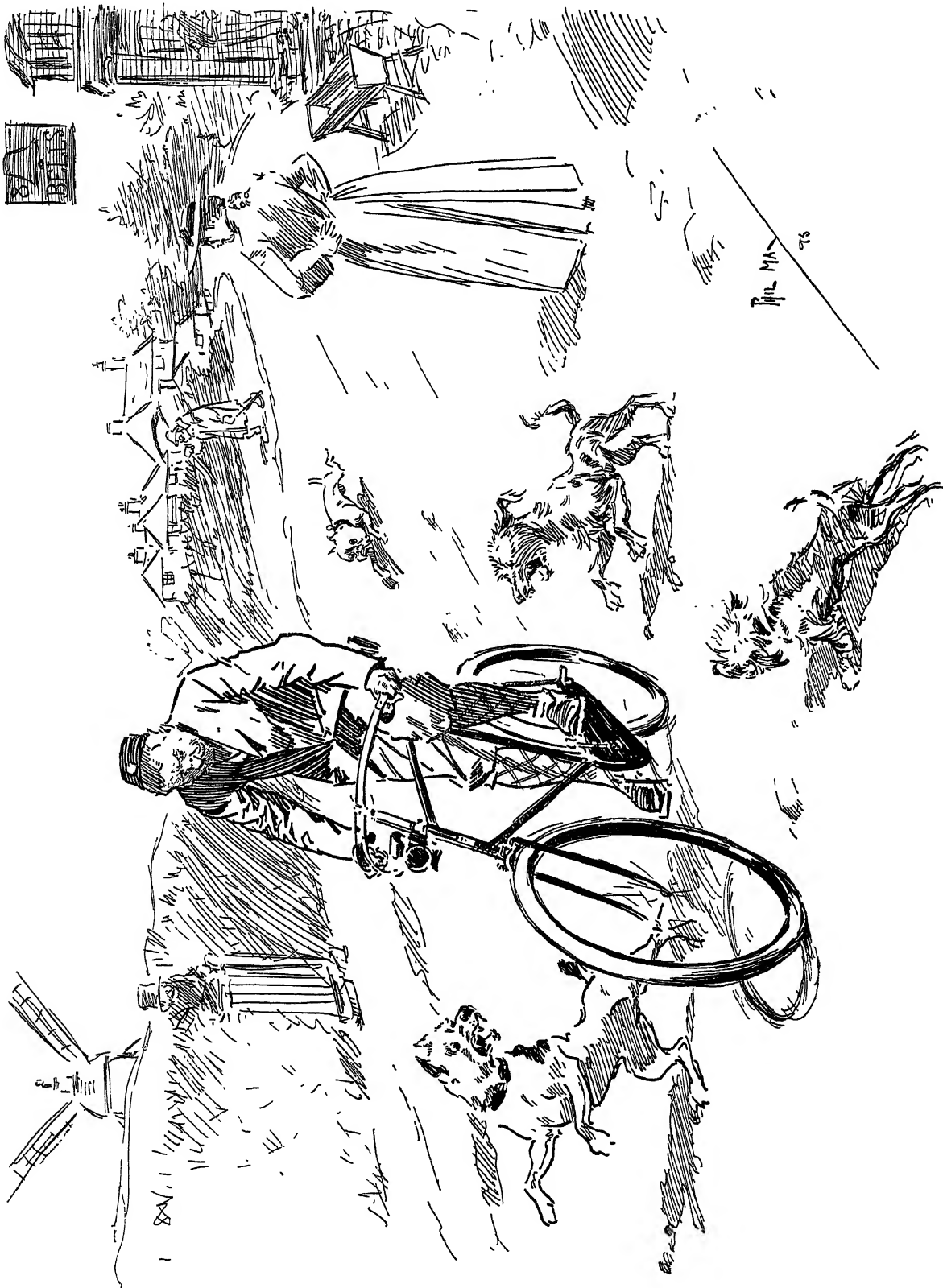
"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."

FIFTH LABOUR.—'ARRY AT GOLF.



"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."

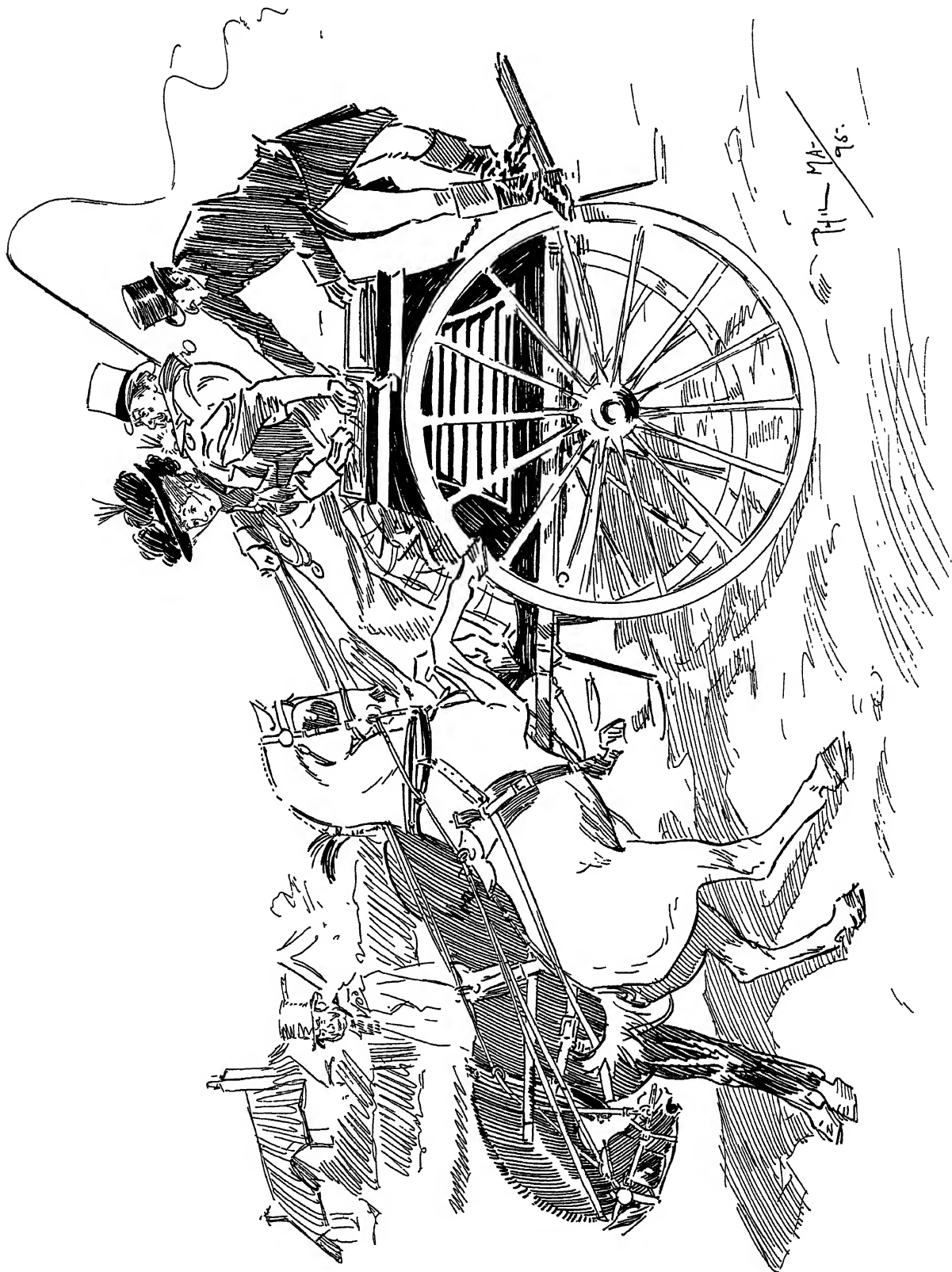
SIXTH LABOUR.—FISHING, 'ARRY GETS A BITE.



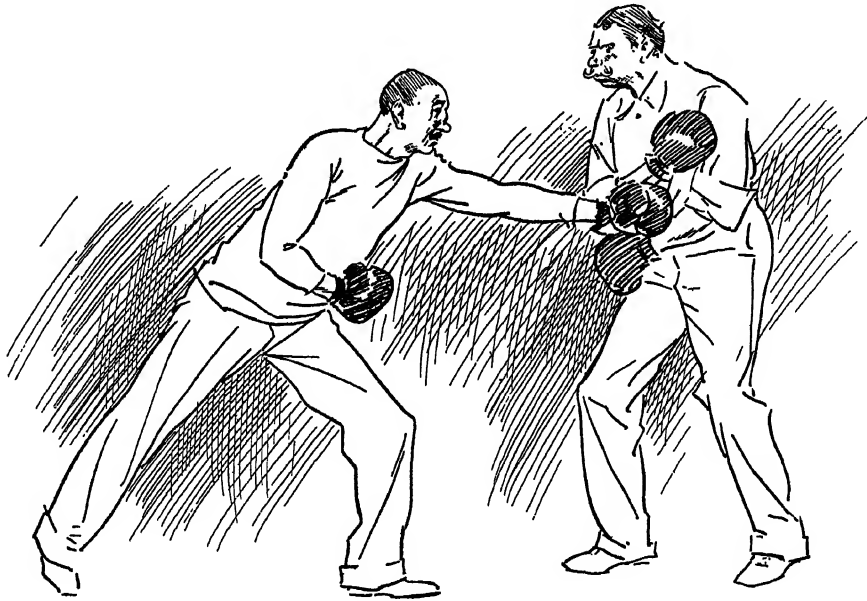
"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."

SEVENTH LABOUR.—'ARRY "BIKES."

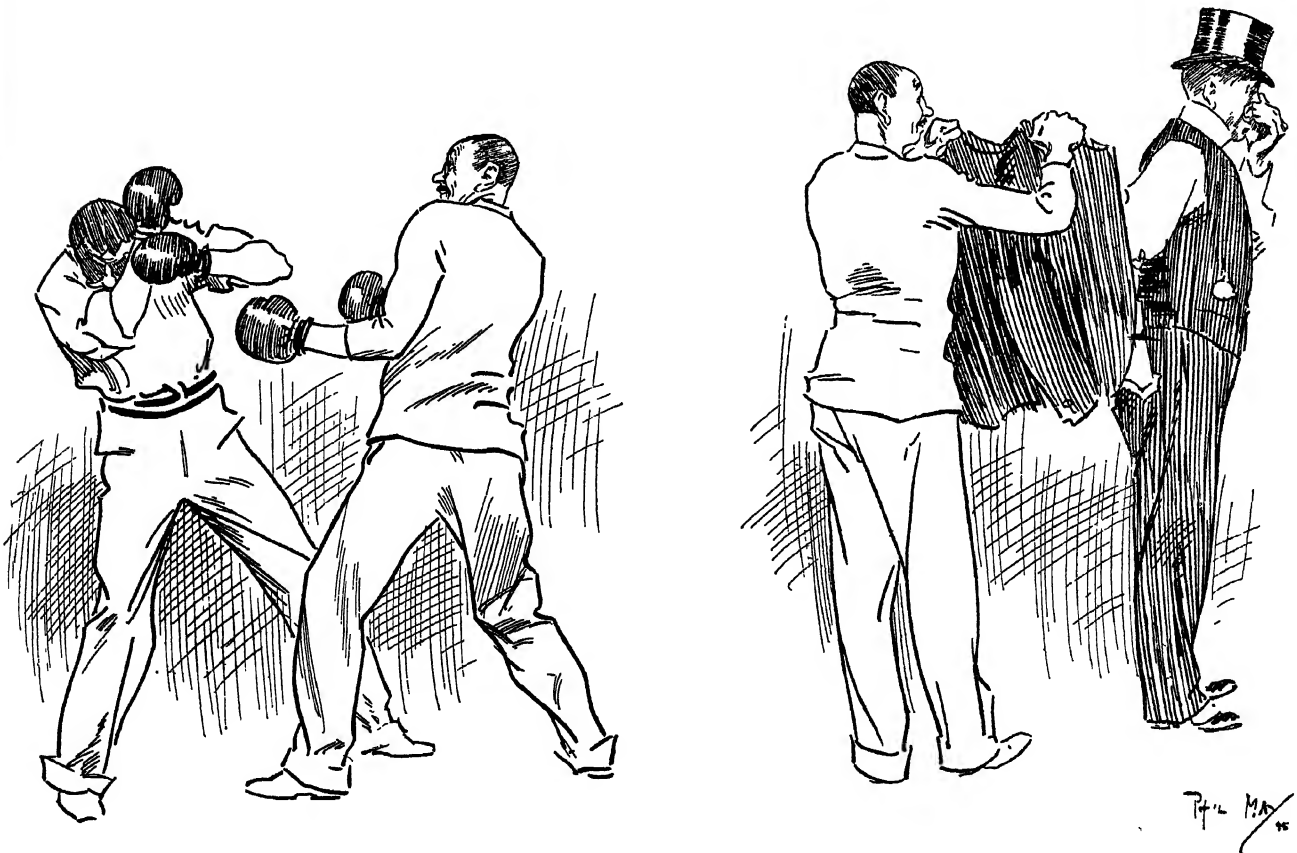




"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."  
EIGHTH LABOUR.—'ARRY EXPERIENCES THE PLEASURES OF DRIVING TANDEM.



NINTH LABOUR.—'ARRY TAKES A FEW LESSONS IN BOXING FROM A PROFESSOR OF THE NOBLE AND NECESSARY ART OF SCIENTIFIC SELF-DEFENCE.



THE PROFESSOR BEING IN A HURRY TO ATTEND A PRIZE-FIGHT, FINISHES OFF HIS PUPIL WITH CELERITY AND DESPATCH.

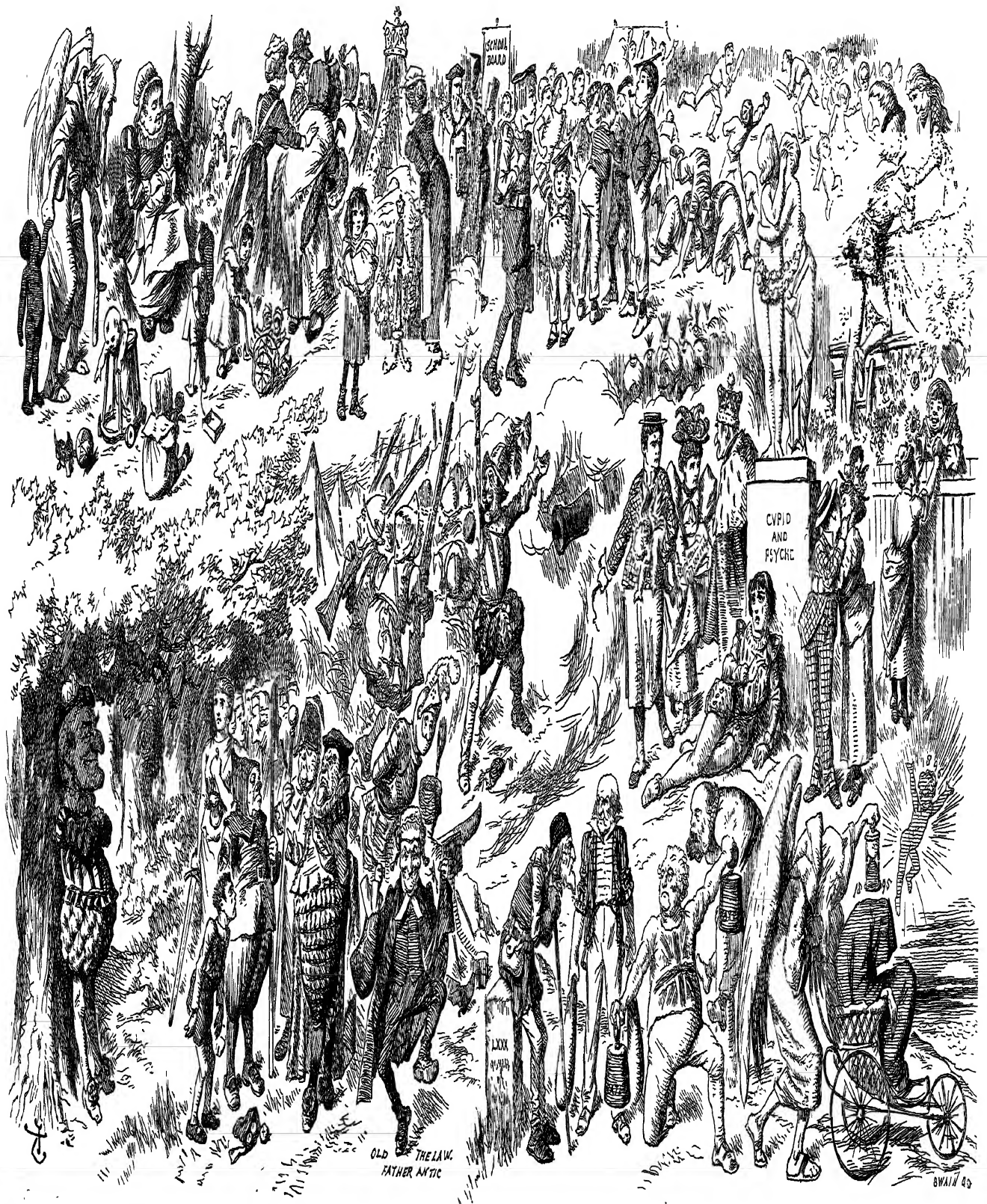
"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."



"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."

TENTH LABOUR.—'ARRY HAS A DAY'S "GUNNING," AND BAGS SOMETHING AFTER ALL.





PUNCH'S "SEVEN AGES."

AFTER SHAKESPEARE (A VERY LONG WAY).







**"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."**

**ELEVENTH LABOUR.—'ARRY OUT WITH THE 'OUNDS.**

*(For the Twelfth Labour of 'Arry, which is a "Labour of Love," see final page of this Number.)*





CONTRASTS.

No. I.—MEN AND MANNERS. THE PAST.



CONTRASTS.

No. II.—MEN AND NO MANNERS. THE PRESENT.



CONTRASTS.

No. III.—MEN AND NO MANNERS. TIME PAST. A CAROUSE AT A TAVERN.





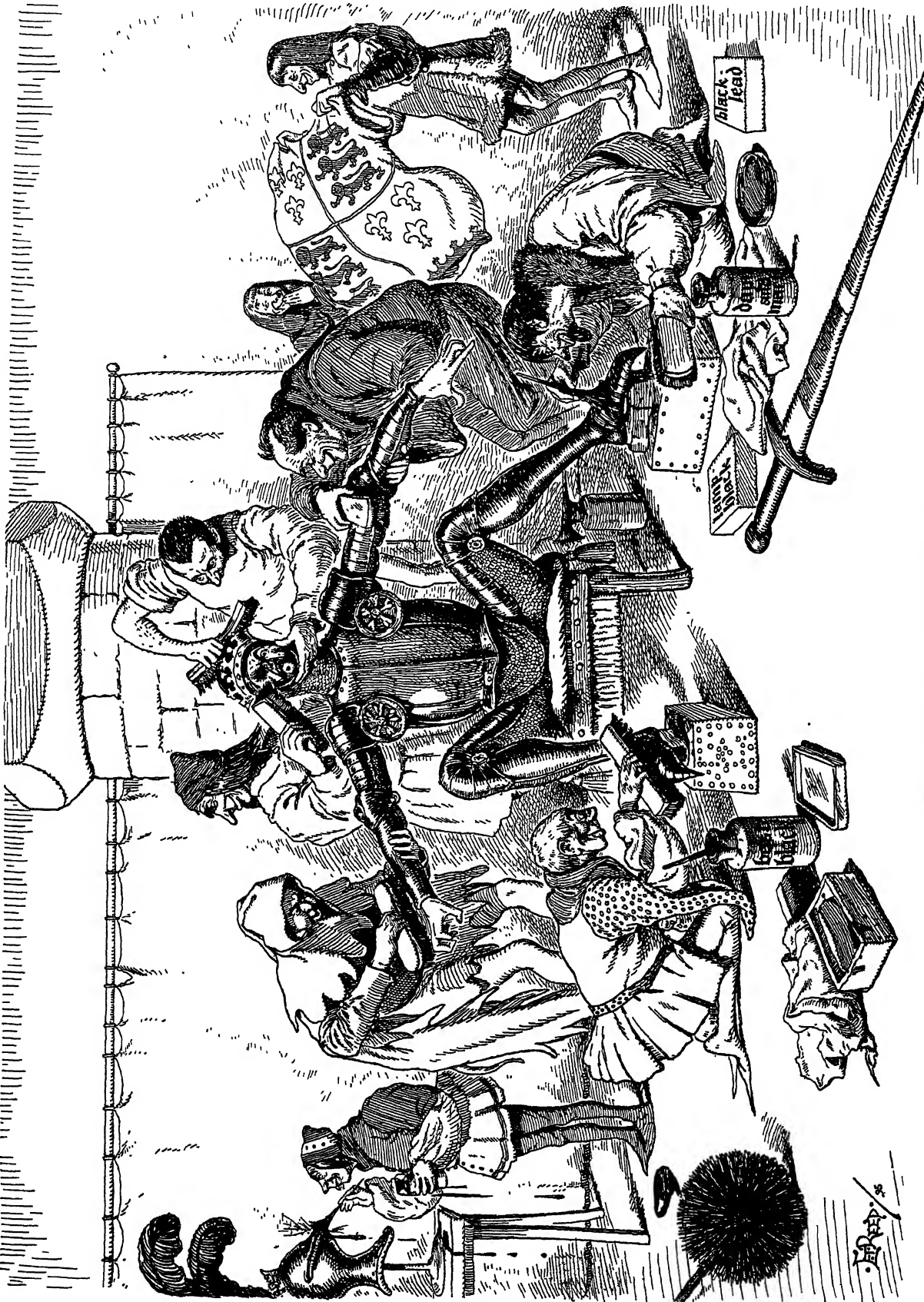
CONTRASTS.

No. IV.—MEN AND MANNERS. TIME PRESENT. SUPPER AT A RESTAURANT.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—I.

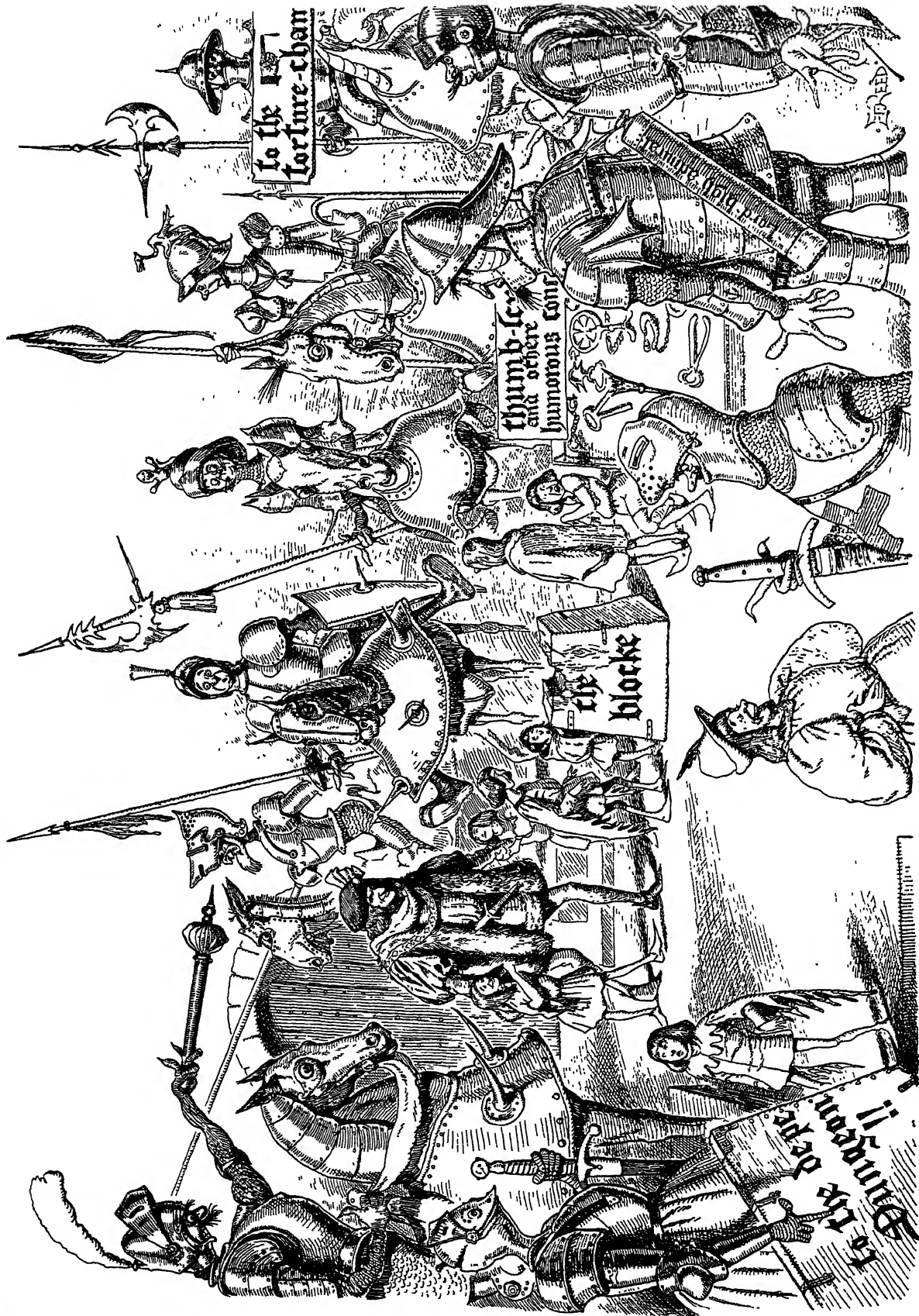
LANDING WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. (*Cross Channel, Passage moderate.*)



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—II.

BLACKING UP THE BLACK PRINCE. ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT AND RESPONSIBLE DUTIES AT THE COURT OF EDWARD THE THIRD.





UNRECORDED HISTORY.—III.

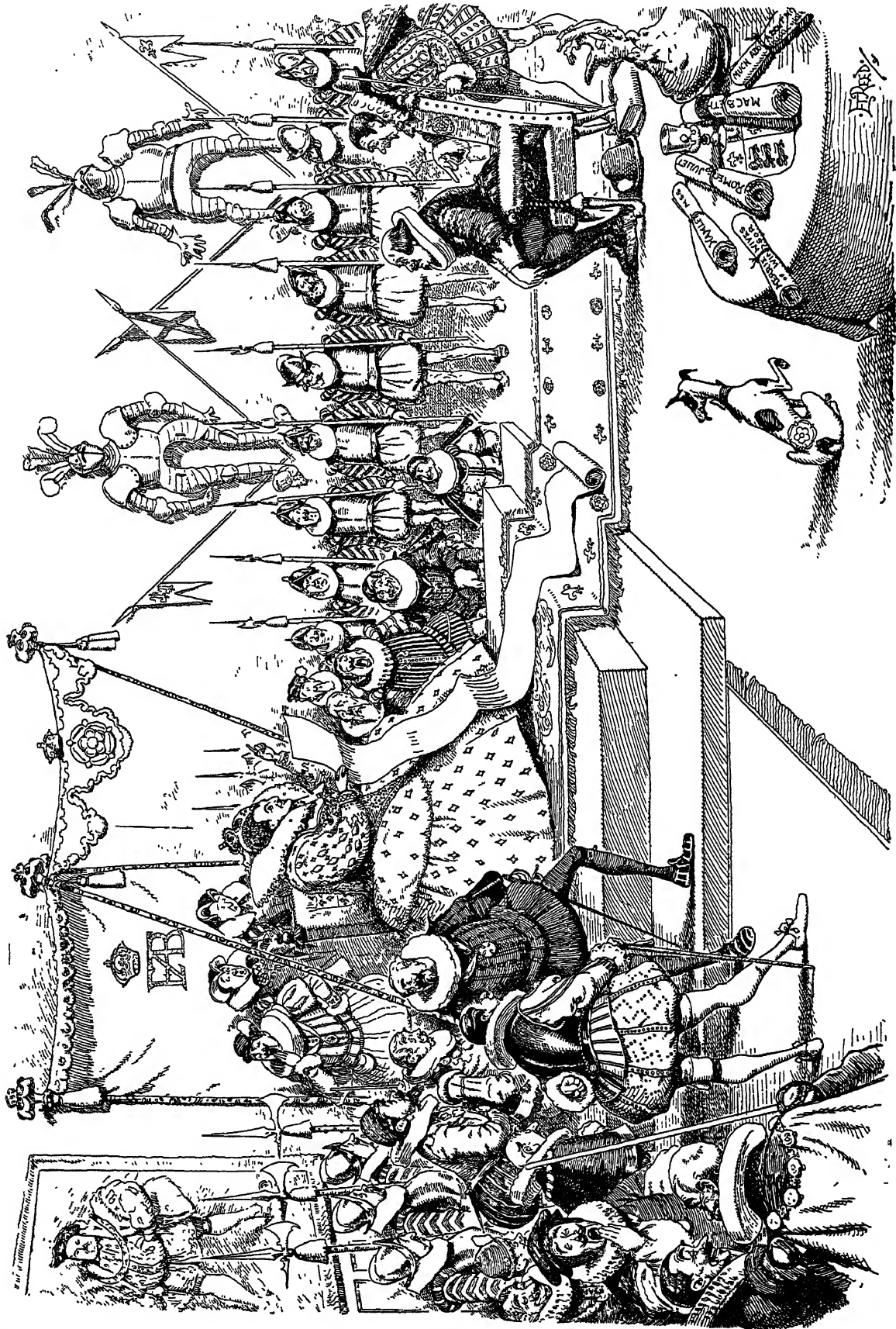
IF RICHARD THE THIRD HAD A LITTLE WEAKNESS, IT WAS FOR ESCORTING SMALL PARTIES TO SEE THE TOWER OF LONDON! HE WAS SO FOND OF CHILDREN!!!



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—IV.

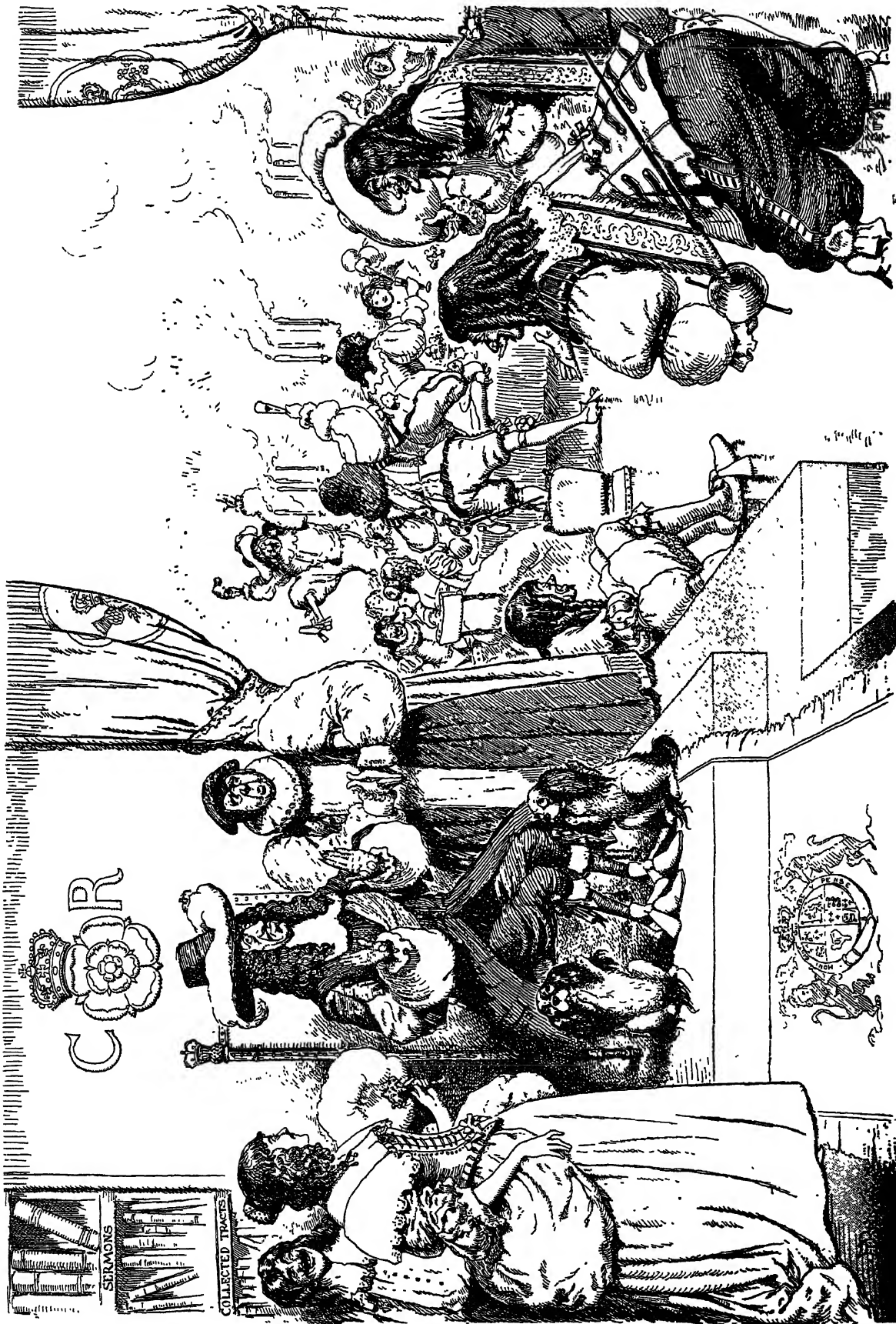
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TOOK THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE OPPORTUNITY OF APPEARING BEFORE THE ABORIGINAL RACE COMMITTEE AND LODGING A SERIOUS COMPLAINT OF THE OVERTHROWING TO WHICH HIS VESSEL HAD BEEN SUBJECTED OFF THE AMERICAN COAST BY EXCURSION CANOES, &c., AND WHICH HAD RENDERED NAVIGATION PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.





UNRECORDED HISTORY.—V.

QUEEN ELIZABETH JUST RUNS THROUGH A LITTLE THING OF HER OWN COMPOSITION TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



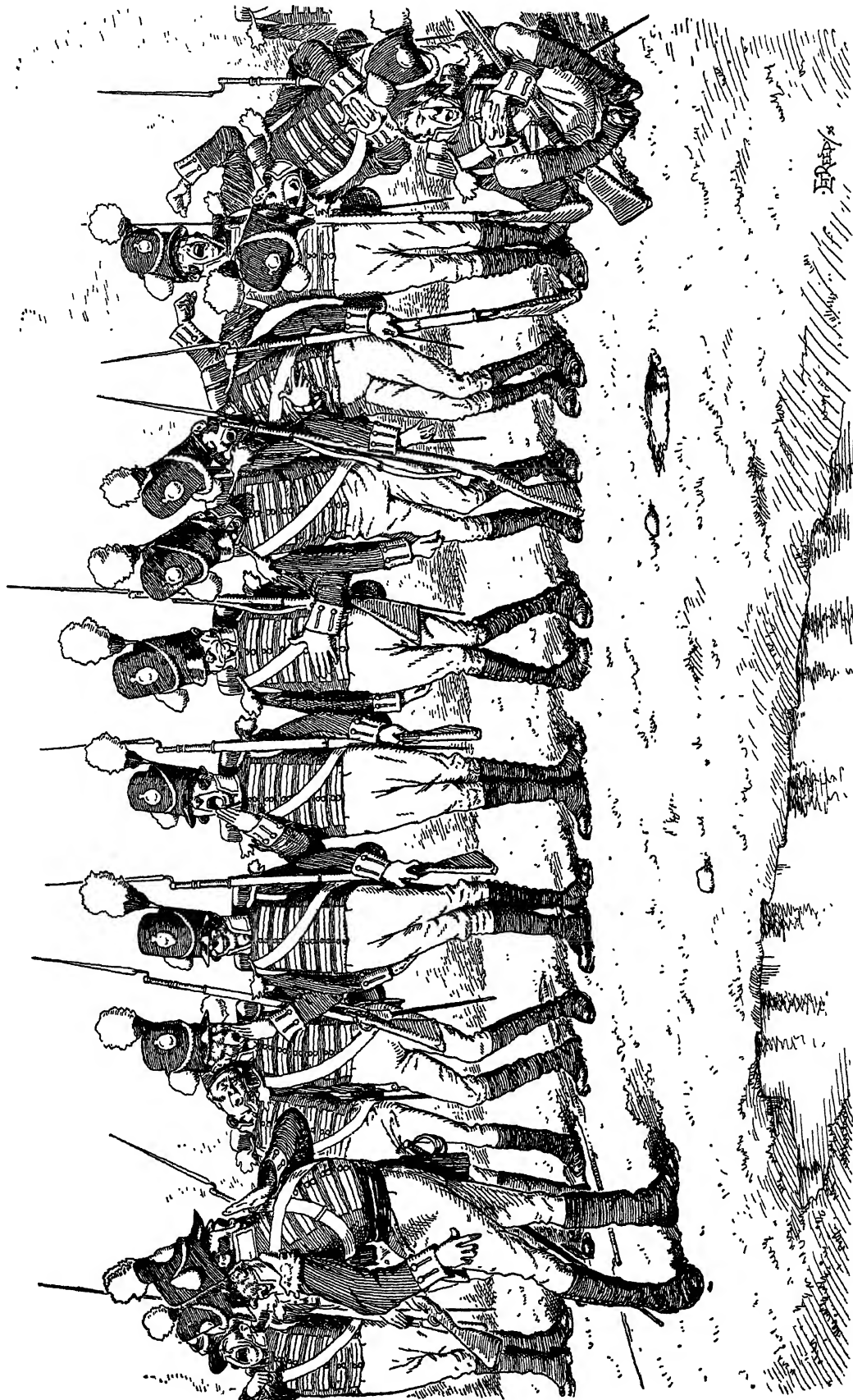
UNRECORDED HISTORY.—VI.

CAREFUL RESEARCH HAS CONVINCED OUR ARTIST THAT CHARLES THE SECOND WAS A MUCH MALIGNED MAN. HE WAS, IN REALITY, INEXPRESSIBLY PAINED AND SHOCKED AT THE LICENCE AND LEVITY OF HIS COURT.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—VII.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL INABILITY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON TO TELL A LIE WAS PROVERBIAL, AND THE HOPE OF SOME OF HIS SUPPORTERS THAT LATE IN LIFE THIS PHYSICAL DEFECT MIGHT BE OVERCOME, WAS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT. A DIPLOMATIC HYPERBOLE WAS THE BEST HE COULD EVER DO IN SPITE OF MOST PRAISEWORTHY EFFORTS.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—VIII.

IT MAY NOT BE GENERALLY KNOWN THAT IN CONSEQUENCE OF A CHARMING DANCE GIVEN IN BRUSSELS, ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, A LARGE PART OF THE ARMY OF WELLINGTON SUFFERED DURING THE EARLY HOURS OF THE DAY FROM A DROWSINESS WHICH WAS AS UNCONQUERABLE AS THEIR PROWESS LATER ON.





"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."

TWELFTH AND LAST LABOUR.—'ARRY WITH HIS 'ARRIET UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



### MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR PHILOSOPHY.

[HERACLITUS was called "the mourner" from his weeping at the follies of mankind.]

WHAT, weep the world's follies? That's playing the fool,  
Like a jester who droppeth his tears in a pool;

'Tis like damming a deluge with water!  
HERACLITUS had hardly the happy way hit,  
Tears will not check follies as well as gay wit,  
Which giveth those follies no quarter.

What use at the goose-flock to groan or to grizzle?  
[fizzle,

A laugh may succeed when a tear may mean  
And what is more dull than damp fire-works?

DEMOCRITUS, Laughing Philosopher, knew  
That a man make look blue over fools till all's blue;

That's just how all pessimist ire works.  
A laugh has a lash, wit an edge far from blunt,

They whip up, without wounding, when grumble or grunt

Will only add anger to folly.

A fool under scolding is like your dull ass,  
Who won't mend his form for mere whopping, alas!

So let's be, judiciously, jolly!  
Untimely heroics, and preachments sublime,  
Are tempting to juvenile censors, whom time

Will teach to be rather more rosy;  
Not optimist boobies, nor pessimist bores,  
They will learn that wise gaiety oftentimes scores

When foiled fall the pompous and prosy.

And so at this solemn, yet soul-cheering season,

All wise men, like *Punch*, mingle laughter with reason;

And though East and West things look darkish,

*Punch* does not mean joining the fussy or frantic,

He sends a gay greeting across the Atlantic,  
A blend of the loving and larkish.



*Sporting Underwriter*. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO INSURE?"

*Bold Bird*. "No; I'LL TAKE THE RISK!"

At—somebody's—fully he laughs, and derides  
The notion of shindy between the two sides  
Of one double-fronted fraternity.

Faithful friends' falling-out—for a time—a

huge bore is;

But—here's to the *redintegratio amoris*!—

A love that should last to eternity.

Away fly the doves with an olive-branch

each!

Good temper and fun better lessons will

teach

Than many more high-sounding Messages.

Keep faith, at this season, in Peace and

Goodwill!

Keep temper, and sure the New Year will

fulfil

*Mr. Punch's* non-pessimist presages.

HERACLITUS, poor chap, was a little bit out;

A good hearty laugh may kill hatred or

doubt,

If 'tis not too bitterly mocking.

"The Mourner" had best, on the whole, be a

Mute!

Laugh! Laugh! save at sorrow; the man

is mere brute

Who at misery chortles; that's shocking!

But *Punch's* first tip for this next of New

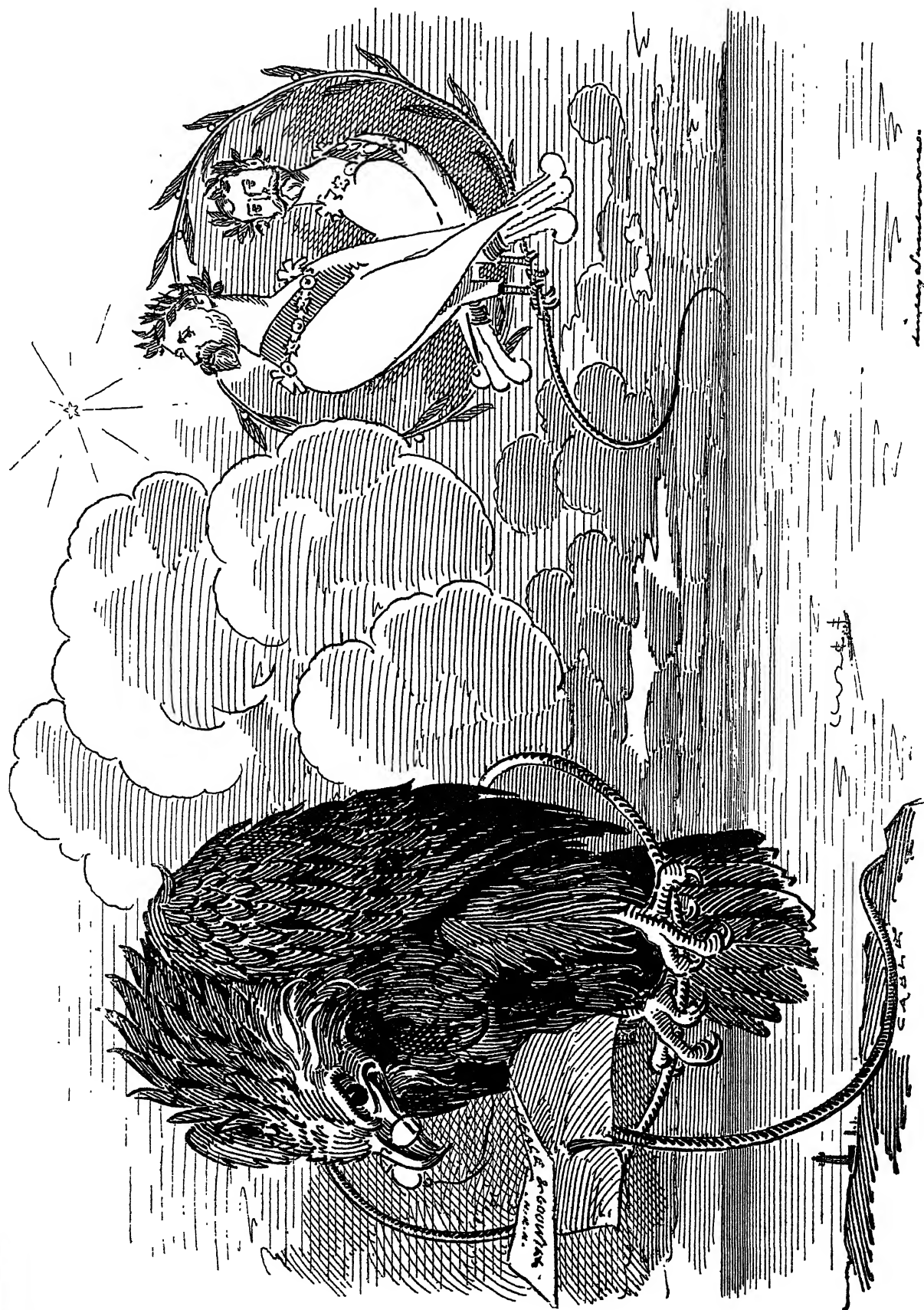
Years

Is—don't weep at men's follies, nor laugh at

their tears!

UP TO DATE.

SEEING that the New Woman proudly dreams  
Of sharing Man's immunities and joys,  
The proper proverb for the period seems,  
"Girls will be—boys!"



### THE PRINCES' MESSAGE.

"Sir FRANCIS KNOLLIS is desired by the Prince of WALES and the Duke of YORK to thank Mr. PULITZER for his cablegram. They earnestly trust, and cannot but believe, that the present crisis will be arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries, and will be succeeded by the same warm feeling of friendship which has existed between them for so many years. *Sandringham, Dec. 24, 1895.*"



## DONE 'EM THIS TIME!

Huntsman (having galloped over rotten bridge, spanning deep drain, and kicked a large hole it). "HI! KEEP OFF IT, YOU BEGGARS! IT WON'T BEAR YOU!" [Has hounds all to himself—the acme of bliss!]

## STUDIES IN MODERN JOURNALISM.

## No. III.—DORINDA'S DIARY.

*Monday.*—Oh dear! JEMIMA is such a nuisance! She has called three times in the last two days to implore me to spend next week at Twiddledum Towers. It is all very well for her to say that her husband—the Duke, you know—will be heart-broken if I refuse; but I put it to you, dear reader, how can I do as she wishes, and at the same time keep my solemn promise to the Countess of PENTONVILLE? The Countess would never, never forgive your poor DORINDA if she disappointed her. By the way, the Countess's new boots are not at all a success. But, as I told her, how could she expect them to fit well unless she bought them at Messrs. LACE AND LEATHER'S well-known shop, three doors off the Monument? By the strangest coincidence, this excellent firm has a full-page advertisement on the cover of this number, so that you can find out all about their goods by referring to it.

*Tuesday.*—I felt very dull and depressed this morning; but a cup of DIBBS' cocoa at luncheon quite restored me. (You must notice the trade-mark carefully when you buy it—there are so many spurious imitations of DIBBS', you know.) After luncheon, CHARLES came in, and, since his tailor is SNIPS, of 540, Piccadilly, I need hardly say that he was dressed in faultless taste. He took me off to a very select At Home, where I was introduced to Lady SELTZER. "Dear Lady SELTZER," I said, immediately, "what charming gloves you are wearing! And yet I can see they are not expensive. Do tell me where you got them, and how much you paid for them." "Oh," said Lady SELTZER, with such a sweet smile, "that's what everyone asks me! Why, I bought them at Messrs. SHODDY'S winter sale—which, by the way, ends in a fortnight's time, so you should go there at once—and I only paid 2s. 11½d. the pair for them."

\* Having guilelessly undertaken to publish a certain number of these delightfully entertaining articles, we would not for The World fail in our obligation. But, as we did not bind ourselves to give the names and addresses of the tradesmen herein insidiously advertised, we have substituted others of our own invention. Aggrieved purveyors have their remedy.—Ed.

*Wednesday.*—"Where did you get that hat?" wrote SHAKS-PEARE, and the question was repeated to me a dozen times at a fashionable luncheon-party to-day. How stupid people are, to be sure! For, of course, no one except Madame MODISTE, of 320A, Bond Street, could have created it. Indeed, I and all the other best-dressed people in London deal with her. TOMMY PLANTAGENET, my thirteen-year-old cousin, came in to tea. He told me that he had noticed a charming costume, worn by a lady in the row of stalls next to him at the Pantomime. I hasten to give the details of it, for the benefit of my readers. (Paper patterns of it can be obtained for six stamps from the office.) The dress is made of magenta-coloured sequins, embroidered with miroir velvet and piped passementerie. The bodice is composed of white fichu, draped round the hips with blue nainsook, and the arms are looped up above the basque with scarlet tulle, while the skirt is trimmed with yellow revers, edged with chiffon. The lining is of reseda-shot satin, with accordion-pleated buckles gathered very closely round the tunic. One could not easily imagine a more charming design.

*Thursday.*—"Arma virumque," as HOMER says—which means, of course, that all knowledge is useful. So, darling reader, I hasten to impart to you a fact which I was told to-day. And this is, that no one in London has such splendid crocodiles as Mr. SHADRACH, of Upper Holloway. This is worth remembering, as it is quite possible that crocodiles may become favourite drawing-room pets before long, and you could not offer your family a more acceptable Christmas present. In fact, a certain Princess—Bother! that dull old Marchioness has called to take me for a drive, so I can write no more just now.

## A Grammatical Question settled under the Mistletoe.

"Now a kiss, dear," he said, "is a noun we'll agree, But common or proper, say which may it be?" "Well, perhaps," she replied (to speak nothing loth), While she smiled and grew red—"Let us say it is both."



## ROBING-ROOM RUMOURS.

THERE is no truth in the report that, following the precedent about to be set by Mr. ASQUITH, in appearing before his fellow Privy Counsellors, many of the Judges of the High Court are accepting retainers to represent either Plaintiffs or Defendants in their own Divisions. At least this extension is not likely to be carried out just at present.

The proposed representation of "A New Pantomime," by the late Dr. KENNELLY, at Gray's Inn, will certainly not take place during the present Christmas. If the work is played at all, it will be without scenic accessories.

It is asserted that, at the recent meeting of the deputation from the Bar Committee with the LORD CHANCELLOR, smoking was not permitted. As the proceedings, however, were of a semi-private character, it is uncertain whether liquid refreshments were discussed with arguments of a less material nature.

It is not improbable that, with a view to removing the block of legal business, that some of the railway companies will run, during the present year, "High Court Saloon Carriages," in which accommodation will be provided for the Bench, the Bar, the solicitors, and their clients and witnesses. If the matter of venue can be satisfactorily arranged, causes will thus be ready for hearing during transit. There is already a recorded precedent of a Judge granting an injunction from the front of his bathing-machine.

Now that the qualifications for mem-



## THE FESTIVE SEASON.

ON THE LATCH-KEY VIVE!

bership of the Inns of Court Volunteers have been relaxed, and others than counsel can be admitted to the famous corps, it is possible the parties concerned in Chancery proceedings will be accepted as recruits. It is argued that by this means the regiment will retain the services of wealthy litigants and their personal representatives—"it may be for years it may be for ever."

As nowadays only one or two rooms are used in the Royal Courts of Justice during term time, on account of the absence of most of the Judges in other places, it has been suggested to utilize the remainder of the building for the production of a grand realistic spectacle on the lines of the capital military entertainment at Olympia. If the idea is adopted, no doubt the initial item will be called "Fifteen Years of a Junior's Life; or, From Call to First Brief."

## HEY, PRESTO!

A CABLE message from New York says:—

Fifteen-ton disappearing gun was mounted in the defences of New York Harbour this afternoon. Four more weapons of equal size and the same pattern will be placed in position next week.

Which thing is an allegory, neatly and picturesquely typifying President CLEVELAND's famous message to Congress. For a moment, even for a day, there was the murderous armament, threatening the amity of two nations and the peace of Europe. People looked up on to see what further preparations were made, and lo! it was gone. It was a diplomatic, or more precisely, an electioneering, disappearing gun.

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON NEPHEWS—AND "HUCKLEBERRY FINN."

It has been granted to me during the last few days to study a soaring human boy face to face. The abstract "my nephew" of whom I occasionally speak in passing has become the concrete "Guy, don't do this," or, "Guy, don't do that." My study is littered with paper darts of all sorts and sizes; a clasp-knife is at this moment lying open on my favourite arm-chair, a catapult is on the floor (perhaps the safest place for it), and odd numbers of *Chums* are strewn about the house. The owner of these articles is dashing up and down the stairs, with a whole pack of dogs at his heels.

GUY is an atom of humanity, tottering on the brink of his eleventh birthday. His fond mother consigned him to my care, together with a long list of instructions. "His usual bed-time," she said, "is eight o'clock. Please, please see that he brushes his teeth morning and evening, and keeps his hands clean. When he goes out he must wear his overcoat and his little flannel comforter; and when he comes in you must always insist on his changing his stockings. Keep him out of puddles, and see that he does at least an hour at his arithmetic and Latin Grammar. He is weak in arithmetic; but in Latin Prose he got full marks at his last examination. Don't allow him to make himself a nuisance to you. If he does, give him a good book of adventures, and you'll find him as quiet as a mouse." These were the more important items in the compendium drawn up for the guidance of a bachelor uncle.

So far I have done my best, but my best has stopped short of Latin grammar and arithmetic. I can remember how keenly I detested the genial old gentlemen who, on hearing that I had gone to school, asked me to decline *mensa*, and posed me with the perfect tense of *fero*, and in my nephew's case I satisfied myself with his personal assurance that he had been able to translate into Latin these memorable sentences:—"CAESAR marched into Italy with a large army," and "We were seen by CAIUS, your slave." A boy who can do that, and obtain full marks for it, is obviously reserved for very great things.

For the rest, I found him fairly amenable. He jibs a good deal at his overcoat, and has contrived to lose his little flannel comforter; his bedtime has been extended to nine o'clock; I have utterly failed to restrain him from puddles (our country roads, by the way, are nothing but so many huge puddles); and I find it next to impossible to keep his hands clean, though he has immaculate intervals lasting for about three minutes at a time. But he brushes his teeth and he changes his stockings, so I feel that on the whole I have done pretty well.

Of course he collects postage-stamps. He also takes a profound interest in smoking and all that pertains to it. He goes about bristling with cigarettes so as to be ready to supply my needs at the shortest notice. He is never without a tray, into which he knocks the ash from my cigarette as I smoke it. He has just come in and has posted himself at my elbow. Whizz—bang, he has decided that I have finished my cigarette, he has seized it out of my mouth, hurled it into the fire, has jammed another between my lips and has struck a match and burnt the cigarette to a cinder before I have recovered from the shock. He has found a box of fifty cigars and clipped all their ends, and he has filled my ten pipes with tobacco so as to be ready for all emergencies. It is delightful to find a mere boy able and willing to make himself so useful.

BUT his usefulness goes further. Only this morning I found him in the pantry busily employed in helping the butler to polish up the forks and spoons, and yesterday he was allowed, as a great treat, to take a hand in the manufacture of a plum-pudding. To-morrow he is to wait at table, a prospect which seems to fill him with unutterable joy. On the whole he is really a very good and cheerful little boy, with plenty of resources for his own amusement. One thing has struck me about him. He weighs about five stone, and his size, therefore, is not gigantic. Still, in his little knickerbocker suit, he looks quite big enough for his years. But in the evening he wears a full-dress Eton suit, which has the effect of reducing him to the merest scrap; the most diminutive shrimp, I warrant, that ever got full marks for Latin prose.

I FEAR there is a lack of reverence about the nephews of the

present day. This one—and I presume he is typical of the rest—calls me familiarly by my Christian name without the respectful prefix "Uncle." When asked why he did this, he said, "Oh, I don't know, 'uncles' are people with whiskers." As my whiskers did not survive my freshman's year at Cambridge, it appears that I am not qualified for the title, though I cannot shake off the responsibilities of the post. His ideas on age are also rather alarming. "How old," I asked him, "is the head-master of your school?" "Oh, middle-aged—nearly thirty."

BUT my chief surprise has been his keen and appreciative enjoyment of *Huckleberry Finn*. I gave it to him to quiet him, and he was soon deep in it. This evening he has insisted on reading aloud to me the whole of that inimitable passage which relates how the two old frauds, the *King* and the *Duke of Bridgewater*, pretended to be the brothers of *Mr. Peter Wilks*, deceased. At every other sentence that boy had to stop, convulsed with laughter, and, mind you, he laughed in the right way and at the right things. This is no mere piece of knockabout clowning such as one supposes would appeal to a small boy, but a bit of the most genuine and incisive humour ever printed. I am, therefore, forced to the conclusion—still assuming GUY to be typical—that the sense of humour amongst nephews of a tender age has become far keener and juster than it used to be.

BUT, after all, what a great book is *Huckleberry Finn*. With how lavish a hand has MARK TWAIN scattered the riches of his humour and his observation and his sympathy over every page. There is enough in it to fit out twenty ordinary books with laughter. There are bits of description in it which bring a scene before your eyes as vividly as if you had seen it over and over again and fixed it on your mind. Characters are hit off in a few incisive touches, and the man stands before you as he must have lived.

TAKE this for description:—"It was one of these regular summer storms. It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked all dim and spider-webby; and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the blue and blackest—*fat!* it was as bright as glory, and you'd have a glimpse of tree tops a-plunging about, away off yonder in the storm, hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling down the sky towards the underside of the world, like rolling empty barrels downstairs, where it's long stairs and they bounce a good deal, you know."

AND this:—"Colonel Grangerford was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over; and so was his family. He was well-born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the widow Douglass said, and nobody ever denied she was of the first aristocracy in our town; and pap he always said it too, though he warn't no more quality than a mud-cat himself. Colonel Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywhere; he was clean-shaved every morning all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep like they seemed they was looking out of caverns at you as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight and hung to his shoulders. . . . Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty pole, and the lightning begun to flicker out from under his eyebrows, you wanted to climb a tree first, and find out what the matter was afterwards. He didn't ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around too; he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather. When he turned into a cloud-bank it was awful dark for half a minute and that was enough; there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week."

THEN for simple, unforced pathos you have the runaway nigger, Jim, one of the finest and purest gentlemen in all literature. And for tragedy, can anything be more moving and terrible than the last stand of the Grangerfords, or the death of Boggs, with its sequel in Colonel Sherburn's imperturbable defiance of the cowardly mob, who propose to lynch him? But I have not space to dwell on all the great points of this Homeric book—for Homer it is in the true sense, as no other English book is, that I know of.

So I (and my nephew) send this message of goodwill across the sea to our friend MARK TWAIN, at a time when messages of good-

will and friendship are sorely needed. That the countrymen of DICKENS and MARK TWAIN should fight about Venezuela is an idea so fantastic and preposterous that imagination boggles at it; and even the mind of the worst Jingo of either nation must revolt from it when it is fully realised.

P.S.—A week or two back I asked about the National Pension Fund for Nurses, and expressed a wish to know the address of its Secretary. A kindly correspondent, signing herself "An Admirer of Mr. Punch of Fifty Years' standing," gives me the necessary information, which I hereby convey to my readers in the earnest hope that the fund may benefit:—Royal National Fund for Nurses, 28, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

### THE BEAUTYCIDES.

"A THING of beauty is a joy for ever,"—  
Until there comes an advertiser clever,  
With paste, and poster, and some patent pill;  
And then by stream and meadow, vale and hill,  
Taste feels, through greed's disease, by no pill curable,  
A thing of ugliness is yet more durable.  
Churls! they'd foul Eden, or disfigure Arden,  
With Trade's new-fangled "Ugly Thing in the Garden"!  
Shall they at Foyers carry on those feats  
Whereby Philistia gives the lie to KEATS?

### "SOME OF THE BEST" OF REGULATIONS.

(Prepared by an Expert after witnessing the new piece at the Royal Adelphi Theatre.)

ALL officers belonging to the Portsmouth garrison will take tea with neighbouring parsons, and their daughters, in undress uniform. On such occasions the regiment of the subaltern, in attendance upon the Commander-in-chief, shall accompany their officer to the churches, belonging to said parsons, to the music of the fifes and drums.



A lieutenant of Highlanders shall be told off to prepare the plans of the new fortifications at Portsmouth, in the absence of Royal Engineers qualified to undertake the duty.

It shall be considered high treason if the lieutenant aforesaid takes the plans, he has himself prepared, from a safe with a view to acquainting himself of their contents, and imparting the knowledge thus guiltily obtained to an anonymous enemy of his country.

When accused of the aforesaid crime, the lieutenant shall be tried by court martial, whereat ample accommodation shall be reserved for females in distress.

The office of prosecutor at such a court martial shall be assumed by a general officer senior to the Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, and one who has been permitted to retain his A.D.C.-ship after promotion from field rank.

The prisoner shall be allowed practically to conduct the proceedings of the court martial, and shall have opportunities afforded him of taking part in several touching scenes, with the females in distress.

On being found guilty, the lieutenant shall have his sentence read to him in front of his regiment, and undergo the painful and novel indignity of degradation to the ranks.

During the execution of this newly-authorized punishment, the lieutenant shall be permitted to clasp his fiancée to his heart and to present her with the Victoria Cross.

On reinstatement to his rank the lieutenant shall obtain the control of his regiment, and shall use his regained freedom to harangue his superior officers, to pardon his accusing and perjured witness and reconcile her to her father, the general commanding, and finally to embracing the young lady destined shortly to become his wife.

The reinstatement of the lieutenant having been fixed to come off on the occasion chosen by the prosecutor at the court martial as one fitting for the presentation of new colours to the lieutenant's regiment, the prosecutor, in a neat speech, shall deliver the national flag to the ex-prisoner amidst the loudly expressed joy of all beholders.

Lastly. After the reinstated lieutenant has received the National Flag at the hands of the prosecutor aforesaid, he shall give satisfactory statistics regarding the crime of high treason in its relation to the commissioned ranks of the British Army. Having done this, he shall be at liberty to allow it to be inferred by all sufficiently fortunate to be present at the aforesaid interesting ceremony, that it is the intention of himself and his bride to live honourably, and consequently happily, for ever afterwards.



## DIVISION OF LABOUR.

IT IS NOT THE BUSINESS OF DUCAL FOOTMEN TO CLEAN THE FAMILY BICYCLES. THE LADIES ERMYNTRUDE AND ADELGITH HAVE TO DO IT THEMSELVES.

## A PROPHET TOO PREVIOUS.

(To the Author of the "Hill-top Novel.")

THE "Survival of the Fittest" we begin to understand,  
(Though we sometimes doubt the fact of the survival.)  
But the coming of GRANT ALLEN, with his notions queer, if grand,  
Seems an instance of its premature arrival.  
Many hundred years ahead of us, and yet "dumped down" to-day  
Among those who his far ancestry should be!  
It is really quite "too previous" and the Fates must be at play  
To perch upon our hill-tops such as he.  
When centuries get mixed up so, and there comes a saintly seer  
From the twenty-fifth, six centuries in advance,  
What wonder if we find his hill-top theories wild and queer,  
And decline at his new tunes to up and dance?  
No, we don't want to catch up to him, and were he out of sight,  
We could wait for him six centuries, contented,  
But his spectre—on the hill-tops—fills the timid with affright,  
And drives advanced young ladies half-demented.  
Between good Mrs. GRUNDY and Miss LANCHESTER it seems  
There are dangers in our novelist's new heaven,  
It drives one to hysterics, makes the other dream strange dreams,  
But will it sweeten home or brighten heaven?  
You dedicate your work to those who've heart, and soul, and brain  
Enough to understand it! Modest! Meek, Sir!  
Can't you move a *leste* farther good GRANT ALLEN, and remain—  
Well—say about the middle of next week, Sir!

## AN UNPREDICTED STORM.

A STORM of unusual violence, coming from the United States struck the British coasts on the 18th ult. The usual storm warning from New York had not preceded it. It was accompanied by loud thunder and blustering winds, and seemed likely to cause great damage. Happily a condition of great calmness prevailed over the British Isles, the cyclonic disturbance seeming to have little effect, unless to cause a temporary increase in the fog and gloom. Since then appearances give hope of greater clearness, with probably bright and settled conditions later.

It is believed that this storm originated in a violent outburst of

Mount Cleveland, a large volcano hitherto quiescent; and of Mount Olney, a smaller, but equally active, centre of fiery disturbances. Until recently they were considered quite harmless. The Irish newspapers state that both orators had been for some days in a state of violent ebullition. Before this outburst the summit of Mount Cleveland was densely wooded, and produced a larger number of inferior planks, used in the construction of platforms, than any other headland in the United States. The present volcanic condition has, of course, entirely superseded the production of these inferior planks.

## "DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS."

JUST before the holiday time a drawing-master was summoned before Mr. HADEN CORSER by an indignant female parent for chastising her offspring. The master had merely anticipated the general season of gifts with a Christmas Box on the boy's ear. "The mother," observed Mr. HADEN CORSER, with a staccato touch of HADEN's surprise in his tone, "is within her right in complaining," and so HADEN the Politer—never "the Corser"—fined the drawing-master three guineas, for which he had to draw a cheque, and bound him over in five pounds to come up for judgment when called on. HADEN the Politer well and wisely remarked that it was beyond his powers (as a magistrate) to imagine what course the aggrieved parent would have taken had her son been a public school-boy at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester, where the birch, in some form or other, and on some form or other, or some part of it, was the rule of punishment, where the boy would be swished, and where the head-master's swish over-ruled the parent's wish. At Eton, and at any other public school, the boy "could take it (the swishing) or leave it (the school)," and would be only too glad to accept the "*post hoc propter hoc*" instead of having to retire from public (school) life. Every boy ought to know how to take his whack and be glad of the chance. Also, on certain occasions, he should be able to return the whack with interest.

Mr. HADEN CORSER is the Solomon of the Bench, and had he reminded the sensitive mother of that wise saying of the Wise King as to the sparing of the rod and the spoiling of the child (though in this case, it may be admitted that the rod was not in question, but only a handy mode of chastisement), it would not have been amiss. The "Block System" at public schools is a good one. *Floreat!*



“JUST OFF!”

GUARD. “TICKET, SIR, PLEASE!”

LITTLE NEW YEAR. “SEASON!”

GUARD. “THANKEE, SIR! (*Aside.*) HOPE THE LAD WILL GET THAT LUGGAGE SAFELY THROUGH!”







"EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM THAT 'WAITS.'"

### THE HAUNTED HAT.

(Tag-end of a Ghost Story written for Christmas or any other time.)

ANGELINA could not understand the cause of her misfortunes. All through the day she had had the luck against her. She had visited her favourite spinster aunt (from whom she expected to inherit wealth untold), and that usually amiable old lady had treated her with marked coldness.

"I don't know what it is," said the venerable dame, "but there are voices in the air, ANGELINA, accusing you of murder, I can hear them, I can, indeed!"

"My dear Aunt, what nonsense! But there, I only looked in to show you my new hat. Do you like it?"

"Well, no," returned the elderly spinster; "I don't care for such a heap of feathers. The original material is completely hidden in a perfect nest of wings. The hat is suggestive of limitless slaughter."

"It is the fashion," replied ANGELINA, rather angrily; "and what is the fashion must be nice."

And then the ruffled maiden, after a cold adieu addressed to her aged relative, took herself off. She visited several of her friends, but one and all complained of the voices. They heard in the air accusations of assassination. ANGELINA was "an accessory after the fact," and these cruel indictments quite eclipsed the success of the hat. The head-gear was pronounced here and there "stylish," but the cry of "murder" overwhelmed the praise. At last ANGELINA met EDWIN.

"What is the matter?" cried the girl, as her betrothed turned away from her in horror.

"Your hat!" cried the budding barrister. "Every feather accuses

you of cruelty! The voices of the birds are chattering out charges of brutality!"

"But it is the latest fashion!" urged the now weeping ANGELINA. "Feathers are all the vogue."

"And to procure them the poor little songsters of the grove are massacred by millions! The parent birds are taken away from their young, and the fledgelings are allowed to die of starvation! Your hat is eloquent of misery! There is not a wing on it that does not suggest a tragedy!"

The young man spoke earnestly. He had been called to the Bar, and spoke as if addressing a jury.

"Then you no longer love me!" sobbed ANGELINA.

"How can I?" replied EDWIN. "The birds are witnesses against you. I am fully aware of the consequences. I know the dangers of breaches of promises of marriage. But, ANGELINA, in spite of those dangers, in spite of possible damages of untold amount, I must withdraw. I can no longer be yours! All is over between us!"

"Oh, EDWIN!"

And then not an altogether strange thing happened—ANGELINA awoke. The retribution of the birds had been a dream!

More was the pity! It would be well for the feathered tribe if such a dream could become a reality!

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

#### THE STEEPLE-CHASE RIDER TO HIS MISTRESS

THERE'S never a sweetheart so dainty as mine,  
Not a lady so loving and fair  
From the Rhone to the Rhine, from the Thames to the Tyne,  
There's not any with you to compare!  
Your eyes are as bright as the sun's subtle light,  
Yet as soft as the moon on the sea,  
And your form has the grace that belongs to the race  
Of a damsel of long pedigree.

There's surely no helpmate so willing as you.  
Have you never refused me your aid?  
In the world there are few half so loyal and true  
As you are, my bonny brown maid.  
In the cruellest task I have only to ask—  
You care not for danger or pain—  
When our fortune seem'd gone, you have challeng'd and won,  
You have done it again and again.

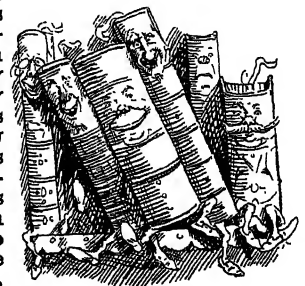
There's never a cross word between you and me,  
And you listen to all that I say.  
If a point there should be on which you disagree,  
And you show it—'tis only in play.  
You're the joy of my heart, and we never shall part,  
Not e'en when we've finished at last.  
Then the cap, jacket, belt, and the spurs you ne'er felt,  
Will be memories glad of the Past!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EXCELLENT present for the present season—which, as our old friend WILLY SHAKESPEARE would have said, is "the season of presents," the New Year's gifts coming in as the Old Year, loaded with the good things of Christmas, goes out—is *The Vanity Fair Album*, with its

coloured caricatural likenesses of "celebrities" of all sorts—more or less celebrated—drawn chiefly by "SPY," occasionally by "STUFF," and sometimes by "GATH," with notes written as an accompaniment by JEHU JUNIOR. Of the three artists named, "SPY," legitimate successor of poor "PELICAN," is *facile princeps*, although, even in his work, it is very rare to find one picture drawn in the genuine spirit of caricature. They are likenesses first, and caricature has to take its chance.

Always you exclaim, "How like! How good!" seldom "How inimitably funny!" The frontispiece introduces us to four sporting gentlemen, masters of fox-hounds in pink—"SPY" *pinx-it*—who, in their own persons, represent the hardy annuals of the winter season, who, as disdaining hares, and not caring for stags, would choose for their motto "*Fox et praterea nil*."





*Mr. Boreham (who has already stayed over an hour and talked about himself the whole time).*  
 "YES, I'M SORRY TO SAY I'M A MARTYR TO INSOMNIA. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT I CANNOT GET SLEEP AT NIGHT!"  
*His Hostess (sweetly).* "OH, BUT I CAN TELL YOU A VERY SIMPLE REMEDY. YOU SHOULD TALK TO YOURSELF—AFTER GOING TO BED!"

### OUTSIDE!

*(With Apologies to a Melifluous Memory.)*

It chanced a song the Stoney-broke One sang  
 Of Fortune and her wheel—in S. E. slang:—  
 Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, as 'twere a  
 "bike,"  
 Now cutting records, now bust-up, belike,  
 Thy wheel and thee I'll neither "bull" nor  
 "bear."  
 Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, like a steam-  
 pump!  
 Now up, and 'tis a "boom," now down—a  
 I'm neither Bear nor Bull, and so don't care.  
 Smile, and behold a "Barney," and a swell!  
 Frown, and 'tis still a "barney" but a sell!  
 An empty purse is master of man's fate.  
 Turn, turn thy wheel before the crushing crowd,  
 Fools who before the golden calf have bowed!  
 I'm stoney-broke, and so can't speculate!

### AN INTERVIEW IN COMMON FORM.

*(From a Note-book found in the land of Personalia.)*

THE house of the great man did not differ very materially from the dwelling-places of his neighbours. The regulation portico, the customary area, the white-washed stucco front were all there to carry out the resemblance. The hall, too, was not unlike other halls of other mansions. The butler, the footman, and the housemaids had nothing to distinguish them from fellow-menials filling like situations in other *ménages*.  
 "Can I do anything for you?" asked the Great Man, with a smile.  
 "Well," I replied, "it is only fair to tell you that I come in the character of an interviewer. To save time, I will not give you my opinion of things in general, and yourself in particular, for the simple reason that I can add it as padding when I come to the composition of the article."

"Quite so," responded the Great Man, emphatically; "I commend your excellent good sense. And here let me say that this is not the first time I have been examined on behalf of the Press."

"Certainly, but not too often. Had you 'been done to death,' to use a colloquialism, I should not have had the honour and pleasure of this introduction. In fact, you, from an editorial point of view, would have been regarded as valueless for copy."

"No doubt," returned the Great Man, laughing heartily and good-naturedly. "But I have the advantage—thanks to my scanty but, for this purpose, sufficient experience—of knowing the sort of thing you want to learn. For instance, I have a cup of tea at seven, eat a hearty breakfast at nine, lunch lightly at two, and reserve eight o'clock for dinner."

"Thank you very much," said I, making the entry in my note-book; "and now tell me—do you take soup?"

"I have not for many years. I must confess, too, that I dilute the deadly cold of the morning tub with a little boiling water. I never eat sugar, and care nothing for pastry."

"Is the dislike medicinal or hereditary?"

"A mixture of both. As a child, the favourite punishment of my mother was the order of 'no pudding.' Thus, as quite an infant, I lost my appreciation of tarts. What was commenced by my maternal parent was completed by my doctor. I have been ordered 'o give up fruit pies.'"

We laughed heartily at this quaint description, and for a moment or two my pen was busy.

"Is there anything else I can tell you?"

"I suppose you go to the seaside in the summer, and occasionally run over to Switzerland in the autumn? That you are fond of dogs and children? That your wife takes a deep interest in your work? Then you have cozy corners in your house, and that kind of thing?"

"To be sure," replied the Great Man, who had been nodding affirmatively to my various queries. "But everything connected with the house you will surely leave to the photographer? I presume I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance?"

It was my turn to bow, and bow I did, with a smile.

"And now," said my host, "I am going to ask a slight favour. All I have told you would probably be equally applicable to my good friends and neighbours, BROWN, JONES, SMITH, and ROBINSON? You acquiesce in the suggestion? Quite so; then give all the interesting particulars you have collected, but avoid mentioning my name."

"But your personality is what will interest the public."

"Yes; but this sketch will do for any one else of eminence. Reserve it for the next corner."

And, as the idea was a novelty, I adopted the suggestion.

### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

*(Entirely New Version.)*

BENEATH the Bridge I often sit and sigh,  
 So often, that I seem to grow indig-  
 -enous. Maybe you'll want to ask me why  
 Beneath the Bridge.

"A tunnel's made to get you through a ridge,  
 And o'er a bridge you keep afoot on high."  
 But I'm aboard. Above me, on the Bridge,  
 My lover officer scans sea and sky.  
 And though it grows as cold as the Refrig-  
 -erator late at night, still there am I  
 Beneath the Bridge.

## THE KALENDAR OF FRIENDSHIP.

(FOR 1896.)

*January.*—Mr. WILLIAM JONES presents his compliments to Mr. HENRY SMITH, and while apologising for the liberty he takes in addressing him, would be obliged, &c., &c.

*February.*—Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and in reply beg to state, &c., &c.—Your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM JONES.

*March.*—Dear Sir,—I shall be very pleased to afford you all the information relative to the matter mentioned in your letter, &c., &c.—Yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM JONES.

*April.*—Dear Mr. SMITH,—I much regret that I was not at home when you so kindly called on me the other day. Perhaps you will do me the honour to dine here one night at an early date? &c., &c.—Yours very sincerely,  
WILLIAM JONES.

*May.*—Dear SMITH,—Your letter is not at all "presumptuous," as you modestly express it. Pray be assured that you have my best offices in any thing that may tend to your advantage, &c., &c.—Yours most sincerely,  
WILLIAM JONES.

*June.*—My dear SMITH,—Of course I shall be delighted to join your party. When does the picnic take place? Pray give my compliments to Mrs. SMITH, &c., &c.

Yours ever, WILLIAM JONES.

*July.*—My dear old chap,—Just got yours. Of course, you dear old fellow, shall be delighted, and only too pleased, to come to the christening, and stand godfather to the olive branch. The idea of supposing that it would be a "bore" to me! &c., &c.—Yours ever most affectionately,  
W. J.



## AMBIGUOUS.

"SHALL I WAVE IT, MISS? IT DOES AWAY WITH THE PLAINNESS."

*August.*—My dear SMITH,—Have you forgotten my letter of yesterday week? Pray let me have an answer to it at your earliest convenience and oblige

Yours ever, WILLIAM JONES.

*September.*—My dear Mr. SMITH,—I cannot see that your tardy answer to my letters at all explains matters. What I wish definitely to know is, &c., &c.

Yours sincerely, WILLIAM JONES.

*October.*—Dear Mr. SMITH,—I fail completely to understand how, &c., &c.

Yours very faithfully,  
WILLIAM JONES.

*November.*—Dear Sir,—I am surprised, &c., &c.

Yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM JONES.

*December.*—Sir,—I positively decline to do anything so ridiculous as to go to Belgium with you for the purpose of fighting a duel. On the other hand, you are certainly at liberty to go to Jericho, for all I care.—Sir, your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM JONES.

To Henry Smith, Esq.

N.B.—My solicitors' address is, &c., &c.

## The Seven Against—Each Other.

SEVEN Minor Bards snatch, with an

eager glee,

At every chance of courtly minstrelsy;

'Tis hard the Court (or Cabinet) will have none of them!

They're all *half-fitted* for the post, you see;

Poets, of course, they none of them may be,

But they're effusive Laureates, every one of them.

HAPPILY OBVIOUS.—That CLEVELAND need not be interpreted Land-cleaver.

## "THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON."

Peg away, *Daily Graphic*, and advocate weekly,  
And strongly, and daily, and gaily, your dreams  
Of beautiful Lond n. We bear much too meekly  
Discomfort and ugliness; fight for your schemes.

Peg away, and keep showing that London needs greatly  
In buildings more beauty, in streets still more space,  
Plan boulevards and squares, lined with houses more stately,  
Combining convenience, grandeur, and grace.

Then England may rise to a wonderful level,  
The level of France, of old Greece, even more;  
"Schools of Art," as at present, may go to the—I mean, dogs—  
And art may be fostered as never before.

Then Wellington Statues, and Shaftesbury Fountains,  
And Albert Memorials never would come,  
As mouse-like productions of labouring mountains,  
To strike the intelligent foreigner dumb.

She would not put pictures by barracks, nor boast that  
South Kensington sheds show her architects' skill;  
She builds even now, and requires at the most that  
Some generous citizen settles the bill.

The bill! *Daily Graphic*, of what are you thinking?  
The bill! Oh, my goodness, who ever will pay?  
Is England so rich as to contemplate sinking  
Such sums for mere beauty, hard cash thrown away?

Note by a "New Novel" Reader.

CERTAIN unsavoury social crimes of old  
Were things on which pure ladies would not look.  
They're not so sternly censured now, I'm told,  
But they're (by women) oftener "brought to book."

## NEW DICTIONARY.

(Being some occasional notes intended as a contribution towards a  
"Lady's Own Dictionary of Words and Phrases.")

"AGGRAVATE." This word, according to men's dictionaries, means "to exaggerate: to make enormous, &c.," but the fair sex, not content with this simple definition, have given it another, which is, to anger, to irritate. For instance, in women's language, the expression, "an aggravating thing," is generally understood to signify a person who causes us anger or displeasure. If a man were to talk to a woman of an "aggravated injury" she would probably not know what he meant. But if he were to describe her dearest friend's conduct as aggravating, she would immediately understand him.

"So." This little adverb is a great favourite with ladies, in conjunction with an adjective. For instance, they are very fond of using such expressions as "He is so charming!" "It is so lovely!" &c. According to the rules of strict grammar, the use of the adverb "so," and of the adjectives "lovely" and "charming," requires to be followed, in both these sentences, by the use of the conjunction "that." "He is so charming!" is a purely feminine expression. "He is so charming that I have made a friend of him," is a purely masculine one, or should be so. It is satisfactory to know, however, that ladies have nothing whatever to do with the rules of strict grammar.

It is hoped that these two extracts will for the present suffice to show the exceedingly useful character of the forthcoming publication.

EAR! EAR!—The *Daily News* felicitates the country on its "Musical Year." But why drag in that "Y"? When it can congratulate England on the possession of a musical ear, it may indeed inspire a patriotic psalm. But after hearing the Christmas holidays made hideous by inharmonious howlings, in discordant keys, of "*Glorious Beer!*" Mr. Punch feels that the most seasonable greeting to his countrymen is "I wish you all a Happy New Ear!"



## LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Y<sup>E</sup> INNEHOLDERE AND HYS DRAWERE.

IN Cheape dwelled an Inneholdere, and one daye he dyd go downe in toe hys cellar toe watere y<sup>e</sup> ale, as was hys wante, when he espyede hys Drawere drynkinge sack out of a flaske which he had tayken toe hys own use, and then place it in hys poke for bye-and-bye. So y<sup>e</sup> inneholdere dyd lie in wate for hym, and on hys cominge oute dide taxe hym withe y<sup>e</sup> theft. "Nay," goode master, sayde y<sup>e</sup> Drawere, "tis not theft, for you are payde for itte; I dyd but nowe deposite y<sup>e</sup> pryce of itte in y<sup>e</sup> tilde where you will finde itte withall." But y<sup>e</sup> Inneholdere, knowinge thys toe be alle lese, dyd take awate from hym y<sup>e</sup> flaske and dyd boxe hym on y<sup>e</sup> eerys and hytte hym in y<sup>e</sup> iye, remarkyng, "while, "Nay, 'tis you who are payde for itte."



Then y<sup>e</sup> Drawere dyd retaliate malapertelie withe hys tongue in such a waye that itte can notte here be chronicled.

"Ho," cryed y<sup>e</sup> Inneholdere, "woulde you gyve me chyke in mine owne house? Knowe, knave, that I playe firste fiddle here!"

"And no marvell," replied y<sup>e</sup> Drawere, "consyderinge it is suche a vile inne."

And dyd y<sup>e</sup> Inneholdere forgyve hym on account of thys pleasanterie? Peradventure; for it is saide he dyd then and there give hym y<sup>e</sup> sack.

## HOW TO KEEP A DIARY.

(Taught by the Contents.)

January 1.—Intend to preserve in this little volume the written record of my life. Now and again I shall give my thoughts, my aspirations. Any event of commanding importance, of course, will appear in its proper sequence in these pages. I shall not omit reference to domestic details of purely personal interest, for out of such seemingly homely materials many an interesting biography is ultimately carefully compiled. And now to commence. Went out to-day to have my hair cut. Later on, a family gathering. Present, my Uncle JACK, Aunt JEMIMA, and the boys. Dinner passed off pleasantly. The only discordant note was BOBBY'S allusion to Cousin PORTER'S will. I think the *contretemps* that followed was caused by thoughtlessness rather than by malice. Still, it was a bad omen for the otherwise glad New Year.

January 2.—And now to continue the story of my career from day to day. Obligated to go out. Will return to this volume when I get home.

January 12.—Had my hair cut. Gloves, 3s. 6d. Fellow told me last night that the only way to get good cheroots was to write to Manilla direct.

January 31.—Afraid I have not kept this diary very regularly. However will make a fresh start, and not get into arrears again. This morning I rose at seven, had breakfast (sausages, tea, and eggs) at eight. Off to chambers at ten. Led in an important case (*Baulks* versus *Corkes*) and obtained a verdict. TOMKINS, J., complimented me. On my way home met my Cousin CHARLIE. He dined with us, and tells me that GUSSIE returned from Canada last Autumn. She is engaged to be married. Dear me! How time flies! It seems only the other day that she was playing with her doll!

March 5.—Had my hair cut to-day. Must keep this diary more regularly. What is the benefit of a diary unless you use it? Pause for a reply. Saw the BEVERLEY ROBINSONS in the Park. It appears that it was not their fault that the silver *épergne* passed out of the family. The facts are these—

March 6.—Was interrupted yesterday as I was giving the true story of the *épergne*. However it is just as easy and appropriate to enter it under this date as any other. Well, to commence—

April 19.—Omnibus 2d. Cab 2s. 6d. Gingerbread nuts 4d. Repayment of portion of loan at Bank £153 10s. 6d. Address of the man with marble statues—217, Araminta Avenue East, Lower Tooting Lane.

May 1.—Really ashamed to find how slack I have been in keeping this diary. However, in future I will make entries daily. This morning went to the British Museum to verify dates in my new book, *Remembrances Recalled on the Stage-side of the Green Curtain*. I was right. Professor Anderson was lessee of Covent Garden Opera-house when it was burned down after a *bal masqué*. Met CHARLIE HOGARTH. The same as ever. Awfully good fellow. Dined at the club, and went to see *Sinbad up to Date*. Quite like old times. A morsel of mild American cheese in a plain lettuce salad not half bad. CHARLIE'S recipe. Good chap, CHARLIE!

August 3.—Decided to go to Kiel.

September 9.—Braces, 1s. 6d. GUSSIE married the Captain. My present of a card-table, made of Japanese fans, pretty. Only fault, there were nine other duplicates. That's the worst of getting wedding-gifts from the Stores. Some other chappie is sure to choose the same!

October 25.—My birthday! I have been sadly remiss in keeping this diary hitherto, and will mend the fault for the remainder of the quickly passing year. To-day I reach my prime. Well, I have not done so badly; my practice is fairly good—at any rate pays the rent of my chambers, and keeps me in gowns and wigs. Then my editorship of *The Moon-Gazers Monthly Magazine* has been entirely satisfactory to the proprietors. If I quarrelled with BOBBY'S ROSIE it is only because she was so extremely rude to poor dear TRIXY in the train. However, in that matter, it's more their loss than ours! So I can regard the situation with equanimity!

November 12.—Had my hair cut.

December 14.—Gloves 3s. 6d. Aunt MARIA'S day is first and third Fridays. Kidneys cut into thin slices, then covered with bread-crumbs, then broiled.

December 27.—Went to the play last night. Did not see very much, as my box appeared to be a sort of converted doorway. Performance (so far as I could judge) as per usual. Omnibus for us both, 1s. 4d. Gave blind crossing sweeper half-a-crown instead of a penny. It is a mistake of that character which disgusts one with charity.

December 28.—Had my hair cut.

December 30.—Soleing boots, 4s. 6d.

December 31.—And so this is the last day of the 365! I find that I have not kept to my original intention in this volume. But I have bought a new diary, and will try to do better next year.

## THE AUGUSTAN AGE AT OLYMPIA.

THE classic ground close to the elongated mile once known as "Punch's Railway" is again popular. Thanks to the efforts of the great DRURICOLANUS-CUM-ADDISONBODIAS, Olympia is very much to the fore. On Boxing afternoon and night crowds thronged to see the last thing in Derbys and the newest idea of the Chitral campaign. Both events are perfect marvels of realism. The mob that supplies a background to the winning of the Blue Riband of the Turf could not be surpassed as a specimen of "the convincing." There are real "ARRIES" and "ARRIERS," soldiers, sailors, acrobats, and, last but not least, police-constables. The horses, too, seem to enjoy the sport, and if they are not all "winners," they compare favourably with many a successful competitor for a Queen's Plate. But the feature of the equestrian show is unquestionably the crowd of spectators. With the assistance of many hundreds of auxiliaries, the hill is realised with its numberless vehicles, its series of booths, and, last and not least, its poor, forlorn, forsaken, and much-chivied Derby dog. Then Olympia has, as is quite right and correct, races by ladies, bicycles and donkeys. Those who are to be responsible for the coming meeting in Athens might secure an object-lesson in West Kensington. If Greece follows in the wake of the Addison Road, all should be well at the international gathering of athletes.



And if the Race for the Derby is satisfactory, the Relief of Chitral is equally excellent. The soldiers who gallantly occupy the boards, once the home of the largest ballet *troupe* of the world, are reserve men, and members of that constitutional force, "the bold Militia." These fine fellows must delight the descendants of the Brook Green Volunteer, whose traditional training-ground, it will be remembered, was in the neighbourhood. For the rest, there is every prospect that the present excellent entertainment will draw crowded houses twice daily to Olympia far into the glad New Year, and possibly into those years to come in the approaching century.

## CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

To the President of the Royal Academy of Arts.

MY LORD.—On this auspicious Occasion I have the honour to offer my Congratulations. My Friend, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, of whose Literary Attainments you have been informed by his Biographer, Mr. BOSWELL, would doubtless join me in my Felicitations to your Lordship, my successor, if he were not at present somewhat disturbed in mind by the Contemplation of the melancholy fact that his Dictionary is rapidly becoming obsolete. He passes many hours in lonely Meditation, murmuring to himself words of some barbarous Jargon, such as "bike," "slump," "jingo," and the like. This circumstance is the more to be regretted, since he has commended several of your Addresses, written in Language even more classic, more stately, and, perhaps, more beautiful than his own, and would, therefore, have felt assured that by your Lordship, in any case, his Dictionary is still consulted and admired. Mr. GOLDSMITH and Mr. GARRICK request me to convey their Good Wishes. I have the honour to be, Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HIGHWELLBORN BARON.—At this, at the highest, joyous Day send I my friendliest Happinesswishes. In the sixteenth Year hundred lived I to London, as HENRY THE EIGHTH King was, and so



learned I the english Speech Now see we a german Kaiser who himself to paint endeavours. But what endeavours he not to do? Thunder-weather, all things! If he only like you to paint could!

I have the honour yet again to congratulate you, Highwellborn Baron.

HANS HOLBEIN.

ILLUSTRSSIMO SIGNOR BARONE.—Not I have much studied the her language, but me permit to offer thousand happy auguries to Her, the first english painter who has become Baron.

I have the honour to say myself, of Your Excellency, the humblest and devotedest servant,

RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

MONSIEUR LE BARON.—I come to make to you my felicitations the most warm at the occasion of the Day of the year, the day when you have received a gift—*une étrenne*—of the most charmings, the title which you merit so well. Since long time you have painted, as me, the nymphs and the shepherds, but thours are those of the old Greece, and the mine ar those of the court of the Great Monarch. But we have the same tastes and, if I may venture to say it, the same talent.

I beg you to agree, Monsieur le Baron, all my felicitations, and the assurance of my distinguished sentiments.

ANTOINE WATTEAU.

## THEN AND NOW.—A TERPSICHOorean CONTRAST.

[The Countess of ANCASTER deploras the bad manners of the dancing people of to-day.]

## OLD STYLE.

Gentleman. May I have the exquisite delight of being your ladyship's humble cavalier in the coming country dance?

Lady. Oh, Sir, you are vastly polite, and I am overwhelmed by your request!

Gent. Do I then make too bold?

Lady. Oh, Sir, I would not have you misconstrue my words!

Gent. May I then reckon upon your treading the measure with your devoted servant?

Lady. I may not say you nay, Sir.

Gent. Madam, you are too condescending. I will not fail to claim your hand.

[Retires with courteous humility.]

## NEW STYLE.

Gentleman. Ah, Lady FLORENCE, got an entry left, or is your book full?

Lady (looking at card). Well—here's a quadrille running loose.

Gent. Oh, hang quadrilles! I'm not out for walking exercise. Not on the square, twiggie vous?

Lady (laughing). You funny old cripple! Here's a polka I'm not sure about.

Gent. A polka. That's my form! We'll fire right into the brown of 'em, and have a glass of the boy afterwards, eh?

Lady. It's a bet.

Gent. Done. So long.

[Strolls off, humming a music-hall air.]

## SOMETHING FOR HIM TO DO.

At this time of excitement, Mr. Punch drinks the new Laureate's health, and calls upon him for a song, *impromptu*, appropriate, and to be sung immediately. Anything patriotic he may have handy will do. The moment is critical, which is more than his enthusiastic audience will be, if he only pitches it in the right key. But Lord SALISBURY, who has made the piper, has a right to call the tune. By the way, according to a note in *The Westminster*, the new Laureate is entitled to receive, all in a lump, the salary due for the three past years during which time the office has been vacant. So the first thing ALFRED, monarch of minor poets, will have to do is, not to sing, but

to "draw." Hooray! for SALISBURY and Salary! Quite a Sunday-best-and-Top-Hat-ford Day! Tune up! Twang the lyre! What rhymes to "Pretoria" if not "Victoria"? But rather less easy to get something neat to rhyme with "Venezuela," eh? Still, within the reach of practical poetry and the *petit maître*.

## A CASE IN COURT REHEARD.

ALL Abroad finds itself "quite at home" at the Court Theatre. Mr. WILLIE EDWIN very funny, with his singing and dancing, and with his phonographic business. Miss MAY EDWIN is a charming *ingénue*, delighting the jury of the Court with a very pretty song, "Two Sweet Little Love Birds." *Elle ira loin*. Mr. SCUDEN appears as a witness to "character": capital. Mr. FRED KAYE is as eccentric as ever, and Mr. DAVID JAMES acting, dancing, and singing, follows in the footsteps of his father, especially in the dancing. Miss GRACE PALOTTA makes a hit with the song of "The Business Girl." Altogether the amusing evening's entertainment has not suffered in its transit across London from the Criterion—where it gained a favourable verdict at the bar of public opinion—to the Court, where, it having been already "part heard," it is being tried over again, until further notice, before new judges and juries, who have to pronounce upon several new songs, of which not a few are encored, and before whom is brought a mass of new evidence not produced at the previous trial. The verdict ought to be Success; and, at all events, the members of Miss Cissy GRAHAM's Company at Manager CHUDLEIGH's theatre "have the Court with them."



MOTTO, AT PRESENT, FOR SOUTH AFRICAN DIFFICULTY.—"Post 'CHAMBERLAIN' sedet atra cura."



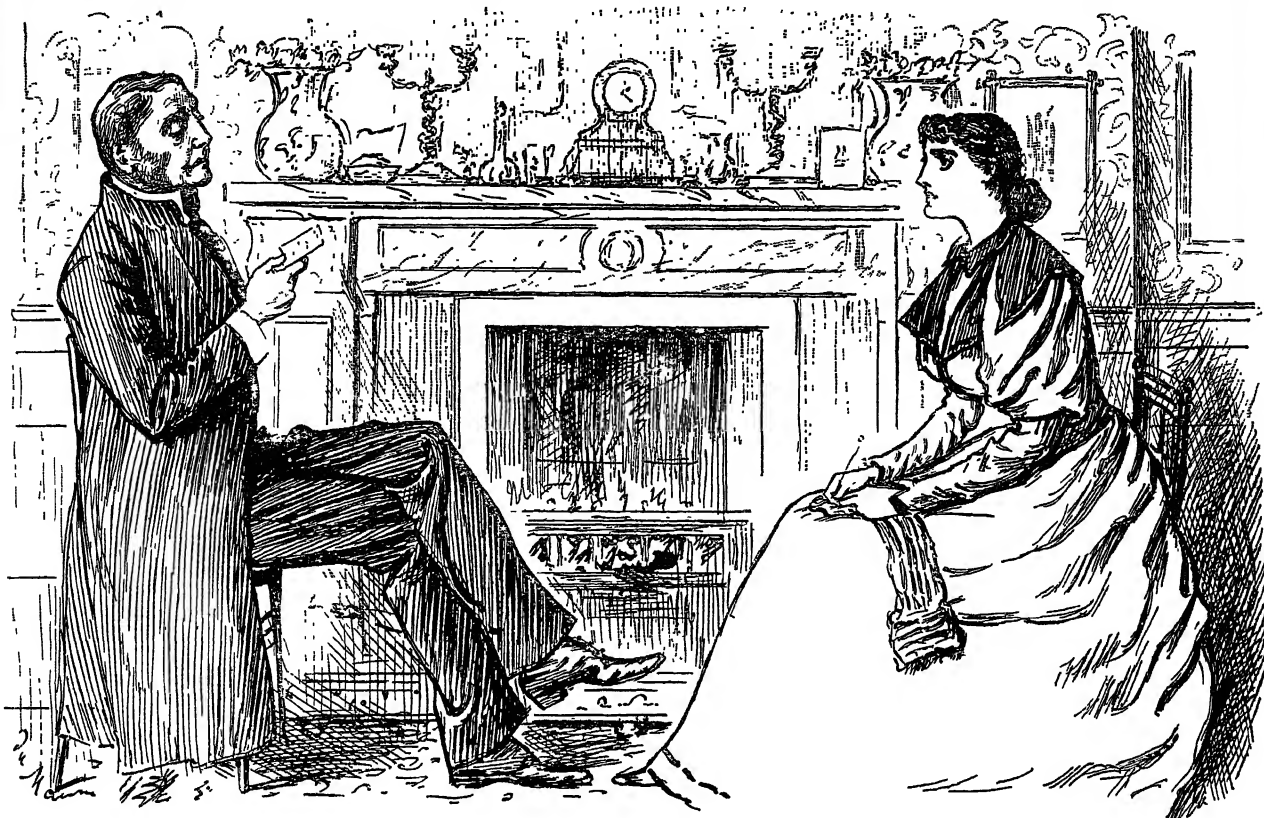
## ALFRED THE LITTLE.

*Sir Edwin Arnold (bitterly).* "‘FORTUNATUS!’ HA! HA!”

*Sir Lewis Morris (moodily).* "‘ENGLAND’S DARLING!’ HE! HE!”

"The QUEEN has been pleased to appoint ALFRED AUSTIN, Esq., to be Poet Laureate to Her Majesty."—*Daily Papers*, January 1, 1896.





## OUR OVERWORKED BISHOPS.

*The Rector's Wife.* "HAVE YOU HEARD FROM THE BISHOP, DEAR, ABOUT THE ALTERATIONS YOU PROPOSED TO MAKE IN THE SERVICES?"

*The Rector.* "YES; I HAVE JUST GOT A POSTCARD FROM HIS LITTLE BOY. THIS IS IT:—

'THE PALACE, BARCHESTER.—PAPA SAYS YOU MUSTN'T.'"

## NEW YEAR'S DAY

(On Parnassus).—

OR, THE APOTHEOSIS OF ALFRED THE LITTLE.

*Alfred the Little tunes up on his new Official Harp to an old air of Alfred the Great's:—*

You must take and call me Laureate, Poet Laureate, brethren dear,  
For to-morrow I'll be the happiest bard of all this glad New Year;  
My glad Muse chimes, not "vapid rhymes," but the maddest,  
merriest lay,  
For I am QUEEN'S Poet to-day, brethren, I am Court Minstrel  
to-day!

There's many a gushing muse, men say, but none can gush like  
mine;

There's ARNOLD and there's MORRIS, both can lip the laureate line:  
But none so well as little ALFRED in all the land, they say,  
So I'm to be Poet Laureate, brethren, all upon New Year's Day!

I'll now sleep sound o' nights, from dreadful dreams no more I'll  
wake,

That ALGERNON or WILLIAM they will Poet Laureate make.  
But I must gather flowery tropes and flatteries fine and gay,  
For I'm ALFRED THE GREAT's successor, brethren, dating from New  
Year's Day!

As I came down the street called Fleet, whom think ye I should see,  
But EDWIN, bland and Japanesque, bard of the *Daily T.*?  
He thought his chance was good, brethren, lord of the Orient lay,  
But I've whipped him on New Year's Day, brethren, done him on  
New Year's Day.

He looked pale as a ghost, brethren, exceeding weird and white,  
For the singer of "The Season" now had dimmed his Asian Light.  
They say I'm a Party pick, brethren, but I care not what they say,  
For I'm crowned upon New Year's Day, brethren, laurelled on New  
Year's Day!

They say that limpid LEWIS is as mad as mad can be;  
They say young ERIC is making moan—what is that to me?

There's many a better bard than I, or so sour critics say,  
But little ALFRED has taken the cake, all upon New Year's Day.

Little ALFRED has licked them all, as shall right soon be seen,  
The loyalist lyrist of all the lot to his Country and his Queen.  
I've out-sonnetted WILLY WATSON in my Tory-patriot way,  
So I've passed dear WILL up the "Sacred Hill," all upon New  
Year's Day!

For WILLY, with wild and whirling words, had pitched into the  
Powers,  
And invoked the name of the old recluse who at Harwarden groans  
and glowers;

For he's got a bee in his bonnet about the woes of Ar-me-ni-a;  
So I look down on him from Parnassian peaks, all upon New Year's  
Day!

Yes, I am "Fortunatus," brethren, and "England's Darling"!—  
Hum!

This harp is big, and wide in stretch, and needs long arms to thrum.  
But if I stand a-tiptoe I shall manage it, I dare say,  
And I'm Poet Laureate, anyhow, all upon New Year's Day!

I wonder now if ALFRED THE GREAT—and gruff—with joy would  
thrill

If he saw me twanging the Laureate lyre on the Parnassian Hill?  
He once was a leetle rude to me when on him I had said my say,  
Like LYTTON to him; but I'm Laureate now, all upon New Year's  
Day!

So you must take and call me Laureate, Poet Laureate, brethren  
dear,

And I'm sure that EDWIN, and LEWIS, and WILLIAM will wish me  
a Happy New Year.

"My Satire and its Censors" have not stood in my upward way;  
"Ambition ended" I'm Laureate—at last—upon New Year's  
Day!!!

AS IT SHOULD BE.—The Foreign Committee of the American  
House of Representatives having reported in favour of Mr. BAYARD,  
he is now, like his prototype, *sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

NO. II.

*Some account of Mr. Jabberjee's experiences at the Westminster Play.*

BEING forearmed by editorial beneficence with ticket of admission to theatrical entertainment by adolescent students at Westminster College, I presented myself on the scene of acting in a state of liveliest and frolicsome anticipation on a certain Wednesday evening in the month of December last, about 7.20 P.M.

At the summit of the stairs I was received by a posse of polite and stalwart striplings in white kids, who, after abstracting large circular orifice from my credentials, ordered me to ascend to a lofty gallery, where, on arriving, I found every chair pre-occupied, and moreover was restricted to a prospect of the backs of numerous juvenile heads, while expected to remain the livelong evening on the tiptoe of expectation and Shank's mare!

This for a while I endured submissively from native timidity and retirement, until my bosom boiled over at the sense of "*Civis Romanus sum*," and, descending to the barrier, I harangued the wicket-keeper with great length and fervid eloquence, informing him that I was graduate of high-class Native University after passing most tedious and difficult exams with fugitive colours, and that it was injurious and deleterious to my "*mens sana in corpore sano*," to remain on legs for some hours beholding what I practically found to be invisible.

But, though he turned an indulgent ear to my quandary, he professed his inability to help me over my "*pons asinorum*," until I ventured to play the ticklish card and inform him that I was a distinguished representative of Hon'ble *Punch*, who was paternally anxious for me to be awarded a seat on the lap of luxury.

Then he unbended, and admitted me to the body of the auditorium, where I was conducted to a coign of vantage in near proximity to members of the fair sex and galaxy of beauty.

Thus, by dint of nude gumption, I was in the bed of clover and seventh heaven, and more so when, on inquiry from a bystander, I understood that the performance was taken from Mr. TERRISS's Adelphi Theatre, which I had heard was conspicuous for excellence in fierce combats, blood-curdling duels, and scenes in court. And I narrated to him how I too, when a callow and unfledged hobbard-y-hoy, had engaged in theatrical entertainments, and played such parts in native dramas as heroic giant-killers and tiger slayers, in which I was an "*au fait*" and "*facile princeps*," also in select scenes from SHAKESPEARE's play of *Macbeth* in English and being correctly attired as a Scotch.

But presently I discovered that the play was quite another sort of Adelphi, being a jocular comedy by a notorious ancient author of the name of TERENCE, and written entirely in Latin, which a contiguous damsel expressed a fear lest she should find it incomprehensible and obscure. I hastened to reassure her by explaining that, having been turned out as a certificated B.A. by Indian College, I had acquired perfect familiarity and nodding acquaintance with the early Roman and Latin tongues, and offering my services as interpreter of "*quicquid agunt homines*," and the entire "*farrago libelli*," which rendered her red as a turkeycock with delight and gratitude. When the performance commenced with a scenic representation of the Roman Acropolis, and a venerable elderly man soliloquising lengthily to himself, and then carrying on a protracted logomachy with another greybeard—although I understood sundry colloquial idioms and phrases such as "*uxorem duxit*," "*carum mihi*," "*quid agis*?" "*cur amat*?" and the like, all of which I assiduously translated *viva voce*—I could not succeed in learning the reason why they were having such a snip-snap, until the interval, when the lady informed me herself that it was because one of them had carried off a nautch-girl belonging to the other's son—which caused me to marvel greatly at her erudition.

I looked that, in the next portion of the performance, I might behold the nautch-girl, and witness her forcible rescue—or at least some saltatory exhibition; but, alack! she remained *sotto voce* and hermetically sealed; and though other characters, in addition to the

elderly gentlemen, appeared, they were all exclusively masculine in gender, and there was nothing done but to converse by twos and threes. When the third portion opened with a long-desiderated peep of petticoats, I told my neighbour confidently that now at last we were to see this dancing girl and the abduction; but she replied that it was not so, for these females were merely the mother of the wife of another of the youths and her attendant ayah. And even this precious pair, after weeping and wringing their hands for a while, vanished, not to appear again.

Now as the entertainment proceeded, I fell into the dumps with increasing abashment and mortification to see everyone around me, ay, even the women and the tenderest juveniles! clap the hands and laugh in their sleeves with merriment at quirks and gleeks in which—in spite of all my classical proficiency—I could not discover *le mot pour rire* or crack so much as the cream of a jest, but must sit there melancholy as a gib cat or smile at the wrong end of the mouth.

For, indeed, I began to fear that I had been fobbed off with the smattered education of a painted sepulchre, that I should fail so dolorously to comprehend what was plain as a turnpike-staff to the veriest British babe and suckling!

However, on observing more closely, I discovered that most of the grown-up adults present had books containing the translation of all the witticisms, which they secretly perused, and that the femininity were also provided with pink leaflets on which the dark outline of the plot was perspicuously inscribed. Moreover, on casting my eyes up to the gallery, I perceived that there were over-seers there armed with long canes, and that the small youths did not indulge in plaudations and hilarity except when threatened by these.

And thereupon I took heart, seeing that the proceedings were clearly veiled in an obsolete and cryptic language, and it was simply matter of rite and custom to applaud at fixed intervals, so I did at Rome as the Romans did, and was laughter holding both his sides as often as I beheld the canes in a state of agitation.

I am not unaware that it is to bring a coal from Newcastle to pronounce any critical opinion upon the ludicrous qualities of so antiquated a comedy as this, but, while I am wishful to make every allowance for its having been composed in a period of pre-historic barbarity, I would still hazard the criticism that it does not excite the simpering guffaw with the frequency of such modern standard works as, *exempli gratia*, *Miss Brown*, or *The Aunt of Charley*, to either of which I would award the palm for pure whimsicality and gawkiness.

Candour compels me to admit, however, that the conclusion of the Adelphi, in which a certain magician summoned a black-robed, steeple-hatted demon from the nether world, who, after commanding a minion to give a pickle-back to sundry grotesque personages, did castigate their ulterior portions severely with a large switch, was a striking amelioration and betterment upon the preceding scenes, and evinced that TERENCE possessed no deficiency of up-to-date facetiousness and genuine humour; though I could not but reflect—"O, si sic omnia!" and lament that he should have hidden his *vis comica* for so long under the stifling disguise of a *serviette*.

I am a beggar at describing the hurly-burly and most admired disorder amidst which I performed the descent of the staircase in a savage perspiration, my elbows and heels unmercifully jostled by a dense, unruly horde, and going with nose in pocket, from trepidation due to national cowardice, while the seething mob clamoured and contended for overcoats and hats around very exiguous aperture, through which bewildered custodians handed out bundles of sticks and umbrellas, in vain hope to appease such impatience. Nor did I succeed to the recovery of my hat and paraphernalia until after twenty-four and a half minutes (Greenwich time), and with the labours of Hercules for the golden fleece!

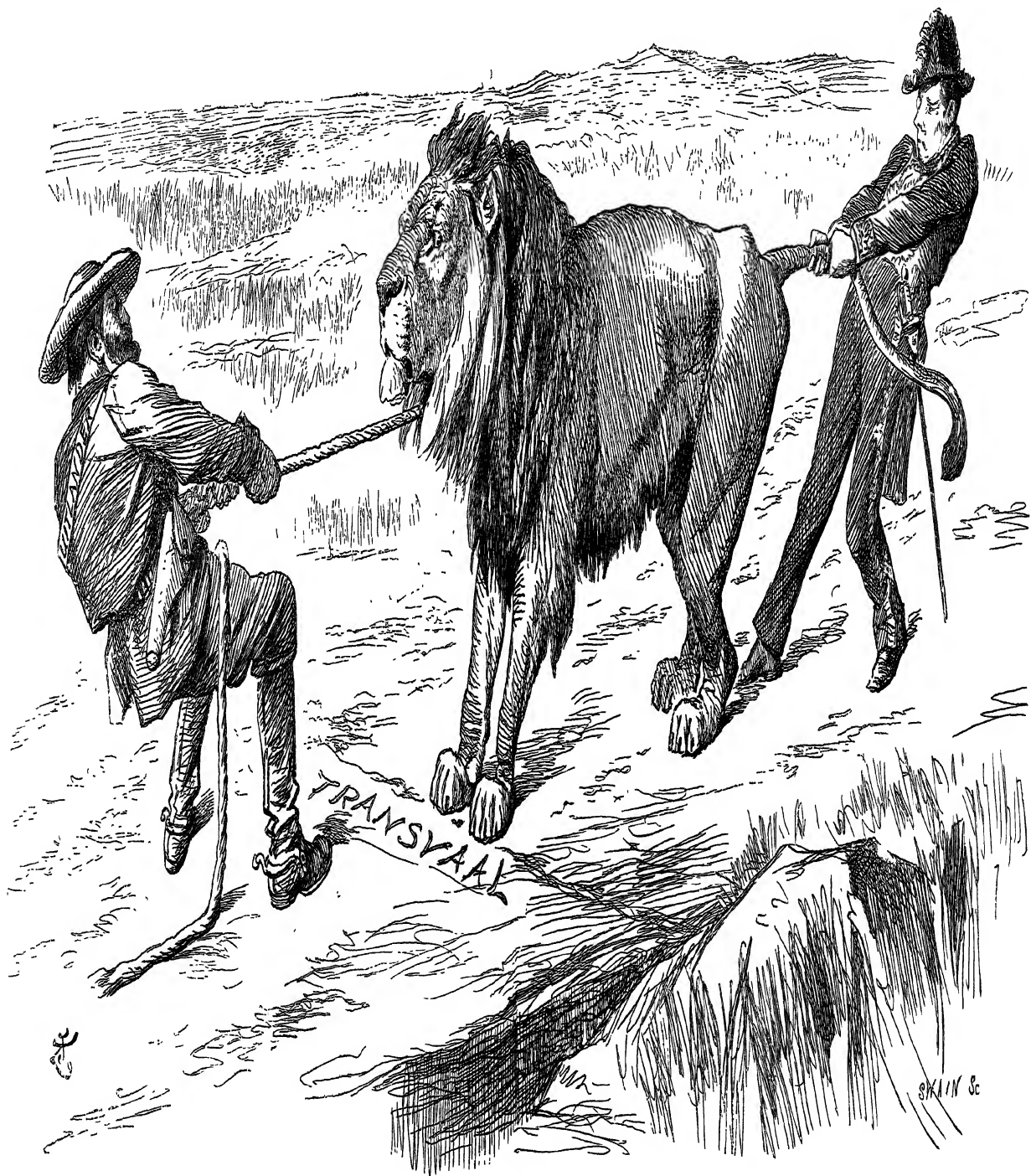
For which I was minded at first to address a sharp remonstrance and claim for indemnity to some pundit in authority; but perceiving that by such fishing in troubled waters I was the gainer of a golden-headed umbrella, fresh as a rose, I decided to accept the olive branch and bury the bone of contention.



"A golden-headed umbrella, fresh as a rose."







## THE TUG OF WAR.

(OUTLANDER V. CH-MB-RL-N.)







### HIGH LOVE BELOW STAIRS.

*The Venus of the Servants' Hall. "ME GETTING FOND OF RICHARD? I SHOULD THINK I WAS! WHY, HE'S ONLY GOT TO LOOK AT ME, AND I TREMBLE ALL OVER LIKE AN ASPEN JELLY!"*

### THE PEERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

*(A Dramatic Fragment, improbable and all but impossible.)*

SCENE—Studio of Illustrious Painter. The easel is occupied by a sketch of a classical subject—an idea from the Greek.

*Illustrious Painter (consulting watch).* Dear me! The time for the first arrival. Not a bad notion of mine to paint the portraits of my colleagues for one of the corridors. It may take some time, but when the work is done—well—it will, at any rate, not shrink from comparison with the Diploma Gallery. *(Knock.)* Come in. *(Enter First Peer.)* Ah, my dear Viscount, glad to see you.

*First Peer (returning salutation heartily).* Thank you, so much. And now, as I have a great deal to do in Pall Mall, I am afraid I shall not be able to give you much time for a sitting.

*Illus. Paint.* I don't want you to sit at all. I propose roughing in the background to-day. What would you like for yours? Battle, I suppose?

*First Peer.* You are most kind. But if I might suggest, that is scarcely my *spécialité*. Of course, I have seen a fair amount of service, and all that sort of thing will be represented by my medals. But my real line is literature. I would propose that I should be taken in my library, putting the finishing touches to the proofs of the *Soldier's Pocket Book*. And now, my dear Lord, I must be off, as I have to see to all our little affairs—existent and pending—in Africa and America. But first of all I have to overhaul the working of the Islington Military Tournament. *[Exit.]*

*Illus. Paint. (making an entry in his Note-book).* As a bookman I well, he is the author of his own fortunes. *(Enter Second Peer.)* Bon jour, my dear Chancellor. I do not think we ought to have much trouble about your background. If you are painted in front of the robing-room—

*Second Peer (promptly).* I shall be disgusted. I am prouder of my swordsmanship than anything else. So make me lunging (not lurching)—ha! ha! excuse the *plaisanterie*—in a School of Arms, and I shall be more than satisfied.

*[Exit, as batch of Peers—numbers up to 20—enter.]*

*Third Peer.* We have come, my dear colleague, to say that we shall be most pleased to help in the work. Peers' Gallery! Splendid notion!

*Illus. Paint.* What are to be the backgrounds?

*Fourth Peer.* Well, we have consulted together, and have thought of a novelty. As we attend the sittings, on the average, about once in five years, we fancied that perhaps if you placed us in the House itself it would be original and striking.

*Illus. Paint. (after consideration).* Yes. And then some of you might be in robes; presumably, you know, having put in an appearance on some State occasion.

*Fifth Peer.* First rate! What a clever fellow you are!

*Illus. Paint. (showing them out).* Thank you very much. And now I think I may— *(Enter Twenty-first Peer.)* Ah, my dear friend! Delighted to see you, as your creation chimes in with the date of my own. Not many years' difference between them. Your background, I suppose, should be the manufactory—

*Twenty-first Peer (interrupting).* Not at all! That kind of thing would be distinctly misleading. Of course I don't like to dictate, but as you have been so kind as to ask for a suggestion, I would propose that you should paint me looking at one of my ancestors assisting to win the Battle of Hastings. You must know that, without bothering at the Herald's College, I have every reason to believe that one Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBYNSONNE was—

*Illus. Paint.* Quite so! I will turn it over in my mind.

*Twenty-first Peer.* And (if I might venture upon a hint), if you could make Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBYNSONNE a bit like me, I should be more than delighted. You know a family likeness may be traced for generations, and dear old Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBYNSONNE was—

*Illus. Paint.* Yes, yes, I know all about that.

*Twenty-first Peer.* I am more than grateful. Not that I care about it myself, but my wife— You know ladies are different from men.

*Illus. Paint. (dryly).* No doubt. *(Courteously shows Twenty-first Peer the door.)* And now to get upon safer ground than the Battle of Hastings and those who took part in it.

*[Scene closes in upon the Illustrious Painter returning to his sketch of a classical subject—an idea from the Greek.]*

### ROSEBERRY'S RESERVE.

*(See his late two Letters.)*

To you, dear friends, I am much beholden,

*(Why can't you let me alone, though?)*

Speech is silver if silence is golden.

*(The latter must be my own, though.)*

I'm bursting, but I must not speak!

*(Except to say that I must not.)*

The SULTAN's wicked, the Powers are weak!

*(Do you want me to say so? I trust not.)*

I'm haunted by the Armenian news,

I have no trust in SOLLY.

*(To SAY so in public, I must refuse,*

*I am quite above such folly.)*

That insulting SULTAN makes England his mock;

He was always given to that form!

*(But I greatly fear I should greatly shock*

*If I told you so—from a platform!)*

I, of course, can write what I cannot say,

*(And you can publish the letter.)*

But I must be silent! *(You'll find some way*

*To voice your Mute, which were better!)*

I rage, I burn, and the wrath I feel

My letters no doubt discover!

I mustn't speak to the Man at the Wheel!

*(But I hope you'll—chuck him over!)*

MARVELLOUS AND SUDDEN CURE!—Mr. CH-MB-RL-N was unwell. He took a dose of "*Rhodesia*." Salutory effect instantaneous! It is not improbable, however, that this treatment will have to be continued.

OLD FRIENDS.—It is said that in event of war between England and Venezuela, 100,000 Brazilians will join the latter country. Of course, for have not Brazil nuts always been associated with Caracas?

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!—Mr. HALL CAINE has brought back a draft Act on Canadian Copyright. An open cheque on Canadian publishers would have been more acceptable to British authors.

A LONG-VEKED QUESTION SETTLED.—In view of Lord SALISBURY's appointment as Lord Warden, Walmer will of course become *de facto* Premier Port. The other towns may now sink their differences.

**"MRS. STIRLING."**

(THE LATE LADY GREGORY.)

ONE more star of Stagedom gone! Peerless, bright *Peg Woffington*, Matchless *Martha*, perfect *Nurse*, Speaker witty, quaint, and terse! High Comedy and humorous grace Spoke in that most speaking face. Who forgets those sparkling graces Oft displayed in *Masks and Faces*?

Age-unwithered, and still dear, Passing with the passing year, She has left the Comic Stage Duller both for youth and age.

**PAGE FROM EUROPA'S DIARY.**

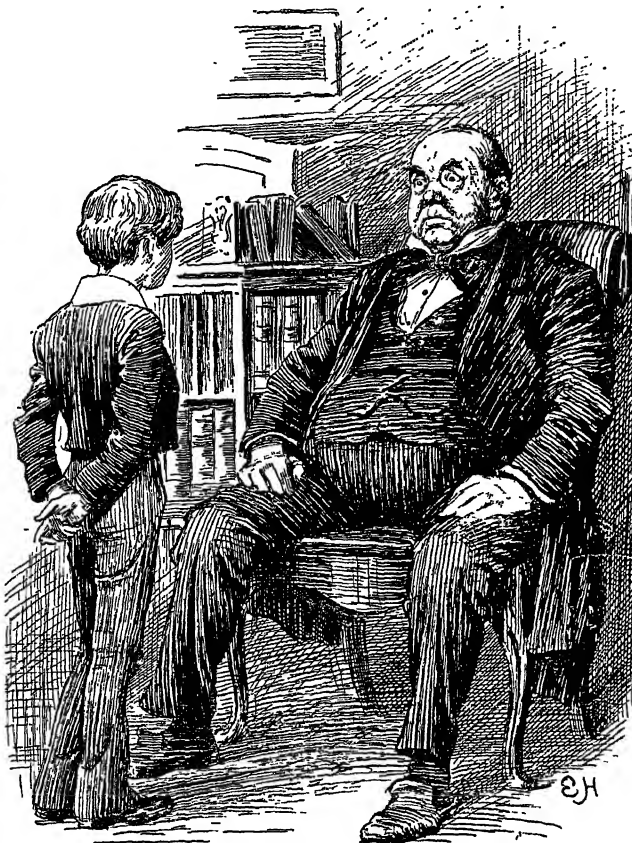
*Sunday.*—Calm of the most absolute character. Pulpit subjects of a purely perfunctory nature. Expected immediate appearance of the Millennium.

*Monday.*—Continuation of the peace. The silence of harmony unbroken. Monarchs of all sorts live in charity with all men, and, in their dreams, exist only in Arcadia.

*Tuesday.*—Tranquility maintained. Ambassadors sleep, and Parliaments adjourn for want of work. Nothing stirring but stagnation.

*Wednesday.*—Political barometer at "Set Fair." A storm anywhere impossible. The lion has laid down with the lamb. The contents bills of the papers have to fall back upon tricky headlines to sell a copy of the periodicals they represent. Public consequently sold as well.

*Thursday.*—The world fast asleep. Dicky birds the only disturbers of the ubiquitous peace.



**A HOME TRUTH.**

*Irate Stepfather.* "I CAN'T THINK WHERE YOU LEARN SUCH MANNERS. YOU DON'T SEE ME SLIDING DOWN THE BALUSTERS AND TURNING SOMERSAULTS IN THE HALL!"

*Friday.*—Not a ripple anywhere. Blue sky on view in every land of the universe. Triumph of the dove and the olive branch.

*Saturday.*—Sudden outbreak! Row everywhere! National struggles the order of the day! Fire and the sword take precedence in every civilized and uncivilized community! Expected immediate approach of Pandemonium!

**CRY OF THE INCOME-TAX'D.**

"It ought to be a fundamental principle of the next Budget to reduce the income-tax by at least a penny."—*The "Times"* on "*The Surplus*."

THAT policy were "penny-wise" Indeed, but not "pound-foolish."

Let's hope that unto our loud cries

HICKS-BEACH will not prove mulish.

My cry to him is (like the *Pie-man's*)

"Please give me a penny!"

May his be not (like *Simple Simon's*),

"I have not got any!"

PAX.—There is now prospect of peace and quiet in one place, at all events, and that is immediately at Osborne and at the Court generally, for Dean FARRAR has replaced the Rev. ROWE JOLLEY as Deputy Clerk of the Closet in Waiting." So in that locality there is temporarily no more to be heard of a Jolley Rowe.

QUOTATION ADAPTED BY MR. CH-MB-RL-N.—"*Bores' et 'Pretoria' nihil!*"

**ROUNABOUT READINGS.**

**THE LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.**

SUBMITTING to the fate of all things bright and fair, the shooting season of '95 '96 is drawing to an end, lamented by all who love good sport and big bags. The combination is a common one in these days, when even keepers are beginning to understand that those who shoot care less for a slaughter of easy birds than for a chance of exercising their skill in pulling down tall birds from the region of clouds. It may safely be asserted that all the big bags of pheasants are made by guns placed well back from the coverts where the birds are likely to be high up in the air by the time they are shot at. The shooting is made difficult, greater skill is necessary on the part of the shooter, and the bird shot at has a greater chance naturally of saving its life.

THESE would seem to be self-evident propositions; but I gather from the ingenious and accomplished "RAPIER'S" notes in the January number of the *Badminton Magazine*, that there are still "papers of a certain class" in which one may read "sarcastic comments on the making of big bags of pheasants. The writers calculate how many birds are killed per minute, and after a little indulgence in statistics, wind up with a sneer at the 'sport'—in inverted commas." I have in my time read such comments, but not very lately. However, I must take "RAPIER'S" word for it that there still exist journalists sufficiently abandoned to make them, though I do not suppose even the most sarcastic of them would refuse to eat a pheasant which had been beaten over a distant line of guns, or would prefer to it a bird shot either by a "bone-scatterer" at the very edge of the covert, or by an old-fashioned "walker-up" within a few feet of the muzzle of his gun.

A KEEPER's one object is to make the biggest bag he can. If the arrangement of the shoot is left to him—*quod di avertant*—he will place his guns as near as possible to the edge of the covert, so that they may smash the birds while they are still flying slow and low. This to a true sportsman, even if he is not a shot of the class of Lord

DE GREY or Lord WALSLINGHAM, is detestable. He would rather shoot at, even if he misses, one high bird flying strong, than blow ten easy ones to pieces. Therefore in a properly managed shoot the guns are placed well away, although often the keeper looks gloomy, and confides to his intimates that he doesn't see the use of having taken "a peek o' trouble if they birds sint to be shot where, as you may say, a gun can shoot 'em."

BUT putting all that aside, what a glorious season this has been in nearly every part of the country. From all sides you hear the same story of fine, strong, hearty birds, and plenty of them. I do not claim for pheasant-shooting the virtues of an athletic exercise, but it does require in the highest degree coolness, resource, precision and self-control—qualities that are not without their value in other and more important pursuits. Nor is his endurance to be despised who stands and waits in a cool and nipping wind, or in storm of rain such as the variations of our climate often send down upon our heads. Then it is, if you wear a mere cloth cap, that you envy the shooter whose hat has a brim to guard his neck; for first with a casual trickle, and then with a steady, relentless flow, the frosty water makes its way from the back of your head, down between your neck and your collar, and down, ever down along the channel of your spine. Ugh! the mere remembrance is enough to give you the influenza.

AND now the time of the last shoot has come or is coming. Once more, and for the last time, the array of beaters is summoned. There they all are, those stolid, autochthonous British labourers, differing not so much in expression as in the signs of age; imperturbable, slow, and as impervious to thorn-bushes as they are to the voice of the keeper when he bids them keep the line, or come up faster on the one side or the other. But watch these same beaters when a rabbit appears in their midst, especially after lunch has made their mood merry, and you will see a wonderful change. Not otherwise does a maiden, shy with the reserve of her first season, enter a ball-room. Headlessly her eyes travel round the room, till, on a sudden, lo they light upon young ALGERNON, the pride of Her



Friend. "HULLO, OLD CHAP! WHAT ON EARTH——"

Brute of a Husband (who has been to see "Trilby"). "'SH!' (Sotto voce.) "IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M JUST TRYING TO 'SUGGEST' TO THE MISSIS—HYPNOTICALLY—THAT IT'S TIME FOR HER TO GO TO BED, AND FOR ME TO GO TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL! 'SH!—SHE'S JUST 'OFF'!"

[Chuckles.]

Majesty's Horse Guards Blue; young ALGERNON, than whom none ties with more skill the butterfly tie, none with more splendour wears the pointed pump, none drops his final g with a more careless certainty. She, looking upon him and seeing him advancing, feels the happy blush mantle her virgin cheeks, her eyes sparkle, her being becomes animated, and with ready favour she grants him the desired pleasure of a dance. So a beater having perceived a soft-furred rabbit in the underwood, his eyes flash fire, impetuously he moves his heavy legs now hither now thither, loud exclamations burst from his lips, his stick flies hurtling through the air, and the whole line rends the skies with joyous shouting. But afar off, and unharmed, the timorous rabbit seeks refuge, threading with swift feet the tracts that lie behind the beaters.

ALL hens, of course, are to be spared during the last shoot. And it is aggravating to notice that the hen, ignorant of the edict that saves her life, rises with just as great a fluster as if she was to be shot at. And towards evening as the shadows fall, and distinction becomes difficult, the poor hen does often get shot and pays the penalty of her rashness. But hark! what shout is that? "Woodcock forward, woodcock to the right, woodcock to the left. Mark, mark." Every voice in the covert and out of it seems to take up the cry. Are there a hundred woodcocks in the air. An electric shock seems to go through every shooter. Bang, bang, there he is; bang, bang, mark to the left; bang, bang, forwards, backwards, sideways, everywhere guns are going off, while the woodcock zig-zags through the trees and out into the open till he falls a victim to the youngest of the party, whose hat henceforth wears the trophy of the bird's feathers.

AND so good-bye to the great season and to all its memories of sport and good fellowship and happy days. The 1st of February will see its departure, but I bid it farewell to-day.

COMPANION TO "THE LATE MR. CASTELLO."—The Early M. CHÂTEAU.

## TERPSICHORE TO DATE.

(The "Sitting Waltz" is stated to be the latest American novelty.)

THE *Valse à Siège* is an interesting development, which has been recently introduced for the benefit of engaged couples, flirts, hussars, gentlemen with wooden legs, sufferers from "housemaid's knee," and other persons who are averse to dancing exercise.

No floor to speak of is required, as it is only used in extreme cases for sitting on, when the stairs, window-sills, *fauteuils à deux*, and banisters are all occupied. Even then it is considered somewhat vulgar, and suggestive of hunt-the-slipper. It is better, if every available seat is taken, to stand the waltz out.

Very little preliminary training is necessary, though possibly a visit to Hampstead Heath on a fine Bank Holiday might supply a few useful hints on deportment.

The movements are quite simple. The partners engage themselves in the ordinary way. The gentleman then conducts the lady to a suitable seat. This, of course, should accommodate two, and two only, and need not be aggressively public. In fact, if the ball-room is all conservatory, so much the better. He next passes his right arm round his partner's waist, and clasps her right hand with his left. Her left hand rests fondly on his shoulder, and they are now ready to keep time with the music.

At the first beat the lady puts out her left foot with a dainty and coquettish but almost imperceptible *glissade*, and the gentleman ever so slightly touches it with his own.

Second beat. The lady turns her head towards her partner, the gentleman simultaneously gazes yearningly into her left eye.

Third beat. *Balancez*, and set to corners. The couple thus *chassent* in the same direction without leaving their seat, swaying gently backwards and forwards in three-quarter time.

The decorations should consist largely of mistletoe and kissing comfits (whatever they may be).

And, lastly, the new waltz is as old as the hills, and was danced before ball-rooms or Terpsichore were heard of.



### "HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

AN elegant show! a splendid spectacle! a graceful grouping! Fun, Fanny, and Frolic! Such is the summary of the Annual Pantomime provided for us all, young and old, by Master DRURIOLANUS, *semper virens nunquam viridis*, Grand Master of Christmas Revels and Popular Pantomime. With him attendant sprites CECIL RALEIGH and ARTHUR STURGES, with stage-manager COLLINS, and J. M. GLOVER, Master of the Music to DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR. Just take the programme and read the names of all the Pucks and Pixies obeying the magician's word. Six artistic elves do the scenery, who, together with the two principal costumiers, might be sung in two hexameter lines by the new Poet Laureate, if inclined that way.\*

But there are nine more names to this department, and three are responsible for the "shoes," including the glass slippers of *Cinderella*, of which the maker is not specially named. There is an Assistant Stage Manager, and, by CLARKSON! there are wigs!! But suffice it some fifty names appear as the officers of the Pantomime Army, marching and dancing (with JOHNNIE D'AUBAN) to victory. Charming ballets; quite Original; which you mightn't expect from a *maître de ballet* whose name is "COPPI." Beginners in the art of ballet-teaching will do well to copy COPPI. Two of the comic songs are capital; both sung by HERBERT CAMPBELL; the first, "You know love it wouldn't be true" (or a catch line like it), being exceptionally good.

The GRIFFITHS Brothers in their wrestling match are immense. So earnest! so serious! so irresistibly comic! Of course, DAN LENO,

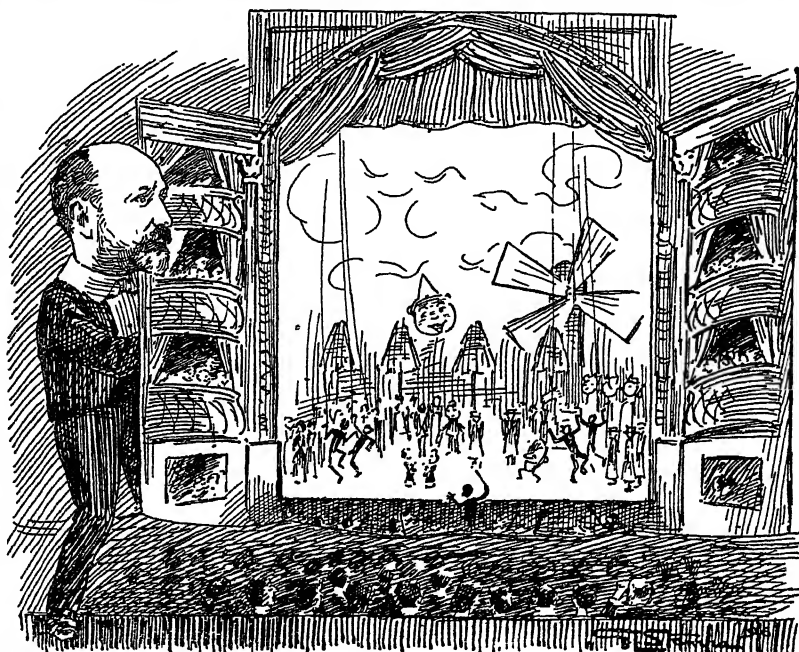
\* *Scenëry Hårkër Bråce Smith Cånëy Kautskj Schvëitëtzër ån' Rjån, Drëssës bÿ Måns. Ålås ånd cõtümîër Mîstër Cûmellî.*

inimitable as an elderly matronly shrew, is *facile princeps* as *Cinderella's* step-mother, and supremely ridiculous. HERBERT CAMPBELL seconds him excellently: upon these two, with the Brothers GRIFFITHS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD (ordinarily a hook-nosed Hebrew villain in a melodrama, but now a comic Irish tutor with tiptilted nose, which just makes the difference), rests the fun of the pantomime; and

"rests" is not the word, for the fun is always kept moving.

Really splendid is Miss ALEXANDRA DAGMAR, who as *Dandini*, the Prince's valet, tops her royal master, Prince ADA BLANCHE, considerably, and is much more of a Royal Highness, by her Royal Tallness, than is the little prince. Surely ALEXANDRA ought to have been where ADA is, and the prince should have been the valet, as "*Ada* and abettor." However, let us take the caste as it is, and be thankful. *Petite et pétillante d'esprit* is the representative of the French Ambassador, Miss MARGUERITE CORNILLE. ISA BOWMAN is an interesting *Cinderella*, of whom the authors have not "made half enough." Poor *Cinderella* is just a bit out of it; as, by the way, she was in her kitchen.

The show begins at 7.30, and is over about 11.30. The music is graceful throughout, and Conductor GLOVER takes wonderful physical exercise in directing the orchestra; arms, hands, head, and all that is visible of him give practical illustration of the theory of perpetual motion. As much as he makes in money during his engagement, he must lose in weight. It is all good, and there are very few topical allusions, and not many political ones, thank goodness! as a Pantomime ought not to have any thing of "party" about it, always excepting "Christmas party," of which seasonable material there is in this a plentiful supply. So success to the Seventeenth Annual! *Foreat Druriolanus Mimus Imperator!*



### EVERY ONE'S GOOD HEALTH!

As the festive season draws to a close, when the plum of the pudding is heard of no more, when the mince-pie lingers only in the memory, when the bear's head ceases to adorn the buffet in the castle hall, when the chemist has done his best and the doctor has departed, when elderly maidens begin to regret lost opportunities afforded by now vanished mistletoe boughs, and when, by the disappearance of the sprigs of holly, the schoolboy is reminded of the rapid approach of the blossoms of the birch tree, then is the hour when the Lordly Baron solemnly bethinketh him that some change of air will be beneficial to his state of health. Opportunely he receiveth a copy of the *Fortnightly Review* for January, wherein the title of an essay, "The Climate of South Africa and its Curative Influence," attracteth his kindly regard. Of South Africa and its gold woteth he somewhat: it needs no BARNATO to tell him this. Of the climate he hath heard, but as to its "curative influence" he hath received no information whatever. At a glance, and with half an eye, he grasps the fact that "consumption" is to be grappled with in South Africa and its baneful effects neutralised. The learned medico, yclept Dr. ROSSONIUS ROOSE, whose signature is to this brief but most interesting article, shows "how," "when," and "where" to go in search of recuperating the vital forces at Frazerburg, Victoria (West), Aliwal (North), and Kimberley, ranging from 4000 to 4500 feet up in air, places, alas, as far above the ordinary means of the ordinary patient as they are above the level of the sea. The benevolent doctor should tell us where the £4500 is to be obtained by the patient who would with pleasure ascend these 4500 feet!! But even if the patient obtains the ways and the means, how about the Rhodes, the CECIL RHODES? Won't the climate, just now, be a little too hot for any Englishman? So, we must wait till, first, we get the £4500—and then?

### STOPPED.

THE other day, when I was down in the country, I suffered from severe toothache. I decided to come up to town the next morning, see a friend of mine, a famous dentist, and get back by the 3.30 express after lunch at my club. He is a capital fellow, as kind as he is clever, and he touches one's aching jaw with a hand as gentle as a woman's. So, rather than consult a stranger in the country, I resolved on a three hours' journey to town, to see my friend.

Having some other business to do, I started early, breakfasting very lightly and hastily at 7.30, and catching the 8.23 train after a six-mile drive in the keen, bracing air. My business delayed me a little; my friend delayed me more. He is so much occupied. When at last he was able to see me and had stopped my tooth, it was past two, and I was very hungry. "Come with me," I said, when he had taken out of my mouth his hands, his instruments, and other impediments to conversation, "and have lunch at the club. I'm ravenous."

"All right," he said. "I've half an hour; I'll come. Open your mouth once more. Wider, please. Yes, I'm rather hungry, too. Had my breakfast very early, and very little of it. But you mustn't eat anything, you know." I almost bit his hand off in my effort to shout "What?" with my mouth filled with a napkin, dentist's mirror, &c. "No," he said, "you mustn't bite anything for two hours at least, or you'll spoil all the stopping. You may have a little soup." When we got to the club I had a little soup. And when he my friend had finished, and I had indignantly waved away the tooth-picks handed to me by the waiter, there was only just time to catch the 3.30 express, which doesn't stop anywhere, and doesn't carry any provisions.

To have no teeth must be very uncomfortable, but to have plenty, and to starve, so to speak, in the midst of them, is infinitely worse.



## ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

"ARE YOU THE CARPENTER?" "YES, MISSY."  
 "WHERE'S THE WALRUS, THEN?"

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

## No. III.

*Mr. Jabberjee gives his views concerning the Laureatship.*

It is "*selon les règles*" and *rerum natura* that the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty, being constitutionally partial to poetry, should desire to have constant private supply from respectable tip-top genius, to be kept snug on Royal premises and ready at momentary notice to oblige with song or dirge, according as High Jinks or Dolorousness are the Court orders of the day.

But how far more satisfactory if Right Hon'ble Marquis SALISBURY, instead of arbitrarily decorating some already notorious bard with this "*cordon bleu*" and thus gilding a lily, should throw the office open to competition by public exam, and, after carefully weighing such considerations as the applicant's *res angusta domi*, the finery of his imagination, his nationality, and so on—should award the itching palm of Fame to the poet who succeeded best in tickling his fancy!

Had some such method been adopted, the whole Indian Empire might to-day have been pleased as *Punch* by the selection of a Hindoo gentleman to do the job—for I should infallibly have entered myself for the running. Unfortunately such unparalleled opportunity of throwing soup to Cerberus, and exhibiting colour-blindness, has been given the slip, though the door is perhaps still open (even at past eleven o'clock P.M.) for retracing the false step and web of Penelope.

For I would respectfully submit to Her Imperial Majesty that, in her duplicate capacity of Queen of England and Empress of India, she has urgent necessity for a Court Poet for each department, who would be *Arcades ambo* and two of a trade, and share the duties with their proportionate pickings.

Or, if she would be unwilling to pay the piper to such a tune, I alone would work the oracle in both Indian and Anglo-Saxon departments, and waive the annual tub of sherry for equivalent in cash down.

And, if I may make the suggestion, I would strongly advise that

this question of my joint (or several) appointment should be severely taken up by London Press as matter of simple justice to India. This is without prejudice to the already appointed Laureate as a swan and singing bird of the first water. All I desire is that the Public should know of another—and, perchance, even rarer—avis, who is *nigroque simillima cygno*, and could be obtained dog cheap for a mere song or a drug in the market-place, if only there is made a National Appeal to the Sovereign that he should be promoted to such a sinecure and *ere perennius*.

As a specimen of the authenticity of my divine flatulence, please find inclosed herewith copy of complimentary verses, written by myself on hearing of Poet AUSTIN's selection. Indulgence is kindly requested for very hasty composition, and circumstance of being greatly harrowed and impeded at time of writing by an excruciating full-sized boil on 'back of neck, infuriated by collar of shirt, poulticing, and so forth.

## CONGRATULATORY ODE.

*To Hon'ble Poet-Laureate Alfred Austin, Esq.*

Hail! you full-blown tulip!  
 Oh! when the wheezing zephyr brought glad news  
 Of your judicious appointment, no hearts who did peruse,  
 Such a long-desiderated slice of good luck were sorry at,  
 To a most prolific and polacious Poet-Laureate!  
 For no *poeta nascitur* who is fitter  
 To greet Royal progeny with melodious twitter.  
 Seated on the resplendent cloud of official Elysium,  
 Far away, far away from fuliginous busy hum,  
 You are now perched with phenomenal velocity  
 On vertiginous pinnacle of poetic pomposity!  
 Yet deign to cock thy indulgent eye at the petition  
 Of one consumed by corresponding ambition,  
 And lend the helping hand to lift, pulley-hauley,  
 To Parnassian Peak this poor perspiring Bengali!  
 Whose *ars poetica* (as per sample lyric)  
 Is fully competent to turn out panegyric.  
 What if some time to come, perhaps not distant,  
 You were in urgent need of Deputy-Assistant!  
 For two Princesses might be confined simultaneously—  
 Then, how to homage the pair extemporaneously?  
 Or with Nuptial Ode, lack-a-daisy! What a fix  
 If with Influenza raging like cat on hot bricks!  
 In such a wrong box you will please remember yours truly,  
 Who can do the needful satisfactorily and duly,  
 By an *epithalamium* (or what not) to inflame your credit;  
 With every coronated head that will have read it!  
 And the *quid pro quo*, magnificent and grand, Sir,  
 Would be at the rate of four annas for every stanza.  
 Now, thou who scale sidereal paths afar dost,  
 Deign from thy brilliant boots to cast the superfluous star-dust  
 Upon

The head of him

Whose fate depends

On Thee!

(Signed) BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE.

The above was forwarded (*post-paid*) to Hon'ble AUSTIN's official address at Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey (opposite the Royal Aquarium), but—hoity-toity and *mirabile dictu*!—no answer has yet been vouchsafed to yours truly save the cold shoulder of contemptuous inattention!

What a pity! Well-a-day, that we should find such passions of envy and jealousy in bosom of a distinguished poet, whose lucubrated productions may (for all that is known to the present writer) be no great shakes after all, and mere food for powder!

The British public is an ardent lover of the scintillating jewellery of fair play, and so I confidently submit my claims and poetical compositions to be arbitrated by the unanimous voice of all who understand such articles.

Let us remember that it is never too late to pull down the fallen idol out of the gilded shrine in which it has established itself with the egotistical isolation of a dog with the mange!

"JUST LIKE HYMN!"—SIR,—Mr. STEAD is sending circulars about asking everyone to give him a list of "Hymns that have helped him." Personally I am not going to be one of the "Hims who will help him (Mr. STEAD)," and shall not, if asked, mention the names of the "Hers that have helped me," though I have a grateful remembrance of a nurse and nursery governess, both of whom helped me uncommonly well at dinner, specially about Christmas time. They were, however, women equally capable of helping themselves. Wishing STEAD steadier than ever as he grows older,

I am, yours truly,

AVIS SENIOR.

CONCISE PRÉCIS OF THE SITUATION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The result of robbing Pietermaritzburg to pay "OOM PAUL."





## A FREE HAND.

'The Unspeakable Turk' (to himself). 'HA! HA! THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT! I CAN GET TO BUSINESS AGAIN!'



## THE FORCE OF HABIT.

*Spanner (a great Cyclist, whose horse has been startled by Man on covert hack). "Hi! CONFOUND YOU! WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU SOUND YOUR BELL!"*

## BRITANNIA'S SOLILOQUY.

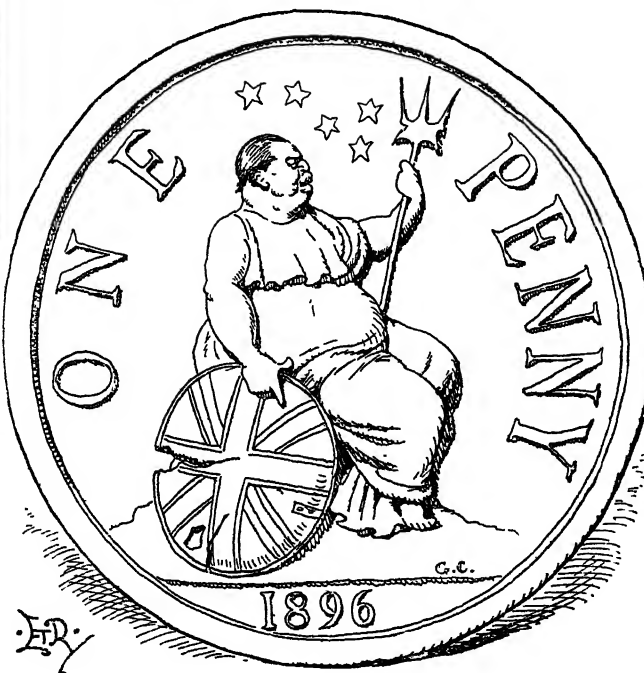
*(On the New Bronze Coinage.)*

ONCE upon my shield I sat,  
Gripped my "fork" in graceful  
manner;  
Now beside that shield I squat,  
Trident held like a stage-banner.  
Then a lighthouse and a ship,  
Flanked me either side "One  
Penny";  
Now alone my spear I grip,  
And "supporters" have not any!  
Really, 'tis exceeding funny,—  
But 'tis proved by efforts recent,—  
Britons, good at making money,  
Cannot make a coin that's decent.  
Rule Britannia? Rot sophistic!  
Had I really sway I'd rule  
No more duffers inartistic  
With my coins should play the fool

## KOKOFUKU!

[An Ashanti Chief named KOKOFUKU is said to have left Coomassie with the submission of King PREMPEH.]

He has started on his way,  
KOKOFUKU!  
And he's bearing peace, they say,  
KOKOFUKU!  
If his tidings really bring  
The submission of his king,  
Oh, how joyously we'll sing  
Of the fame  
And the name  
Of KOKOFUKU!



SUGGESTED FOR NEW ENGLISH COINAGE  
BY CERTAIN DESIGNING PERSONS.

## PLEA FOR THE LARK.

'HARK, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"  
But will it sing there long?  
To market Man in thousands brings,  
These tiny sons of song.  
Now gourmets eat the morsels sweet;  
They're strung upon a string,  
With plumpy crops, at poulterers' shops,  
No more to soar and sing.  
A shameful sin! Will none begin  
To ope the Public eyes?  
Let everything that pretty is  
Against this outrage rise!  
Arise! Arise!  
My Public sweet, arise!  
The kestrel and the sparrow-hawk,  
The pole-cat and the shrike,  
Pursue the bird. But how absurd,  
That Man should do the like!  
O, SHAKESPEARE'S shade; O, SHILL-  
LEY'S sprite,  
Arise and scourge base cits,  
Who'd rob our sky of minstrelsy,  
To fill their pies and spits!  
Kind Punch forswears the pretty dears,  
On toast and eke in pier,  
Let everything that gentle is  
Against this horror rise.  
Arise! Arise!  
My Public sweet, arise!



QUITE A NEW AND ORIGINAL SUGGESTION AS SUBJECT FOR GOLD MEDAL AT R. A. SCHOOLS, 1896:—"THE FINDING OF MOSES."

### ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

#### ON PAYING BILLS.

I HAVE noticed with deep and genuine regret that in the month of December there is always a terrible mortality amongst tradesmen. Why this should be so I know not. It is not to be supposed that tradesmen are, as a class, weaker or more liable to deadly illness than the rest of their fellow-citizens. Many of them I have met in the flesh, and they have always struck me as a particularly healthy, well-clad, strong, comfortable, and energetic body of men—not at all the sort of men whom one would expect to be sent to their account unhouseled, disappointed, unannealed, and, above all, no reckoning made, by the fogs and chills of December.

BUT there is no getting out of it: tradesmen do die with an alarming frequency and suddenness as the end of the year approaches. As I write there lie before me four communications from firms with whom I have from time to time had dealings which have been, I trust, mutually profitable. Two of these are trimmed with a delicate little mourning border, the other two are without any external sign of woe, but they all tell the same story: "Dear Sir," says one, "owing to the recent lamented death of Mr. JOSHUA TENPENNY (from heart disease) we have found ourselves compelled to call in all liabilities due to this firm of which he was a member. We beg with compliments to enclose your valued account amounting to £9 10s. 4d., and shall feel honoured by receiving from you a cheque for same at your early convenience. Trusting to be favoured with your future commands, and assuring you of our best attention at all times, we beg to remain your obedient servants, TENPENNY, TWISTER, & Co." In the remaining three the phraseology and the names, of course, vary, but the distressing purport is the same.

THERE was something, however, about the document I have quoted which struck me as having a specially familiar air. I seemed to remember that other members of the same firm had also been called away in recent years. A search through my papers plainly revealed what I had only vaguely remembered. I found, to my horror, that, in the short space of five years, five members of this firm and family had submitted to fate. In December, 1890, it appeared that Mr. CALER TENPENNY had died (of diphtheria), and that my account of £6 5s. 8d. had been called in. In December, 1891, Mr. ARTHUR JOHN TENPENNY went off (typhoid fever), and a request was made to me to pay £4 8s. 2d. In December, 1892, Mr. HENRY PARKINSON TENPENNY was summoned (by internal complications), and the melancholy event was, as usual, communicated to me, together with the statement that I owed the firm £5 0s. 3d. Mr. WILLIAM TENPENNY, Junior, was the next to go, influenza proving fatal to him in December, 1893. My account then stood, as in the previous year, £5 0s. 3d. Sorrow at the death of Mr. HENRY PARKINSON TENPENNY had evidently caused me to omit payment of what I then owed, and to abstain from further dealings with this death-stricken

firm during the ensuing year. In December, 1894, there was a break. No TENPENNY died; the TENPENNY plum pudding was not overshadowed by calamity, and the TENPENNY Christmas tree, blazing with festal candles, was surrounded by a joyful and united family. Another result seems to have been that my account, although, doubtless, it was rendered, remained unpaid. Obviously, however, this luck was too good to last, and accordingly in December, 1895, as I have already said, heart disease struck down Mr. JOSHUA TENPENNY.

BUT this is not all. I was talking the matter over with a friend who also deals with TENPENNY, TWISTER & Co. He shocked me by the information that the TWISTERS were just as liable to December deaths as the TENPENNYs. GEORGE, SYDNEY, NORMAN, ARCHIBALD, and CHARLES TWISTER, junior, have all died since December, 1890, of a variety of illnesses and accidents, the most tragic incident, perhaps, being the fall downstairs which robbed the world of SYDNEY TWISTER, and the railway collision in Spain which accounted for CHARLES TWISTER, junior. So close, in any case, is the connection between the component elements of this firm that no TENPENNY ever applies for a passage in Charon's ferry unless one of the TWISTERS goes with him to mingle with the lamenting Shades.

I MUST confess that, stated as I have stated it here, the business begins to wear an ugly and sinister look. I am not at all satisfied that these respectable gentlemen came by their deaths in a natural and lawful manner. I am reluctant to say anything which may cause offence to a body of men whom I cordially respect, but it does seem to me that these regularly recurring deaths, amounting in one firm alone to ten since December, 1890, call for a searching investigation from the police authorities. What if it should be discovered that there exists, by the custom of the trade, in every branch of business a suicide club with a rule compelling a member of a firm to kill himself whenever the money owed to the firm exceeds a certain amount, and another rule authorising the other members to kill him if he fails to commit suicide within a reasonable time? Mind, I do not affirm as a fact that such a club exists. At present I have no sufficient evidence, but I must say that natural causes appear utterly inadequate to explain the dreadful annual mortality amongst my unfortunate tradesmen in December.

WITH this exception, there is something dull and prosaic about bills, when you can pay them. Formerly, of course, in one's undergraduate days for instance, things were very different. Then the end of every term brought its own special excitement in the shape of duns, who called in person to demand payment of their accounts. One was able to appreciate dimly the feelings of the fox when the feathering hounds thread through the covert and push him unwillingly from his lair. How artfully he slinks and glides amongst the trees, across the rides, until at last he slips away with the "yoick" of the huntsman ringing in his ears. With equal art could the undergraduate mark the approach of the relentless dun and avoid

### AT IT AGAIN?

SWISS authorities complain that Prince SII GUGUA DARGUE, of Abyssinia, has been kidnapped by Italians from Neufchâtel, and conveyed on board of a vessel bound for Mas-sowah. We understand, *under all reserve*, that the following telegrams have passed:—

(1) *To President Swiss Republic, Berne.*—Send ships to pursue Italians. Outrage indefensible. Have ordered Rhine gunboats to Basle in your support. WILHELM.

(2) *To German Emperor, Berlin.*—Impossible. All our vessels laid up for winter. Crews engaged at London restaurants. ZEMP, President S. R.

(3) *To President.*—Recall crews. Can arrange to supply places with my own subjects. Make demonstration on Lago Maggiore while I occupy Teutonic-speaking Lucerne and Zürich as security for costs. Mas-sowah under my protection. Can sell—cheap—stock of obsolete cannon. WILHELM.

(4) *To Emperor.*—Your action would spoil summer season. Cannot spare Lucerne or Zürich. Why not occupy Monte Rosa outside our sphere of benevolent neutrality. Propose introducing a Bill abolishing Italian organs and ices. ZEMP, President S. R.

(5) *To President.*—Am disgusted. Abolish yourself. WILHELM.

(6) *To Emperor.*—Ditto.

ZEMP, President S. R.



him. In the end the dun was usually baffled, and the undergraduate went home light of heart and lighter of pocket, leaving his sitting-room table littered with bills thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

BUT the day of reckoning, of course, was only deferred. In the end a stern but forgiving parent was appealed to, and all the bills were settled. In my time this was called "going a mucker"; probably the term is still the same. One man I remember used to be pointed out with a certain amount of respectful awe as having "gone a mucker" (i.e., appealed to his father, and had his debts paid) three times in one year. In fact, the payment of one's just debts, not by means of one's allowance, but by the interposition of a parent, was looked upon and spoken of as the very crown of disasters. And now there is no going of muckers for most of us. We are turned into clergymen, barristers, doctors, business-men; two of us (with one of whom I, *moi qui vous parle*, have rowed a race in the same boat) are bishops; we have wives, families, houses, and we pay our debts with a sober regularity which seems to preclude the existence of a past when duns were avoided, and unopened bills were left to look after themselves. Yet the days of duns and of debt were the happier, in spite of occasional disaster.

### PUNCH TO MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been reading an article from your pen in *Harper's Weekly* of January 4. It will give me genuine pleasure if you will count me henceforth as one of your devoted admirers, your servant to command in any matter in which it may be possible for me to oblige you. How temperately, how wisely, how humorously, with how broad and generous a humanity do you write of this difficulty which threatens to set our two peoples, the British and the American, into hostile camps. "I was greatly stirred the other day," you say, "in reading the President's Message concerning the Venezuela boundary dispute. I did not like his having four relative pronouns in one sentence towards the close of his message, and upon the whole the literature struck me as turgid and clumsy, but I accounted for that by the excitement he must have been in when he wrote it, and I felt a responsive thrill, which I took to be a patriotic emotion, as I read it. . . . I pictured England reduced by land and sea to the last extremity through the powers of our army and navy . . . and the grass growing in the streets before the offices of the London newspapers which had noticed my books unfavourably."

Well, we too have at times experienced that sort of emotion, and like you we figure it all so dramatically that we do not fancy ourselves taking any part personally in the difficult and perhaps dangerous work. We delegate it, as you did, to the poor fellows who are to fight and bleed, and continue to be poor fellows while we reap the honour and glory of it. Like you, we imagine our own exemption from all sorrow and suffering, "and the devotion of the sort of people who have mostly in all ages of the world been butchered for every cause, good or bad." Here, too, are golden words:—

"What I chiefly object to in our patriotic emotion, however, was not that it was so selfish, but that it was so insensate, so stupid. It took no account of things infinitely more precious than national honour, such as humanity, civilisation, and—

'the long result of time'—

which must suffer in a conflict between peoples like the English and the Americans. For the sake of having our ships beat their ships, our poor fellows slaughter their poor fellows, we were all willing, for one detestable instant at least, to have the rising hopes of mankind dashed, and the sense of human brotherhood blunted in the hearts of the foremost peoples of the world."

But is there, as you say, "in the American heart a hatred of England, which gluttied itself in her imagined disaster and disgrace when we all read the PRESIDENT'S swaggering proclamation, in which he would not yield to the enemy so far as even to write good English?" Is there to be no forgiveness, are we never to cancel old scores and begin our international book-keeping, if I may so term it, on a clean page? I do not think our people hate yours. Your dash, your pluck, your humour, your keen common-sense, your breezy and inexhaustible energy, your strength and broad capacity for government, all these qualities command and obtain from us a sincere tribute of admiration. If you hate us, we must submit to that melancholy condition, but never submit in such a fashion as to cease from honest effort to abate and in the end to remove all hatred. Blood, as one of your naval captains said on a memorable occasion, is thicker than water. So saying, he dashed in to the help of our sorely-pressed ships. Let us then call a truce to petty and malignant carping, and join hands in an alliance dependent not upon written treaties, but upon the noble sympathy of two great nations engaged in the same work of civilisation and progress. You, Sir, speaking for others, I trust, as well as for yourself, have set us an example. I grasp your hand, and wish you well in all your undertakings.

Believe me yours in all cordial friendship,

PUNCH.

### THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

[We publish with all reserve the following letter, which has, we understand, been despatched from Osborne Castle to Berlin. From internal evidence we should judge that it was not written but suggested by the exalted lady by whom it purports to be signed. There is a nautical breeziness about it that inclines us to attribute the actual authorship to the Duke of Y-RE.—Ed. *Punch*.]

MEIN LIEBER WILLY,—Dies ist aber über alle Berge. Was beudetet eigentlich deine Depesche an den alten KRÜGER der für Dich doesn't care twopence. Solch eine confounded Impertinenz habe ich nie gesehen. The fact of the matter is that Du ein furchtbarer



Schwaggerer bist. Warum kannst Du nie ruhig bleiben, why can't you hold your blessed row? Musst Du deinen Finger in jeder Torte haben? Was ist für this that I made you an Admiral meiner Flotte and allowed you to rig yourself out in einer wunderschönen Uniform mit einem gekockten Hut? If you meant mir any of your blooming cheek zu geben why did you make your Grandmamma Colonel eines Deutschen Cavallerie Regiments? Du auch bist Colonel of a British Cavallerie Regiment, desto mehr die Shade, the more's the pity. Als Du ein ganz kleiner Bube warst habe ich Dich oft tüchtig ge-

spankt, and now that you're grown up you ought to be spanked too. Wenn Du deine Panzerschiffe nach Delagoa Bay schickst werde ich sie aus dem Wasser blasen, I'll blow your ironclads out of the water ehe Du dich umkehren kannst, before you can turn round. And look here, if you'll come over to this country werde ich Dich annehmen, I'll take you on, und ich wette drei gegen eins dasz ich Dich in drei Runden ausklopfen werde, Queensberry rules, three minutes to a round. Also ich schnappe meine Finger in your face. Du weist nicht wo Du bist, you dunno where you are, and somebody must teach you. Is BISMARCK quite well? Das ist ein kolossaler Kerl, nicht wahr? So lange! Don't be foolish any more.

Deine Dich liebende

GRANDMAMMA.

### THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FAMILY TREE.

"After all, the English people are our people, and we are theirs."

*New York "Morning Press," January 9.]*

WE'LL said, *Morning Press*! 'tis the root of the matter  
You've got at—your race and our race are the same;  
Flung wide o'er the earth though our branches may scatter,  
They spring from one stock, from one sapling they came.

'Twas a thousand long years, ere the trunk was divided,  
Since Saxon in Britain first planted the seed;  
Slow growing through storms and compact it abided,  
The Oak-tree of Freedom—no wind-shaken reed!

Not as mother to child, but as brother to brother,  
In age as in stature our nations are twin;  
Side by side, not in anger confronting each other,  
In face of the world let us show we are kin!

Yours and ours are King ALFRED, and CHAUCER, and BACON,  
And SHAKESPEARE, and RALEIGH, and DRAKE, and Queen BESS;  
Our heirship in common can ne'er be forsaken—  
The glorious past we conjointly possess.

Nowadays, too, we share with you athletes and actors,  
And *Trilby* we share, and affairs of the heart:  
Each day of fresh ties o'er the Pond we're contractors—  
There's no MONROE Doctrine in marriage or art!

If Teuton with Russian and Gaul were preparing  
To fly at our throat, we would face them all three!  
But attack Brother JONATHAN?—No, we're forbearing  
To rend thus asunder the Family Tree!

LEGAL AND MEDICAL.—The time of the year is a troublesome one for those subject to gout and kindred complaints, but would it be correct for a lawyer to describe his symptoms as *livery of seisin*?

THE KAISER'S FAVOURITE SONG.—"William's sure to be right."



**"TOUT EST PERDU, FORS L'HONNEUR!"**

*Housekeeper (who has been describing the fire in the country house, and the destruction of all the books and family pictures, &c., &c.). "YES, MY LADY, EVERY SINGLE PICTURE BURNT TO ASHES! BUT I'VE ONE THING TO TELL YOU THAT WILL PLEASE YOU:—I MANAGED TO SAVE ALL LAST YEAR'S JAM!"*

**THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM.**

*(Mr. Punch's Adaptation of Canning's Celebrated Song to Mr. Chamberlain.)*

If hush'd the loud shindy that shattered our sleep,  
The sky if no longer dark shadows deform,  
If the worst of it's o'er, with the Boer, shall we keep  
Silent tongue on the pilot that weathered the storm?

At the footstool of JOSEPH Punch never did fawn,  
Against him he joined not in faction's dull  
With those who abused, from their ranks when withdrawn,  
The man who till then they'd extolled to the skies.

But clever cool pluck to all Britons is dear,  
An example of which now the nations behold.  
A statesman unbiassed by bounce or by fear,  
Is worth, in a crisis, his weight in pure gold.

When wonder and doubt in the hearts of us reigned,  
When a semi-piratical flag seemed unfurled,  
He the honour and faith of our country maintained,  
And set us all right in the sight of the world.

We are thankful all round an enthusiast craze  
Did not set half the world in a dence of a shine;  
If to CHAMBERLAIN'S coolness and pluck we  
Where's the partisan fool who'll that tribute decline?

Not yet, Sir, the course of your botherment's o'er;  
May your talents and virtues prove equal [to all!  
But now we'll give praise both to you and the Boer,  
With a tear for mad pluck which to folly [could fall.

Take thanks for great dangers by wisdom repelled,  
For evils by coolness and readiness braved;  
For the Throne by considerate counsels upheld, [saved.  
And the People from perils precipitate

And, JOM, if again sudden ructions should rise, [darkness deform,  
The bright dawns of peace should fresh  
The trust of the good and the hopes of the wise [storm!  
Will turn to the pilot that weathered this

**PENNY STEADFULS.**

[Mr. STEAD is issuing a penny edition of standard works of fiction.]

ONLY a penny left of sixpence I had when I went into "Spotted Dog"! Not enough for glass of ale. Mate advises me to try a penn'orth of CHARLEY DICKENS. Here goes! CHARLEY is prime. Must get more of him. Spend a bob on *Pickwick*. Why ain't there a penn'orth o' *Sam Weller*? *Sam* is prime, too. Find the missis wanted that bob for Sunday's dinner. Can't give it her. Wishes to know if I've spent it "on the booze"? No. only "on the read."

Penn'orth of *Tom Jones* next. *Tom*'s a ripper. Penn'orths of *Monte Cristo*, CHARLEY READ, *Joshua Davidson*, &c.  
Don't like this half-and-half system. Prefer the "entire." Spend one week's wages on DUMAS. No more escapes from prison,

though. What a sell! Landlord wants rent, and missis wants tin for food. Spent it all. Tell missis I'm bound to buy a penny *She*. She doesn't understand, and hints—with a saucepan—at a judicial separation. Better out of this! Off to "Spotted Dog."

Sat up all night over *Charles O'Malley*. Head splitting. Wanted five glasses to make it right. Fined for being late at work. Told foreman it was all due to Mr. STEAD's penny novels. Foreman replied it was more likely Mr. BUNG's twopenny beer. How unjust! Brokers in! Seized all my novels! Missus in workhouse. Says novels are worse than drink. No money to get more. What shall I do? Just pawned children's boots. Got *Vanity Fair*—the whole hog, too. Disappointed. THACKERAY ain't in it with the CHARLEYS. Read two chapters of the *Fair*—thought it rot—off to "Spotted Dog" again. Jolly evening. No home. And no employment! Sleep in casual ward. And to think that it's half-pints of fiction that have brought me to this!

**To "Daily News."**

*(A propos of an Interview recently reported.)*

"J. B. ROBINSON, he,  
Seems to know something of S. Afrikey."

**Week-end Party in a Country House.**

*Ordinary Man of Forty*. I see someone writes to the *Times* to say that the KAISER ought to be turned out of the Army and Navy. *Charming Girl* (much affected by the proposed punishment—quite innocently). What! do they want him not to be allowed to "shop" there?

A NEW "LABOUR OF HERCULES" (ROBINSON).—To struggle with the Boer-constrictor.





READY !

"COME THE THREE CORNERS OF THE WORLD IN ARMS,  
AND WE SHALL SHOCK THEM: NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE,  
IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE."—*King John*, Act V., Scene 7.



### A FRIENDLY WORD WITH THE WAR-WIZARD.

["It would require but the impetus of war to develop such a flood of destructive appliances as would astonish the world. I have invented a machine by which water charged with 5000 volts can be hurled to a great distance, which directed on an army would sweep it away like chaff."—*Mr. Edison.*]

PHEUGH! The bow, and the sword, and the dagger,

The hundred-ton gun and torpedo,—  
(If one may trust EDISON's swagger,  
And Science's ultimate credo),—  
Have been merely tentative trifles  
On mankind's red highway of slaughter.  
Machine-guns and murderous rifles,  
Must yield to—electrified water!  
Oh, thankee, dear EDISON, thankee  
Inventions like yours are "transcendent,"  
And War, as improved by the Yankee,  
Will be—as mere carnage—resplendent.  
How puny old Jupiter's bolts  
Compared with your watery deluge,  
Which, charged up to five thousand volts,  
"Will sweep armies away"! Oh! a yell  
Must rise from—well, regions below, [huge  
For you 've licked the artillery Satanio.  
Whole armies you 'll smash at a blow!  
No wonder JOHN BULL's in a panic.  
Your dynamo-chains "like great snakes,"  
Your horrid electrical cables,  
Are terrible scientist fakes—  
Unless they are journalist fables.  
Well, well, we must "keep on our har"  
As well as we can in our terror.  
But snakes! Edisonan war  
Would be Hades let loose, and no error.  
Aërial infernal machines,  
Dropping dynamite down—what a benison!  
You 'll realise, doubtless, the means  
Conceived by the fancy of TENNYSON!  
Then your water-torpedoes! O lor!  
We admit we are awfully frightened  
You 'd annihilate us, were it war,  
Ere one could remark that it lightened!  
At least, so you kindly explain.  
How friendly, dear boy, is your warning!  
To your country you 'd give your big brain,  
All work save for slaughtering scoring.  
Well, well, we are glad that we know;  
We believe all your bounce—to the letter.  
And now you have had your big "blow,"  
Punch hopes, my dear boy, you feel better!

### JACKY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

(An Intercepted Letter.)

MY DEAR BOBBY,—I promised when we said "good-bye" to one another at Old WHACKEM's that I would write to you if anything particularly nice turned up. Well, I have been busy ever since. I have been to four theatres, a circus (Crystal Palace), six children's "at homes," and one 'teen Cinderella. I said I would tell you how many ices I am taking, but I gave up counting when I got to nine hundred and ninety-seven. At the Mansion House the other night I had sixteen. And that reminds me the juvenile's fancy dress ball was simply first-rate. The LORD MAYOR is no end of a good fellow. And the dance was A. I. And the supper! Well, it satisfied me, and you know I am a bit of an epicure.

And the dresses? Well, some of them were first-rate. There were two young ladies with Christmas-trees on their heads, who were absolutely charming. Then CHAUCER with a wreath, and Toreador with a sword, were quite the early English poet, and the latest style of bull-fighter. There were all sorts of costumes, uniforms. Indians, *Charley's Aunts*, and jockeys. But, as I heard a grown-up say, the best realisation of the ball was



*Bill Sykes (reading). "THERE ARE NOW TEN MEN OF THE BECHUANALAND BORDER POLICE IN THE WHOLE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE, FOUR OF WHOM ARE DOING CUSTOMS DUTY."*

the LORD MAYOR himself. Sir WALTER WILKIN is no end of a good sort. He's not only a Lord Mayor but has worn a barrister's wig and commanded a brigade of artillery! From this you will imagine that he is a big gun himself. So he is, but also something better. He's a jolly good fellow. And so say all of us. And by all I mean everybody. And now I must stop as I have got to be off to the pantomime.  
Yours thoroughly enjoying himself,  
JACKY.

### CHORUS AT A MATINÉE.

OH! Have you seen *Robinson Crusoe*?  
Lyceum? If not, try and do so,  
For LAURI and STOREY  
Are both in their glory!  
Sweet ALICE, Miss BROOKES, is young *Crusoe*.

"WOLF, WOLF!"—At Christmas time every effort is made to keep the wolf from the door. The rich help the poor, and the powerful the weak. As practical men, the directors of the Crystal Palace have gone a step farther, and instead of closing the gates of the Sydenham show, have opened its portals to the welcome outsider. M. WOLF is a host in himself, especially when represented by his circus.

### THE LAUREATE'S FIRST RIDE.

(The New Poet Laureate's verses appeared in the "Times," Saturday, January 11.)

SONG, is it song? Well—blow it!  
But I'll sing it, boys, all the same  
Because I'm the Laureate Poet,  
That's the worst of having a name!  
I must be inspired to order,  
"Go, tell 'em, to save their breath:"  
I can rhyme to "order" with "border,"  
And jingle to "breath" with "death."  
"Let lawyers and statesmen addle  
Their pates over points of law;"  
Of Pegasus I'm in the saddle,  
But why does he cough "Hee-haw"?  
Eight stanzas! Inspired! Mad ones!  
Sound well if sung to a band!  
There! dash it! some good, some bad ones,  
To finish with "crushings" and "Rand."  
A. A.

"BUSINESS CARRIED ON AS USUAL DURING THE ALTERATIONS."—"Lord HAWKE's Eleven playing the Johannesburg team according to previous arrangement."

A SCHOOLBOY'S QUERY.—Are three policemen's feet equal to one Scotland Yard.



## AN ASTRONOMER.

Mrs. S. "BY THE WAY, I HEAR JUPITER—THE EVENING STAR—IS WORTH SEEING JUST NOW. CAN EITHER OF YOU GIRLS TELL ME WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT?"

Bertha. "YES, I CAN. IT'S EXACTLY TWO YARDS AND A HALF TO THE RIGHT OF THE GREAT BEAR!"

Mrs. S. "TWO YARDS AND A HALF! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU MEAN?"

Bertha. "WELL, I'VE MEASURED IT CAREFULLY WITH MY UMBRELLA!"

## BERLIN WOOL GATHERING.

(A Page from Somebody's Diary.)

*Sunday.*—After preaching my customary sermon to the members of the Court, and putting an equerry under arrest for falling asleep before the end of it, took up my favourite book, *The Life of Barnum*, and sought for inspiration. Drew blank this time. However, dashed off letters to the Pope and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, giving the first a few hints upon ritual, and the last a new pattern for lawn sleeves.

*Monday.*—Spent the morning pleasantly in trying on uniforms and being photographed in the whole thirty of them. Read in the papers that someone had found out a new star. Wired my personal congratulations to the observant *savant*, and desired him to call his astronomical discovery after me. Gave a lecture to my "veteran class." Fair attendance of elderly ecclesiastics, warriors, and diplomats. My subject—treated simply and literally—"How to empty eggs by suction," greatly appreciated. Sent a professor to gaol for daring to give a testimonial to a pill manufacturer—such recommendations should be endorsed with my signature. I cannot allow tampering with my prerogative.

*Tuesday.*—Noticing that the Little Pedlington football team has proved victorious in a contest with the Shoreditch Outsiders, I sent messages of hearty congratulation to the one and sincere condolence to the other. Delivered another lecture to the "veteran class," a body which, on this occasion, had to be collected together at the point of the bayonet. My subject, "Myself as Universal Instructor," was full of interest. Spent the rest of the day in solving the problem "how to attain the maximum of interference in the minimum of time."

## NURSERY RHYMES IN "BOOK" FORM

(Dedicated, without especial permission, to the Baron de Book-Worms.)

AIR—"Jack Sprat."

WALTER SCOTT  
Wrote no "rot";  
DICKENS was ne'er obscene.  
For authors great  
As these we wait,  
To sweep our Hill Top clean.

AIR—"Hi-diddle-diddle."

Hi-Kipple-Kipple!  
Your rhymes no more ripple;  
Your prose, too, is getting abstruse.  
If you've got more of *Mowgli*,  
Drown him in the Hoogli,  
And banish the rest to the deuce.

AIR—"Baa, baa, black sheep."

"Mar-Mar-Relli, have you any rule?"  
"Yes, Sir, surely. 'Critic means a fool.'  
I have a grievance, *Satan* has as well;  
A'though I *think*—and you'll agree—his  
Sorrow are a sell."

AIR—"Humpty Dumpty."

GRANTIE ALLIE sat on the hill.  
GRANTIE ALLIE had a great spill.  
All gentle readers, both women and men,  
Hope he will never go there again.

AIR—"Three Blind Mice."

Three good books. See how they sell!  
*Platform, Press, Play*, by T. H. S. E.,  
*Tall Talk* by SMALLEY, and *Blackwood's*  
"Shirlee."  
They've none of your modern morbidities  
These three good books.

AIR—"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

OUIDA, OUIDA, CORELL's leader,  
How does your MS. grow?  
Latin, Greek, quotations sleek,  
And epithets "all in a row."

AIR—"Little Jack Horner."

Little too Hardy, do not be tardy  
In mending your too-blue cake.  
For, by scissors and paste,  
'Tis not good to the taste,  
But a most injudicious "half-bake"!

*Wednesday.*—Roughed out a scheme for an International Exhibition. Should be sixteen times as big as Chicago. Central idea a colossal statue of myself. Should be twice as high as the Tour Eiffel. Another feature—a gigantic wheel four times the size of that at Earl's Court. In the hundred cars should be bands of music playing a new National Anthem about me, composed by myself. Sent a message of congratulation to Drury Lane. However, next year must beat the record myself. Nothing I should like better than producing a pantomime.

*Thursday.*—Rather neglected my fleet and army lately. Ordered off all the available vessels to the coast and organised an invasion. Prepared for a row anywhere. Filled in half-a-dozen telegrams of congratulation, and dispatched them in all directions. Spent the remainder of the day in consultation with my tailor. Have schemed out a sort of combination uniform, composed of two-thirds field-marshal to one-third admiral of the fleet.

*Friday.*—Great fun! I have been taken seriously! Friendly power says that I have insulted it! Must have international posters of myself. Portrait, of course. One thousand double crowns. Try one thousand—ought to do as a commencement. Must have more stations than the soap people. Ought to bill from the Arctic to the Antarctic. Sent message of congratulation to the proprietors of the Self-appreciative Savon.

*Saturday.*—Very much disturbed by a dream. Fancied in my sleep that I was at Eton. Just begun my customary game, when a fellow bigger than myself told me I "wanted the bumptiousness taken out of me," and gave me a good sound kicking!

NEW YEAR TITLES.—Turk:—Family Butcher.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

## THE YACHTSMAN TO HIS LASS.

THE breeze is blowing full and fair,  
The billows dance with glee,  
And sparkle 'neath the noonday glare  
Like jewels of the sea.  
The schooner's bow begins to dip,  
Her snowy wings are free;  
The dinghy's waiting by the "slip"  
For you, my lass, and me.

How nautical your pretty dress,  
Your hat with sailor brim,  
The buttons lettered "R. Y. S."  
Upon your jacket trim;  
Your silken knot with burgee ring,  
Your shirt of navy blue,  
Your dainty telescope in sling—  
All typical of you.

We're off! and westward be our way  
O'er Solent's flowing tide,  
We'll race the sun till close of day,  
As swiftly on we glide  
By Yarmouth's pier and Totland's strand,  
By Alum's glowing bay,  
By where, mist-clad, the Needles stand,  
White sentinels mid grey.

Hurrah! hurrah! the eager wind  
Makes all the canvas fill.  
The lighthouse we have left behind—  
On! on! to Portland Bill.  
Your Viking blood must feel the spell,  
With ecstasy must flow—  
Speak louder! What? Oh, very well,  
You'd better go below!

**EQUALLY TRUE.**—It is stated by a teetotal scientist that any man drinking plain hot water for a year or two will never again need whiskey. Dr. PUNCH confidently asserts that anyone drinking plain hot whiskey for the same period will never again require water.

**QUERY** (by One "who only asks for information").—Was the President of the Orange Free State born in Belfast?

## MARY ANNER ON MARBLE 'ALLS AND AMERICAN NOTIONS.

[In America it is customary to make forecourts and house-steps of marble, and clean them with long-handled swabs without the necessity of kneeling.]

"I DREAMT I dwelt in marble 'alls!" One thinks of that old ditty A-hearing of them Yankee steps. If people knewed they'd pity The sorrows of a servant-girl a-kneeling and a-slopping, As might be done in comfort-like by marble flags and mopping. Same as I've seed them sailors do; wick my young man's a yotman, As caught my 'art—'e is that smart!—and out out JEM the potman, Last Heaster-time as ever was. JACK, 'e sees me hearthstoning Our forecourt flags, with frozen knees, a-shivering and a-groaning, And sez, sez 'e "Belay there MARY! Pooty nice sight *this* is! Your friz, my gal! I'll 'ave a word with that old cat, your missis! This ain't no work in winter-time for pore young gals. O blow it! I'll give you red-nosed dragon beans!" Sez I, "Now JACK, dear, stow it!

She's bossing through the blinds at yer this blessed moment, drat'er!

You'd only make it wus for me a-joring on the matter. She's that partikler with'er steps, you'd think they led to 'eaven, As it's much more like t'other place. She routs me up at seven. And if these stones ain't white as snow by breakfast-time!"—'Ere JACKY

Let out a large-sized swear, and bunked, a-biting at 'is 'baccy As though it was the nubby nose of that there Miss BELINDER. As 'e could twig a-piping on 'im through the parlour winder. Heigho! 'Taint no use 'owling, but JACK's right; this 'ere step-cleaning

Ain't woman's work by enny means. You'd understand my meaning

If in a nipping cold east wind, some morning in December, With chilblains on yer 'ands and 'eels, and aches in every member, Red elbers, and a redder nose, and a 'ousemaid's knee a-coming, And Miss BELINDER at the blinds a-scowling and a-drumming,



## TALENT V. GENIUS.

*Bob (the man of genius).* "GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE ADVERTISING THE TENTH EDITION OF THAT CONFOUNDED BOOK OF YOURS WHICH I'VE NEVER READ, AND NEVER MEAN TO! WHAT RUBBISH IT MUST BE, TO BE SO POPULAR AS ALL THAT!"

*John (the man of talent).* "AH, WELL—ONE MUST LIVE, YOU KNOW! LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I DON'T WANT TO BRAG, BUT IF YOU'LL MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE, I'LL PROMISE TO WRITE IN LESS THAN A WEEK A THREE-VOLUME NOVEL THAT SHALL FALL AS STILL-BORN FROM THE PRESS AS IF YOU'D WRITTEN EVERY WORD OF IT YOURSELF, AND SPENT A COUPLE OF YEARS IN THE PROCESS!"

You 'ad to clean those cold stone-steps and flags slap down the garden.

"Fiddle!" sez Miss BELINDER. "It'll brace yer up, and 'arden." 'Arden? O lor! If shivery, sore, numb feelings 'arden anyone, I ought to be as 'ard as nails. A step-gal, now, a penny one, Or tuppenny touch, one o' them towzly, trollopy tramps as tout about

For morning jobs, and then run loose, *are* 'ard, that there's no doubt about.

But decent gals as love fal-lals, mere flesh and blood ones, perishes A 'earthstoning them steps and stones our English missis cherishes. Therefore them marble steps and mops the Yankee 'ired 'elps uses, Makes my mouth water. JOHNNY BULL is stubborn, and refuses, Most times, to learn of furriners; but in their floors and pavings Them Yankees seem to beat us. O, the comforts and the savings, In colds, and cramps, and 'ousemaid's knees, if scrubblings and cold sloppings,

Could be did 'ere, as over there, without our 'ard knee-floppings! And if inwento's 'ere will take this lesson from the Yankee, Us English servants gals will shout one loud tremenjous "Thankee!!!"

## The Long and the Short of it.

SCENE—A Board School.

*Pupil.* Oh, prithe, teacher, tell to me, Are we at war with Ashantee?

*Teacher.* On that my information's scanty: But, p'raps, my lad, you mean Ashanti?

**CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.**—A reviewer contends in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that all books ought to be out. On the other hand, many, not absolutely thin-skinned, authors declare that reviewers ought to be treated in the same way.

THE LINE WHICH IS OFTEN DRAWN.—The Equator.



### "UNDER WHICH KING" (STREET, ST. JAMES'S).

HOPE told a fluttering tale when he wrote his stirring, highly-charged Sir-John-Gilbertesque romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Anyone fond of the lighter kind of music united to an extravagant plot, while reading ANTHONY HOPE's romance, must have seen what a chance there would have been in it for an opera after the style of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, book by MEILHAC and HALÉVY, and music by the late King of opera-bouffe composers, JACQUES OFFENBACH. It needed an OFFENBACH; for anyone else, English, French, or German, touching this subject would have found himself woefully hampered and bothered by Offenbachian memories.

Here are all his characters to hand: here is his Grand Duke, his courtiers, his General Boum conspiring to support the Young Pretender; here is the pretty princess ready for a sweet song and a love duet; here are evidently burlesque imitations of Wagnerian *Ortrude* and *Tetra-mond*, immediately recognisable in *Antoinette de Mauban* and the *Black Michael*, fitted with grand situations for ultra comic duets, to be taken most seriously: while in opportunities for solos, trios, grand choruses, ballets, and spectacular effects, never could librettist's book be richer. There is for the librettist and composer a perfect wealth of material; but for the playwright, choosing to take himself and this story seriously, all that is food for the comic opera librettist, is, to him, poison. So much for the romance and the opera-bouffe, the *King of Tooriruritanian*, as it might have been: and now for the play by EDWARD ROSE, the Blooming ROSE, as presented at the St. James's Theatre.

It is in a Prologue and four Acts. It commences at a quarter to eight, and is over by, or soon after, eleven. The Prologue is a little drama in itself; it is admirably played by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER as "the Red Elphege," of 1733—which sounds like a peculiar wine of a good vintage year; by Mr. WARING as "the Black Elphege," which sounds a bit like the Original Bones of Christy Minstrelsy, with a song "The Waring of the Black," parody upon "The Wearing of the Green"; by Mr. CHARLES GLENNY, as the *Heavy Husband*, who, in company with Miss MABEL HACKNEY (a fresh young actress, in spite of her name), Mr. FEATHERSTONE, Mr. BOYCE, and Mr. STERNROD, struts his short half-hour on the stage, and then is heard no more. In this Prologue, had *Prince Rudolph*, or the husband, been killed, we should have had a complete little one Act domestic tragedy, a *lever du rideau* of exceptional merit, well worth seeing on account of the acting. But those who come in at 8.30 may comfort themselves by the assurance that the Prologue they have missed is not essential to the plot, its incidents being recounted in about three lines during the progress of the First Act of the play.

And this first Act is excellent. The device by which a "double" is substituted for Mr. ALEXANDER, who, as the moustachioless, tiptling King, topples over on the right-hand side of the stage when, almost at the same instant, he himself, as *Rassendyll*, the moustachioed English tourist, enters on the left, is one of the best deceptions since *Duboscq* and *Lesurques*, the two single gentlemen rolled into one actor, startled the town. The change is effected with such neatness and precision as to defy detection. The oldest stagers will be puzzled, and the youngest will scarcely believe their eyes.

In fact, the three first Acts are all as good as they can be; but the question must arise, what sort of piece are we looking at? Is it not the dramatic representation of an extravagant practical joke, which the originators are taking with a light heart, and in which the author has been puzzled as to how it is to be taken, seriously or not? If seriously, then the motive is inadequate, and the striking tragedy notes of Miss LILY HANBURY as the handsome mistress of "the Black Elphege," represented by Mr. HERBERT WARING, that doubled black villain, ought to give the tone to the piece; in which case the merriment of the three practical jokers, *Rassendyll*, *Colonel Sapt* (Mr. W. H. VERNON), and *Fritz* (Mr. ROYSTON), is quite out of place. But, on the contrary, it is the light-hearted gaiety of the conspirators which carries the audience along and makes "our friends in front" participants in the jest, thoroughly enjoying the audacious humour of the situation. It is good fun to see all these magnificently haughty nobles, the Cardinal Primate, the Lords and Ladies, the representatives of the Great Powers, all taken in, and kissing the hand of the

sham King of Ruritania. It gives additional zest to the situation that *Lord Topham*, the English Ambassador, capitably played by Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT (who has quitted the Court (of law) to appear at St. James's), should be the imposter's uncle, but so blind as not to recognise his nephew. All this is pure extravagant fun. That the *Princess Flavia* should fall in love with the imposter, and he with her, is all part of "the humour of it." But that this should ever be taken seriously—impossible!

When in the last Act is seen the miserable victim of this light-hearted practical joke, the King, dying in the vault of the castle, the audience having thoroughly "entered into the humour of the thing," are on tiptoe of expectation for him to say something at which they

can laugh; but suddenly they find that "this joke is no joke," that what is fun for the boys is death to the frog, and they discover that this tragic situation, rendered still more tragic by Mr. ALEXANDER's forcible acting, is not by any means in keeping with the farcical antecedents.

Then when action commences, when the repentant *Antoinette* sympathises with the miserable monarch, when she has been rescued from the objectionable attentions of one ruffian only to fall into the arms of another, when there has been a fight to rescue her, and when the castle has been taken by storm (that is, by troops only "heard without"), and everything somehow or another ought to end happily, then the author disappoints us, the lovers separate never to meet again, and down comes the curtain on the poor deserted *Princess Flavia*, the living victim of a preposterous practical joke! And the audience, after paying just tribute to the excellence of the things had turned out rather



Trio of Conspirators, led by General Sapt-Boum!

Dansons! Chantons!

"Petits pas! Petits pas

Petits, petits, petits pas!"—Grande Duchesse.

acting, go away wishing that differently.

Now, how ought this practical joke to have ended? Thus:—The toper King should have been allowed, like *Barnardine*, the drunken convict, to have been spoken of as having drank himself to death; he should not have been seen at all. The walls should have been battered down, the successful troops admitted, and *Princess Flavia* should have been proclaimed Queen, giving her hand to *Rudolf Rassendyll* as Prince Consort. Cheers, triumphant music, tableau, curtain, and everyone happy.

Of course it is not likely that this suggestion as to excision of Prologue and re-writing the finish will be acted upon; but had it been thus, then whatever the present success of this piece may be, interesting and amusing as it now is, its popularity would have been undisputed, and its run trebled. As it is, it may well be seen and enjoyed for the acting of all concerned in it; but to ask either actors or audience to take seriously the characters aiding and abetting so "comic-opera" a plot, is to demand an impossibility. And thus it is that anything like real sentiment, acted or spoken, is so much wasted force. This play is one thing, and Mr. HOPE's original romance quite another. In effect, Mr. ROSE is "Hope-ing against Hope."

### His Own Poetical Explanation of It.

WHY our linkman didn't appear for a week after the first of the New Year:—

So many tips 'e 'ad an' many "nips" 'e

Took down! through these ere tips 'e got quite tipsee.

[Forgiven, but 'e 'opes not to be forgotten next year.]

"WALKER—LONDON."—Where are our diaries for this New Year? Where? "Echo answers, 'WALKER'!" The question *solvitur ambulando*. WALKER has just published his diaries, of all shapes and sizes, to suit all pockets and all tastes, for taste must be included when a popular book is likely to be in everybody's mouth. Neat, not bulky, with patent pencils that need no cutting, and some of them with covers that will last long and improve with age, so that all that will be necessary up to end of present century (whenever that may be, for already there is a difficulty as to when the next century is to commence) for the possessor of one of these handy pocket-books to do, is to follow the example of a good sporting landed proprietor, and preserve the covers, taking care to stock them afresh each year.



### THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

*Country Vicar (much impressed by his new acquaintance).*  
 "PRAY TELL ME, MR. WISPE, OF ALL THE GREAT POETS,  
 ANCIENT AND MODERN, WHICH DO YOU REVERE AND AD-  
 MIRE THE MOST?"  
*Supreme young Poet (the third that has appeared this week).*  
 "MYSELF."

### CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

NO. XIII.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ON THE ROAD—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—TIPS AND NIPS—TOFFY TINDAL'S TALE—MORAL FOR MUNIFICENCE.

"OLDDAYS? Fudge!" grumbles old BILLY BOGER, wropped up like a turtle, and toasting 'is back

At our bit of a fire, Christmas Day in the morning. "Wot's 'olldays mean to a 'usky old 'ack,

A stiff 'un like me, without ne'er a old stockin' for old Santa Wot's it to fill full o' toys?

'Olldays? Gammon! They don't mean not nuffin', 'cept perks to the toppers and larks to the toys."

Bilious old BILLY is sour but not silly. 'E stretches a bit, but there's truth in 'is talk.

Wot is Merry Christmas to BILL's crippled gal, with a cough like a creak and a face like grey chalk;

Who spends the great day with penwipers and pincushions, grinding away at a few bob a gross,

And wolfin' 'er sossige and mashed without stopping? To drop it, to 'er, would be no mighty loss.

Nevertheless, while you're young, straight, and 'ealthy, the crush of the 'ollday-makers all round,

Though you're nailed to your box, makes the world a bit warmer. There's that in the soufflé and buzzy-wuz sound

Of a number of people a flocking together, for 'olldays, shoppin', a fog, or a fire,

As makes you less lonesome, though you may be out of it. Carn't quite say why. P'r'aps some gent will inquire.

So I like Christmas-time, spite of old BILLY, who calls it all bunga-roo-bosh; poor old crook!

Lor', the rum cab-loads ene 'as at this season! Full from the floor to the cab-roof, plum-chock,

With some olly leaves tickling yer nose through the trap if you take a sly peep at the party inside,  
 With seventeen bundles, a cart, and a rockin'-'orse, swellin' like six with good-nature and pride.

Give me the gents for good fares and a tip or so. Lydies—lord love 'em!—sweet, sour, young or old, [though silver was gold.

Go mostly "according to COCKER" with cabbies. They 'andle their purse as And copper was silver. Their neat-kidded fingers, though tiny and trim, 'ave no end of a grip, [a tip.

And not one in ten on 'em reckons 'er bundles kerrect, or is moved to give Cabby Lydies not bizness-like? Bless yer, the beauties just beat Mister Man at that game by a mile. [smile.

See a small fist twisted round a port-money, a pair o' red lips, as look made for a Snap sharp upon "That's your right fare, Cabman!" Scissors! Nutcrackers not in it for nip with she-jaws.

And grumbling's about as much good against females as fists against granite, or tears against laws.

The worst o' the gents is, they will ply the liquor so! Don't mind a weed now and then, good or bad [awfully 'ad.

(And some of the toffs must buy tuppenny duffers, or be by their 'bacconists But seventeen whiskies took on *seriatum* will tell on the toughest; and then such a mix, [a fix.

From Port to Old Tom, as you get at this season!—it puts sober coves in a bit of To take 'alf the neat New Year nips out in tuppences, that would suit Cabbies, and likewise their wives. [strives.

London, you see's a 'ard place to keep sober in, special at Christmas, 'owever one That form of convivialness known as "treating," to cabbies and others is just a fair cuss,

Lots will stand you free drinks all the evening, and yet if you're broke for a tanner will raise a big fuss.

Rum thing, 'uman friendship! It often sticks close to mere self as its shadder. For what can you think

Of a "jolly good pal" whose sole notion of 'elping a stoney-broke chum is to—stand 'im a drink?

Just feels disposed for a booze-mate, that's all, for a lot of big laps don't like lapping alone, [a 'eart like a stone.

And there's many a swaggerome treater—all-round who, away from the bar, 'as So gents, remember when dealing with Cabby, and Bobby, and others at 'ollday time.

Free standing of drinks isn't always a kindness, is frequent most selfish, and sometimes a crime

Wish you 'ud known TOFFY TINDAL! Ah, TOFFY, old pal, it is many long years since you died, [at my side?

But wouldn't I relish a crack with you now, or a rattle up west, lad, with you Smart as they made 'em, and 'earty and gamesome, a swell—for those days before

FORDER—sound through, Except in the throttle! Once flash that with liquor too much, and poor TOFFY was in for a screw.

Fought it, 'e did, with 'is pooty wife aiding, and me,—well, I didn't shirk 'elping, you bet.

'Appy days! 'Appy days! We was young, 'earty, 'opeful; and 'olldays then—ah! I think of 'em yet,

Especially that Christmas when TOFFY's young missus 'ad brought 'im a present,—'e called it a doll.

Along of its yellow-topped fluffiness. TOFF was as proud as two Punches, and so was 'is POLL.

As luck would 'ave it the night afore Christmas we drove, TOFF and me did, a couple o' fares

Both going out Balham way. Lor! 'ow we chatted and laughed as—quite friendly—we raced our two mares.

TOFF got the lead, and turned off at a corner. I 'eard 'im a shouting for full arf a mile,

And the click of 'is mare's 'eels sang back through the frostiness. I trotted on with a phiz all a-smile.

With friendship, and 'ope, and good thoughts of the morrow at TOFF's with 'is "doll" and 'is POLL and 'is pipe.

And TOFF—well, that old gent just "treated" 'im—Christmassy! Ah! and the drink got poor TOFF in its gripe.

Ramped 'ome, ran wild, and run over a kiddy! It broke 'im, the pain and disgrace of that drunk;

All tried to cheer 'im, and 'elp 'im, but no, it struck 'ome to TOFF's 'eart, and 'e sunk and 'e sunk, [suicide. Gentlemen all,

'Elpless, and 'opeless, and reckless, and ended a drink-sodden That came of too liberal Christmassy "treating." And now, p'r'aps, you'll go and just keep up the ball!

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, for all that, at any rate, anyhow, Christmas ain't folly,

Despite bilious Billy; and most people love it, and will do, whilst jolly keeps rhyming with holly.

Laughter's contagious, and tips do come 'andy, and Cabby's as fond as 'is fares of good cheer;

But "nips"—well, I says give their value in cash, gents, and Cabby will wish you a 'Appy New Year!



### BRAVO, YOUNG 'UNS!

*Young Lions.* "WELL DONE, DAD! WE'LL STICK TO YOU!"  
*British Lion.* "THANK YOU, MY BOYS! I NEVER DOUBTED IT!"

## "THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE."

(New Version.)

THE other morning I was digging up my tulips, and trying to think of a rhyme to *Clematis Jackmannii*—what an unpoetic name!—when VERONICA brought me a large letter. Glancing at the envelope, I perceived that it came from the Lord Chamberlain's office. As I was anxious to finish my gardening, I exclaimed "*Litera scripta manet*," and continued digging.

"You had better open it," said VERONICA.

I did so. They wanted another Ode. How tiresome! I was forced to leave my tulips, and, merely looking at my *Gaillardia grandiflora*, *Helenium Pumlum*, *Eryngium amethystinum*, and *Centaurea macrocephala*, to go indoors and write. It was a perfect afternoon, at the end of May, and I should have preferred to stay in the garden that I love, and think of some unofficial verses to my first *Gloire de Dijon* rose. Alas! "*Autre temps, autres vers*." It is all Official Odes now. I only wish "the Poet" was not a fiction, and then I could turn him on to the Lord Chamberlain's work. As I sauntered sadly to the house, I met LAMIA.

"Can you come for a walk?" she asked.

"Eheu!" I answered, speaking to her in Latin, as I usually do, which sometimes appears odd, since she does not understand a word, "*Eheu, non ego! Nunc semper scribo. Non est omne beerus et skittlet*."

"Another ode, I suppose. You don't seem very cheerful since you became Laureate."

"Ah no!" I murmured. "I can say with DANTE, '*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch'entrate*!' I get no time for gardening now."

"Never mind the Ode. Come and take a walk in the orchard, and do try to speak English."

It was a great temptation—I mean the walk. The weather was perfect; my flowers were delightful; my companion was more so.

"Ah, LAMIA," I exclaimed; "I use so much English in the official odes, that talking Latin is a relief. I fear I have no time. 'Tempt not a desperate man.' Would you wish me to defy the Lord Chamberlain?"

I regret to say that she spoke disrespectfully of the Lord Chamberlain. At times she is frivolous. She said "Bother him!"

"Forgive me," I ventured to remark, "if I deprecate such language in reference to my official superior. He only does his duty. I wish it was not so irksome to me to do mine. Once I could enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, and now it is all *dignitas* with no *otium* whatever. I begin to hate poetry."

"Yes, but this ode can wait," she said; "you must come for a walk now."

"Dear LAMIA," I exclaimed, "*odi et amo*!"

"I can guess what that means," she interrupted; "odes and something."

"Not exactly," I said, "I will teach you the verb *amo*. It is a very pretty one. Let us begin now, as we walk in the orchard."

At that moment VERONICA brought me a telegram, from the Lord Chamberlain, as usual. It said "Please send immediately poem ordered this morning." There was no help for it. LAMIA walked alone. She herself once said "Love is a literary invention." On this occasion, at least, literary invention was not love.



Street Serio (singing). "ER—YEW WILL THINK HOV ME AND LOVE ME HAS IN DIES HOV LONG AGO-O-O!"

## GOOD OLD DUTCH!

(A Song à la Chevalier, by a Cockney Cosmopolitan, whose patriotism is, perhaps, none the more vulgar for putting Queen Victoria's wisdom into the Vernacular.)

"[The peace of South Africa and the harmonious co-operation of the British and Dutch races, which is necessary for its future development and prosperity."—*Her Majesty's Message to President Kruger*.]

AIR—"My Old Dutch."

PRESIDENT, old pal,

'Ere's to yer! Some may doubt yer,

Boss of that Trans-va-al,

But I likes some things about yer

It's many years since fust we met.

We've rapped and scrapped a bit—you bet!

But lor! "We may be 'appy yet,"

Pipes my old gal.

Chorus.—We've knowed each other now for many a year,

And each 'eld 'tother axed too much,  
But as we're bound to live in the same land,  
Let's shake 'ands on it, Good Old Dutch!

That Trans-va-al

Ain't no Great Sahairer.

Let's share, as pal with

Go fair, and I'll try fairer.

We ain't quite hangels—I talks tart,

At jawin' you're a mite too smart;

Still, "Scrappers may be spoons—at 'eart!

Sings my old gal.

Chorus.—We've got to live as neighbours, yus for years;

Ain't we showed fists a mite too much?

Let Boers and Britishers go 'and in 'and,

Spite that real (crowned) "Outlander,"

Good Old Dutch!

## WOMAN.

"FAIR woman was made to bewitch."—  
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,  
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing or curse;  
Fair woman was made to be—which?

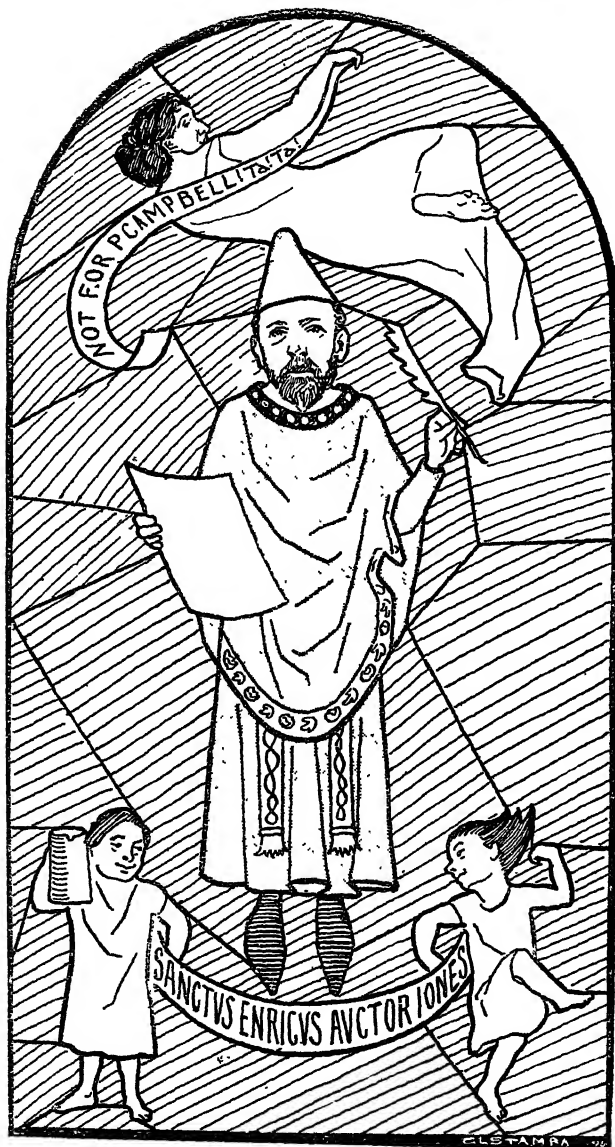
ALTERATION OF SIGNATURE.—An inquiring mind wrote to the *Daily News* last Saturday asking when Plow Monday was? Is it always fixed for a certain date, which might fall on a Tuesday, or is it invariably the first Monday after Twelfth Day, and so forth, as almanacks, like lawyers, differ among themselves on this point. The writer signed himself "ALFRED SUTTON." But in this instance it would have been more appropriate had he signed himself either "Only 'ALF SUTTON," or "ALFRED Rather Un-SUTTON."



### MEEK MIKE AND HIS ARCH ANGEL.

NOTICE—During the run of the Reverend ENRY HAUTHOR JONES's ecclesiastical drama, "Orders" will be admitted if proved as having been regularly and canonically conferred. Beadles-in-waiting to eject any brawler.

THE cumbersome title, "Michael and his Lost Angel," suggests an



Memorial window in the Reverend Michael's church.

Irreverent muddle-headedness, as though ENRY HAUTHOR JONES had, with his goose-quill, aimed at a pun flying, and cleverly missed it. Was it the result of a Michaelmas-day feast? Did the author and manager-actor dine together on goose day, and did the latter take in with a relish all the stuffing provided by the artful dramatist? The production of such a play as this must surely be the result of some weird compact made between *Forbes Robertson-Faust* and *Jones-Mephistopheles*? Is it a strange case of hypnotism? Is *Tribby-Robertson* under the magnetic influence of *Svengali-Jones*? Only on some such hypothesis is it possible to account for the acceptance and production of so poor a play as this. Undramatic in its lack of action and situation and its flimsy sketchiness of character: uninteresting in its principal characters: and nonsensical when measured by probabilities. Had he devised a plot of *Harlequin* and his *Lost Columbine*, founded on the *Pagliacci*, there would have been a great chance for genuine pathos; but could ENRY HAUTHOR have touched the humour of it?

The Reverend Michael makes the daughter of a humble dependent of his do public penance in church for the sin of having "gone wrong" privately. ENRY HAUTHOR says he has authority for this;

and I remember some such case being reported. I suppose "the Bishop" would have had a word to say to that." In brief, *Parson Michael*, having compelled this modern *JANE SHORE* in the person of *Rose Gibbard* (very prettily played by Miss SARAH BROOKE) to do public penance, himself falls a victim to the wiles of a gay lady, *Audrie Lesden*, a married woman, living in single cussedness, and presumably posing as a widow; a most difficult part, very cleverly rendered by Miss MARION TERRY. In fact, throughout, the acting is excellent; that of Mr. W. MACINTOSH as the tit-for-tattling father of the doubly victimised girl being especially good.

The gay unattached lady pursues the innocent curate,—the *mondaine* she-wolf determined to prey upon the innocent clerical lamb,—to a desert island, most difficult of access and only visited occasionally by excursion steamers, where the reverend gentleman, in order to devote himself more entirely to his parochial work at home, has built himself a house containing two cosy bachelor rooms, one of which is the breadth, height, and half the depth of the Lyceum stage; and in this snugery of *Little Michael-all-Alone* suddenly appears *Mrs. Audrie Lesden*. There is no boat to take her away: the steamers have gone. They are alone together on the island. They are in the situation of *Helen Rolleston* and the Reverend Robert Penfold in READE and BOUICHAULT's novel, *Foul Play*: in the situation, not for weeks or months, but "for one night only." There are two separate rooms; and even if there were not, the Reverend Michael could have said to himself, "Outside, Sir, outside," and virtuously, in accordance with saintly precedents, could have walked about till daylight did appear, and then, with his excellent antecedents and an irreproachable reputation in his favour, he had only to return, tell his simple story, fetch the lady back, and be believed by all his parishioners. Isn't that clear? And it is at this point that I recalled the personality of Mr. PENLEY as the Reverend Robert Spalding (who like the Reverend Michael "didn't like London"), and wished that he could have been seen by a delighted public in the awkward predicament of Mr. JONES's Curate, when (to quote the title of an old farce with a motive similar to that of the situation in this play) *Locked in with a Lady*.

Of course, when the Reverend Mike finds that the lady is a married woman, and that her husband is on the spot, he foresees that he may be landed in the Divorce Court. This is undoubtedly awkward; but it forms no part of the motive of the play. Then he decides upon making a public confession of his guilt, in his own parish church, before a congregation assembled to witness the ceremony of the "dedication." This ceremony is the occasion of a display of the most ornate ritual known in the highest of ritualistic churches, Mr. DOLLING's not excepted; but this simple-minded curate out-Dollies DOLLING, and "goes one better" by inducing a Bishop, presumably his own Bishop, to be present in full canonicals, mitred and moustachioed, and sofitally prepared for what the Reverend Michael, in a cope, is going to do, that, his Right Reverence evinces no sort of surprise when the Reverend Michael steps forward, makes public confession of his sin, throws off his cope (why "cope," which is only permitted in state ceremonies to the higher clergy, and on certain occasions in a college chapel?), and stalks out of church, leaving the Right Reverend Super, attendant clergy, and Mr. SPREADMAN's tuneful choir to continue the service as if nothing out-of-the-way had occurred!

Then the Reverend Michael visits his uncle, the monk, at Majanoin Italy, and hither, too, comes *Audrie Lesden*, widow, and invalided. Her manner of death in her reverend lover's arms somewhat resembles that of *Frou-Frou*. Her highly conscientious and



Tips for the Piece.

Last Act: Reverend Forbes Feversham-Robertson going for a "last buss to the Angel."

Her highly conscientious and



exceptionally religious lover allows this *Frou-Frou* to die in his arms without "the benefit of clergy," although his uncle, the priest, is within call, and quite ready for the office. "Take me and do with me what you will, so long as I may ultimately rejoin her wherever she has gone," are, in effect, his last words, which imply the condition on which alone he will become a convert to the ancient faith of his fathers—and of his uncle. But why not join the company of the faithful in Wellington Street, and become an "Irvingite"?

That Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON is as good as he can be, and far better than the part, goes without saying; but how he arrived at producing this play will, it is probable, remain a mystery until he favours the world with his reminiscences. THE OTHER JONES.

#### TO KATE.

If you think me shallow, KATE,  
I myself must vindicate.  
All to you I'll allocate;  
We will form a syndicate.

Do not then prevaricate,  
If to wed you're ready, KATE;  
You I wish to marry, KATE,  
And my life to dedicate.

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR IT!—A "disappointed contributor" said that his editor was "subject to fits of rejection."

THE HIGHEST RULING POWER IN U. S. AMERICA.—"Precedent MUNROE."



#### THE LAST DAY OF THE MISTLETOE.

ADOLPHUS AND DOLLY CONFIDE TO EACH OTHER THEIR OPINION AS TO "THE AGE OF LOVE."

#### RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

(New Version. Communicated from the Shades by that true British Patriot, of fervent Scots post, Robbie Burns.)

O, RATTLIN', roarin' WILLIE,  
Do pray keep on your hair!  
An' no wi' matters meddle  
Which are your Grandma's care.  
Ye're fain to play first fiddle,  
Wherever you may be;  
But rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,  
That's simply fiddlededee!

O WILLIE, lay down your fiddle,  
O drop your fiddle sae fine!  
Or else reserve that fiddle  
For watches by the Rhine!  
Unless you drop that fiddle  
The warl' may deem ye mad,  
For mony a rantin' day, WILLIE,  
Your fiddle and you hae had!

As I cam down the Solent,  
I cannily keekit ben—  
Rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,  
Was sitting at our board 'en.  
Sitting at BULL's board 'en  
Amang princely companie;  
O rattlin', roarin' WILLIE  
Your welcome was fair an' free!

O rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,  
Is your return as fair?  
O drop that noisy fiddle,  
An' buy some other ware!  
But put by that first fiddle  
In Uncle's companie,  
And rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,  
Right welcome still ye'll be!

Alas!

SHE was a cruel, heartless lass,  
As ever man could find;  
Yet I suppose that she could pass  
To all as woman kind.

#### A REVIEW OF LITERARY FORCES.

At the commencement of the year the Baron, having ordered out his Literary Forces and reviewed his noble shelves, issues this General Order:—"I am struck with admiration for the development of what I may term the utility business in the publishing, not only of novels, but of all kinds of valuable literature. I have passed in review a splendid force of the 'Charles Kingsley's Own,' organised and commanded by General MACMILLAN; while under General WAED, Colonel LOCK, and other distinguished officers appears a regiment, not the less valuable because showy, of 'Henry Kingsley's Light Horse.' The 'True Blues, or Charlotte Yonge Forces,' make a fine display in the service of the MACMILLAN Company. The 'William Black Watch' march past with a breezy step to the tune of 'Far Lochaber,' and wearing their *Three Feathers*, with *One White One*. They are marshalled in order by Lieut.-Col. SAMPSON LOW, who personally leads that fine body of Horse Marines, the 'Clark Russell Rovers.' But of all the regiments of volumes most serviceable for campaigning command me," quoth the Baron, "to the Picked 'Pocket Volume Regiments.' They form a small, compact army in themselves, excellently officered, ready for outpost, skirmishing, sharpshooting, and any handy duties which heavier-weighted volumes could not perform. At the head, in deep red, with gold ornamentation on their backs, and light blue silken bookmarkers for colours, bearing proudly the motto '*Non Sans Droict*,' comes the 'Temple Shakespeare Regiment'; perfect type; excellent notes; ready to travel anywhere; always handy by road, river, or rail, never in the way, brought into the field of practical itinerant study by Colonel DENT of Aldine House, with invaluable texted weapons from the Cantabrigian armouries of Messrs. MACMILLAN and ALDIS WRIGHT. Let the attention of all who love their SHAKESPEARE handy, and who are contented to travel about with one play at a time, turn their attention to this most useful series.

"Then march along, in a long line, the 'Dark Blue Guards,' or 'Literary Household Brigade,' started by CASSELL & Co., a gallant corps that admits volunteers from all regions of literature into its ranks, so that their range of marksmanship is world-wide, co-extensive with British Rule, and therefore might well bear the title of 'The Windsor Cassell Series.' These also are *argumenta ad pocketa*, and

within an eighth of an inch as pocketable as the Shakspearian Regiment aforesaid. And what names are to be found on these regimental lists? MACAULAY, DICKENS, SILVIO PELLICO, LA MOTTE FOUQUE, PLUTARCH, BOCCACCIO, WASHINGTON IRVING, MARCO POLO (with, of course, directions how to play it), STEELE, and ADDISON. Then FRANKLIN, SWIFT, with BUNYAN (enough to make SWIFT limp), XENOPHON, and BACON (a real literary dish, as a treat), after which ask for MORE (Sir THOMAS), and see that you get it. 'There's a picture for you!' And the price sixpence each in cloth; three-pence in paper; which, with the usual discount for cash, means thirty volumes for half a sovereign; and of such a whole sovereign reigning over Utopia might be proud. All these are at the command of General Public, on the March of Intellect to join forces with General Knowledge. They d-file pest, salute, and are saluted in turn most heartily by "F. M. THE BARON."

ARCHAEOLOGICAL MEM.—Great discoveries are coming to light as regards the Chapel of the Rolls. No doubt the Buttresses will soon be found. Its architectural construction would have been imperfect without these, which would have constituted it The Rolls and Butteresses Chapel. Here a full dole of rolls and butter was given to every unbreakfasted applicant. In *Wagge's Ancient History*, advertised as "Jest out," it is recorded how there was "one Chap ill of the Hot Rolls and Butteresses; and how after a 'full dole' he became 'dole-ful.'"

CHANCE OF A NOVELTY NOT TO BE LOST.—From a recent number of the *Manchester Guardian* we extract this advertisement—

ARE You Giving a Party?—Gentleman, accomplished musician, with unexceptionable references, accepts invitations to professionally attend Evening Parties or Entertainments, to accompany soup, play dance music or solos, sing refined humorous songs à la Grossmith, &c.—Address, &c.

"An accomplished musician" to "accompany soup"! There's a treat! What's the tune? What's the instrument?

TIME FOR THE COLONIAL SECRETARY WHEN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.—"Lord JOE-HANNESBURG."



### LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

*Fair (and immensely successful) Novelist.* "AND NOW THAT YOU'VE BOUGHT MY NEW NOVEL, MR. BRADALL, AND WE'VE SIGNED THE AGREEMENT, MAY I ASK IF IT'S TRUE THAT YOU DON'T ALLOW YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTERS TO READ MY BOOKS? I WAS TOLD SO LAST NIGHT."

*Eminent Publisher.* "A—A—MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—A—YOUR ADMIRABLY EXPRESSED BUT EXTREMELY ADVANCED VIEWS ON THE—A—THE SEX QUESTION, DON'T YOU KNOW—A—RENDER IT SOMEWHAT INEXPEDIENT FOR ME TO—A—TO—A—MY DAUGHTERS, THOUGH MARRIED, ARE STILL YOUNG. MY WIFE IS NO LONGER SO—A—BUT ALTOGETHER, AS THE FATHER OF A FAMILY, YOU KNOW—A—I THINK THAT—"

*Fair Novelist.* "YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT. I UNDERSTAND, AND AM VERY SORRY AND ASHAMED! BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THERE'S NOT A LINE IN THE BOOK YOU'VE JUST BOUGHT THAT MIGHTN'T BE READ BY A GIRL OF FIFTEEN!"

[Hearing this, *Eminent Publisher* pulls such a long face that we've been obliged to turn his head the other way.]

### A JOURNALISTIC JUBILEE.

[On the 21st inst. the *Daily News* completed its fiftieth year, celebrating the occasion of this anniversary by the issue of an extremely interesting Jubilee Number.]

"LIBERAL Progress throughout the world!"

Fine theme for a fifty years' retrospect, verily!

DICKENS the *Daily News* flag first unfurled, To-day, under ROBINSON, floating right merrily.

Long may it wave! Bright spirits and brave, Since genial "Boz," have fought under that banner.

Green hang the laurels o'er many a grave Of friends who have fallen. In time-honoured manner

To all such loved memories silently drink, But brim a brisk cup, with a cheer, to the living! [brink]

*Punch* fills his own beaker to bubble-crowned His toast of "Long Life to the *Daily News*!" giving.

He, too, had his Jubilee,—not long ago,— And knows the mixed feelings, triumphant and tender,

Of those who look back, with a choke and a glow,

O'er all that a fifty years' service can render To Freedom and Progress, by wisdom or wit; For liberal souls blend good sense with gay laughter;

And follies by eloquence missed are hard hit, Sometimes, by the shaft of keen mirth that flies after.

To wield blade and bauble is given to some, As proven by pens known to both of our pages.

Political nous has no need to look glum, And motley may sometimes be stooped to by sages.

From DICKENS to LUCY, my dear *Daily News*, Your columns of this furnish witness perennial. [Muse]

*Punch* drinks to your Jubilee now! May his Have as pleasant a theme when you touch the Centennial!

QUERY.—A livery-stable keeper advertises: "During the summer months the Coachmen wear Boots and Breeches, for which one shilling extra is charged." Highly respectable, as is also the charge. But are not these more necessary in winter? If they wear boots and breeches in summer only, what do they do without them in winter?

#### AN ECHO.

His Ideal (as she dismisses him). "No! Go!"  
He (as he reaches the door). "No Go!"

STILL TO BE ASKED.—About Dr. JIM'S march we know something, but not all. We can trace his general line of country, but how about the Rhodes?

### THE LAW AND THE LAUNDRY.

["I should not be ashamed of being called a laundress's son, if it were true, as I have known very many laundresses in my time."—*Lord Esher*.]

Yes, bound together by one rope  
The two professions march;  
Some Judges know the use of "soap,"  
And more the use of "starch."

And when a Counsel, not too cute,  
Gets facts into a tangle,  
Their Lordships know, beyond dispute,  
That muddler how to "mangle."

The useful laundress much 'twould grieve  
If shirts were in arrears;  
While suits entire our Judges leave  
To be "hung up" for years.

Then is there not a host of "stuffs"  
Would, were it no disgrace,  
Prefer the "getting up" of cuffs  
To getting up a case?

But—this remark the Bench can quash  
Should it be judged as sland'ry,—  
If there's one thing that "will not wash,"  
'Tis pride based on the laundry.

LAPSUS CALAMI.—The Poet-Laureate disavows the statement, erroneously attributed to him, that he is about to relinquish the pen for the sword on being gazetted to the QUEEN'S Bays.



## “RAPPROCHEMENT.”

JOHN BUTT. (*aside*). “SHE’S RATHER AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN!”

“We are on excellent terms with the French, and greatly appreciate the value of their regard.”—*Times*, January 16.

“It will be noticed that some of the French papers protest that there is no *rapprochement*. Possibly *rapprochement* does not in Paris bear the meaning it conveys to us in London. But when two Powers which have bickered . . . suddenly discover that these differences are quite capable of adjustment . . . the substantial reality of the facts is no unmisgivable that we do not care to quibble about words.”  
*Westminster Gazette*, January 18.





### THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERY.

THANKS TO THE DISCOVERY OF PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN, THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILL NOW BE ABLE TO OBTAIN AN EXACT PHOTOGRAPH OF A "BACKBONE" OF UNSUSPECTED SIZE AND STRENGTH!

### THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

[Professor RÖNTGEN, of Würzburg, has discovered how to photograph through a person's body, giving a picture only of the bones.]

O, RÖNTGEN, then the news is true,  
And not a trick of idle rumour,  
That bids us each beware of you,  
And of your grim and graveyard humour.

We do not want, like Dr. SWIFT,  
To take our flesh off and to pose in  
Our bones, or show each little rift  
And joint for you to poke your nose in.

We only crave to contemplate  
Each other's usual full-dress photo;  
You worse than "altogether" state  
Of portraiture we bar in toto!

The fondest swain would scarcely prize  
A picture of his lady's framework;  
To gaze on this with yearning eyes  
Would probably be voted tame work!

No, keep them for your epitaph,  
These tombstone-souvenirs unpleasant;  
Or go away and photograph  
Mahatmas, spooks, and Mrs. B-S-NT!

### The Cry of a Hungry Biped.

["On New Year's Day a number of ladies and gentlemen went to Acton, where the horses and donkeys at the Home of Rest where regaled with a dinner of carrots, bread, apples, and sugar."]

For four-legg'd beasts there's lots of stuff,  
But not for this barbarian.  
Oh! would that I were ass enough,  
To be a Vegetarian.

"INQUIRER" wishes to know if the war-song of the troops under the command of Dr. JAMESON is "Jimmy on the 'shoot,' Boys!"?

### CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(A Letter for Ladies.)

MY DEAR ETHELINDA.—We have been quite gay this week. Aunt JEMIMA gave a Cinderella on Tuesday, and all our friends assembled in great force. There were some novel and becoming dresses. I especially noticed a sweet harmony in yellow and green chiffon, the skirt being caught up with bunches of real Mandarin oranges. The wearer was a young Countess, whose portrait was rejected at the Academy the year before last. A pretty, fallow girl, with a nose rather too pronounced, was gown'd in brick-dust bigogne, the *ceinture* of Marie Thérèse blue, with a short fluted *basque* of gamboge. She wore Spanish chestnuts in the prickly pod arranged as a bouquet, and the *ensemble* was quite too perfect. Very striking, too, was a costume of toad-brown velvet, the broad *évéque* empire *corsage* terminating with a sharp *grand monarque* point, fastening on the right side with a cluster of marigolds, dahlias, and forget-me-nots.

On Wednesday ERMYNTRUDE and I went to Lady CALLIPER's ball. A Russian Princess created quite a sensation by appearing in a black satin *cosaque*, embroidered in gold, and ornamented with malachite chains. I confess that the arrangement seemed to me somewhat *outré*, and not to be compared to the Duchess of BRIGHTON's creation of peat-coloured Patagonian tulle cut à la belle Margot, with *revers en cascade* of Honiton lace and endless wreaths of bottle-green carnations. On Thursday Uncle NOLL took us to the New Gallery, where I came across two very original *toques*, one being formed of the skin of a Tweed salmon with the scales perfectly preserved, the *entourage* being artificial flies; the other constructed of marmoset fur with the head in front *en lion*, the eyes being emeralds, while the tail of the monkey was brought over the left shoulder à l'Impératrice, and terminated with a wee crystal watch. Uncle NOLL made us feel very uncomfortable by repeatedly asking where the show of Spanish liquorice could be found.

On Friday we had to get some presents for ANGELINA's birthday, and at CUTPURSE AND DUVAT's I found such a delightful blotting-book, made of Thibet beech—a rich red wood, very like mahogany. The charm of the thing is that, directly the book is opened, out jumps a grand lama (the inkstand) with a penholder in his mouth, ready for use. ERMYNTRUDE bought a silver-guilt tortoise, which, on pressing a spring, puts out its head, and becomes a toast-rack.

CHARLEY asked me to get him a gift as well (the poor fellow is working night and day on a starvation salary at the Colonial Office); so we went to ROLLICK AND RASPER's, where, after giving a great deal of trouble to the very gentlemanlike young men who serve, we selected a very useful article—an umbrella, with a handle holding a knife, fork, spoon, and toothpick, all in silver. One of the young men who waited on us is so like the Duke of PIMLICO, but perhaps more *distingué*. Naughty E. says, "Noblesse oblige."

Last night we had a box at the Adelphi, and thought that Mr. TERRISS, in his kilt, was very like his daughter ELLALINE, whose photograph I sent you as a Christmas card. We could not help clapping our hands at the patriotic speeches, just to show how we hated the Boers, though, to be sure, the play is all about Egypt. *Mais, ma mie la patrie toujours la patrie*. Here is a good recipe for luncheon. Take half a dozen eggs, a pot of caviare, and the insides of six Spanish onions. Let them simmer together for four hours. Then add an ounce of cinnamon, two pickled walnuts, and three nutmegs. Meantime stew a bladebone of beef with a pound of Perigoid truffles and a bottle of champagne. Mingle the contents of the two casseroles together, boil, and serve with slices of French bread *en branche*. You will find this an economical and appreciated *plat*.

We all hope that this dreadful disagreement with the EMPEROR will not prevent our going to Homburg this year. *Mais Dieu dispose!* Ever, dear, Your loving Cousin, KADJ.

### A Birthday Card.

To William II., German Emperor, King of Prussia; born, January 27, 1859.

ALL hail to thee, great Kaiser King!  
Away with melancholy!  
Time flies with telegraphic wing,  
And sometimes, too, does Folly.

INOPPORTUNE PUBLICATION.—Sir,—I see an advertisement of "Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language." Surely, Sir, never at any time, but least of all just now, should there be found in our vocabulary any such word as "Funk"? Yours, JINGO DE JINGO.





## ON THE RIVIERA.

She, "I WONDER WHAT MAKES THE MEDITERRANEAN LOOK SO BLUE!"  
He, "YOU'D LOOK BLUE IF YOU HAD TO WASH THE SHORES OF ITALY!"

## A LAY OF THE UNION JACK.

(By a Patriotic Cockney.)

THOUGH I feel less at home on the bounding  
wave

Than I do on the firm dry land,  
I can spin you a yarn of a right good craft  
That is true-British owned and manned.  
The winds may blow, and the storms may  
beat,

And the hurricanes rage and roar,  
But "the ship I love" on her course will  
hold

With the Union Jack at the fore.

Fair weather or foul, she ploughs along,  
Leaving far astern the strand,  
And many a towering sister bark  
We pass on the starboard hand.  
And, Westward ho! as we bear away,  
I can count stout ships galore,  
Abeam, in our wake, and ahead, that fly  
The Union Jack at the fore.

And the sight of the flag that has swept the  
seas,

Nor ever has known disgrace,  
Makes even a landlubber's bosom swell  
With the pride of his English race.  
At that gallant sight in my landsman's heart  
I rejoice—and rejoice still more  
That I'm only aboard of a road-car 'bus,  
With the Union Jack at the fore!

VIVE L'EMPEREUR.—It is a hopeful sign  
in these times of European trouble to know  
that our old and esteemed friend NAPOLEON  
BOLTONPARTY has been "appointed to the  
vacant Taxing Mastership." He will be any-  
thing but a "vacant" taxing master. For  
this motive he quits the firm of BOLTON AND  
MORE; so the castle of business in which he  
was one of the towers of strength is still pro-  
tected by the MORE. May the new Taxing  
Master not overtax his strength! And so  
Mote it be!

## DICKENS UP TO DATE;

Or, Fiction repeats itself.

It was four in the afternoon, and Mrs. WITTITELY reclined, according to custom, on the drawing-room sofa, while KATE read aloud the first part of a romantic novel in the newest fashionable quarterly, entitled *The Savoy*, which ALPHONSE the doubtful had procured from the library that very morning. . . . KATE read on:—

"Before a toilet that shone like the *Altar of Notre Dame des Victoires*, Helen was seated in a little dressing-gown of black and heliotrope. The coiffeur Cosmé was caring for her scented chevelure, and with tiny silver tongs, warm from the caresses of the flame, made delicious intelligent curls, that fell as lightly as a breath about her forehead and over her eyebrows, and clustered like tendrils round her neck. Her three favourite girls, Pappelarde, Blanchemains and Loreyne, waited immediately upon her with perfume and powder in delicate flacons and frail cassolles, and held in porcelain jars the ravishing paints prepared by Châtelaine for those cheeks and lips that had grown a little pale with anguish of exile. . . . Millamant held a slight tray of slippers, Minette some tender gloves, La Popelinière—mistress of the robes—was ready with a frock of yellow and yellow, La Zambinella bore the jewels, Florizel some flowers, Amadour a box of various pins, and Vadius a box of sweets. . . .

"Cosmé," said Helen, "you have been quite sweet and quite brilliant, you have surpassed yourself to-night."

"Madame flatters me," replied the antique old thing, with a girlish giggle under his black satin mask. . . .

"Helen slipped away the dressing-gown, rose before the mirror in a flutter of frilled things, and called Millamant to bring her the slippers."

"The tray was freighted with the most exquisite and shapely pantoufles, sufficient to make Cluny a place of naught. There were shoes of grey and black and brown suede, of white silk and rose satin, and velvet and sarcenet; there were some of seagreen sewn with cherry blossoms, some of red with willow branches, and some of grey with bright-winged birds. There were heels of silver, of ivory, and of gilt; there were buttons so beautiful that the buttonholes might have no pleasure till they closed upon them; there were soles of delicate leathers scented with maréchale, and linings of soft stuffs scented with the juice of July flowers. But Helen, finding none of them to her mind, called for a discarded pair of blood-red maroquin, diapered with pearls. These looked very distinguished over her white silk stockings."

"Meantime, La Popelinière stepped forward with the frock."

"I shan't wear one to-night," said Helen. Then she slipped on her gloves."

"Oh, charming!" interrupted KATE's patroness, who was sometimes taken literary. "Poetic, really. Read that description again, Miss NICKLEBY."

KATE complied.

"Sweet, indeed!" said Mrs. WITTITELY, with a sigh. "So voluptuous, is it not? So soft?"

"Yes, I think it is," replied KATE, gently; "very soft."

"Close the book, Miss NICKLEBY," said Mrs. WITTITELY. "I can hear nothing more to-day. I should be sorry to disturb the impression of that sweet description. Close the book."

Kate complied, not unwillingly.

Nicholas Nickleby, Chap. XXVIII.  
(mutatis mutandis).



### THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

*His Honour.* "H'm! Will you kindly raise your veil, I find it extremely difficult to—H'm—hear anyone distinctly with those thick veils—"

"Er—er—thank you! Silence! I will not have this Court turned into a place of amusement!"

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

#### STRAINED RELATIONS IN THE KENNEL.

I AM beginning to experience some of the uncomfortable results of educating my dogs up to the *Spectator* standard, and, in order that others may take warning ere it is too late, I propose to set down a brief history of what has happened during the past week amongst the highly-intelligent dogs who have kindly agreed to share with me my humble dwelling, and to leave for my use one or two of the most uncomfortable chairs to be found in it. I need scarcely say that the sofas and armchairs have long ago been recognised as the exclusive property of the dogs.

Of course, everybody knows that if dogs are only allowed to live long enough in the society of human beings, they eventually reach such a high pitch of intelligence that they begin to feel the want of speech. The scope of their feelings, their desires, and their thoughts becomes enlarged, and they yearn for some more accurate medium of expression than is afforded by barking, tail-wagging, or scratching at a door, eloquent as these may sometimes be made. (Has anybody, by the way, ever owned a dog who did not constantly post himself on the wrong side of a door? A considerable part of my life is spent in getting up and opening doors for dogs. No matter how carefully I may inveigle the dogs into a room, the result is always the same. In the space of five minutes after I have sat down and composed myself every dog will, by some magic means, have vanished, and a furious scratching or a melancholy whining will announce that they all wish to come back again. So when I have left the house with apparently the whole pack, a few seconds afterwards the vision of two or three excited dog-faces at the garden-window, and a series of agonised ululations will prove to me that some of them must have run back at the last moment—probably to fetch whatever is the canine equivalent of a handkerchief or a matchbox. This, however, as I have said, is by the way.)

Dogs, then, understanding more or less what is said to them, and recognising in speech the best method of expression, begin, after a time, to want to be able to speak. Fortunately I have managed, to some extent, as I explained some weeks ago, to gratify this wish by means of the Canine Cogitograph, or thought-register, adapted to dogs of all breeds and sizes. A curious indirect result of this contrivance has been, however, that my dogs, as the sequel will

show, are able not only to communicate their thoughts to me, but also to understand much more plainly all that I say, and to converse with one another with far greater force and variety than before. They are, in fact, becoming too human, and I am afraid I shall have to part with them. When I acquired them I looked for the companionship of real dogs, not of human beings disguised with four legs, tails, and fur coats.

I MUST explain again that my pack numbers five. There is *Nellie*, the deerhound, whose virtues I need not further describe, as she plays no part in the story I am about to tell. Then there are *Don* and *Roy*, the two St. Bernards, aged about twenty months. *Don* is an enormous animal, not yet fully developed, but weighing already eleven stone, and measuring very close on thirty-three inches at the shoulder. He is the kindest and best-tempered dog in the whole world, one huge lump of affectionate good nature. His brother *Roy* is a smaller, but perhaps a handsomer dog. His head is broader, his nose shorter, his body more compact, and his limbs, on the whole, better knit together. He is a dog of immense strength, and of a wild, teasing, romping disposition, rather shy with strangers, but very affectionate with his intimates. I think the soul of some high-spirited, clever, mischievous undergraduate has found its incarnation in *Roy*. There are deep wrinkles on his forehead and over his eyes that give his face a peculiar whimsical and pathetic expression. He has a great admiration and liking for the butcher, but, oddly enough, pursues the butcher's cart up the lane with a relentless animosity which is apt to terrify quiet people who meet him on one of these *razzias*. Both these dogs adore children; and it is a comical sight to see them standing one on each side of a youngster of five, and all but lifting him into the air as they lick his face with their great tongues. One other point about them deserves mention. They overflow with sympathy. You have only to sit down and pretend to cry or to be in pain to have them rushing across the room with howls, upsetting chairs or tables as they come, until they can smother you under an avalanche of clumsy caresses.

*BEN*, the retriever, is a quiet dog, devoted to his profession and very intelligent, a dog with deep, eloquent eyes, and a lustrous, wavy black coat. *Rufus*, the spaniel, is a brown dog, and supplies unconsciously the comic element in the kennel. He has the most absurd way of gazing at you with his bulging, amber eyes, while he wags his stump of a tail at the rate of about a million to the minute.

He is very affectionate and very jealous; a pat or a kind word to one of the other dogs is enough to arouse *Rufus* from the deepest slumber in order that he may at once claim his share of attention. He is also rather masterful, and being comparatively a little dog he is apt to resent the rough, good-humoured gambols of the St. Bernards. He is deeply convinced that he is superior to the whole of the rest of them put together.

Now I noticed during the last few days that *Rufus* has been employing his leisure in burying odd biscuits and stray bones in various parts of the garden. For instance, when I gave him a biscuit the other day, instead of eagerly scrunching it as is his custom, he kept it in his mouth, and looked at me with a conscious, half-guilty expression, wagging his tail furiously all the time. Obeying the dictates of good breeding, I withdrew, but not far enough to lose sight of *Rufus*, although I made sure that he was unable to see me. Having waited a short time he trotted off to a convenient flower-bed, and began to scrape a hole. In this he carefully deposited his biscuit and then set to work to rub the earth back with his broad and foolish brown nose. Having carefully smoothed the place all over he came back to me looking as if nothing had happened, though his tell-tale nose had upon it a pyramid of earth quite an inch high. It may be thought that *Rufus* buried these scraps of food in order to have a store for future emergencies. Not at all. I discovered that, to use his own expression, he had been "pegging out claims" in the garden, and by this time he imagines himself to have proprietary rights over the whole place.

WE have, of course, all been very much excited by the foreign intelligence of the past few weeks, and the other morning, while *Rufus* was apparently sleeping, someone read out aloud the German Emperor's extraordinary telegram to President KRÜGER. *Rufus* took no notice at the time, but, as the result shows, he had evidently heard, had been fired with admiration, and had resolved on the first opportunity to imitate. After lunch on the same day, *Ben* had retired to smoke a quiet bone in a corner of the garden that he particularly affects. *Roy*, who is, I am sorry to say, rather a greedy dog, observed the bone from a distance, and the waters of desire began to trickle from his mouth. He decided to make an attempt to possess himself of it. *Ben*, however, who had temporarily deposited his bone, was fully aware of what was passing in *Roy's* mind, and accordingly when *Roy* advanced, looking as if he had urgent business totally unconnected with a bone in that corner of the garden, *Ben* sprang up, and seized the invader by the ear. So resolute was the retriever's demeanour that *Roy*, oppressed with a sense of knavery, incontinently turned and fled. Here was *Rufus's* opportunity. That remarkable dog approached to within ten yards of *Ben*, looked at him steadily, barked twice, and then retired. This was what he had said; I read it off immediately on the Cogitograph: "I congratulate you with all my heart on having repulsed dastardly invasion of *Rob-roy*, freebooter, without the intervention of any friendly powers. (Signed) *Rufus, R. & I.*" *Ben* had made a suitable reply to the effect that he would defend the independence of his beloved bone to his last gasp.

THE consequences of this ridiculous action on *Rufus's* part are very distressing. *Roy* and *Don*, who had of course heard the message delivered, are both furious. *Don* says that he is far from wishing to defend every action that *Roy* may take, but after all, blood is thicker than water, and he is not going to endure the preposterous airs of a bandy-legged upstart like *Rufus*. *Ben* is not too pleased. He says he can defend himself without the intervention of anybody, and has no intention of being patronised by *Rufus*. In fact, that unfortunate spaniel is at the present moment the most unpopular dog I have ever known, and all on account of a moment's rashness inspired by hearing the Emperor's telegram read aloud. I have had to give *Rufus* a room to himself, and to keep him carefully out of the way of the St. Bernards. I scarcely like to think what the end of it all may be.

### OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE BAR.

SCENE—A Court of Law. Judge on Bench. Solicitors in Well. Silks in the pews reserved for them. Back seats crowded with members of the Junior Bar.

*First Leader* (rising and addressing the Court). I appear, my Lord, with my friends, Messrs. BLACKSTONE, COKE, BACON, HOLT, and LITTLETON, for the plaintiff. (Sits down.)

*Second Leader* (following suit). And I, my Lord, with my friends, Messrs. BRIEFLESS, DUNUP, ROE, DOE, and JUSTINIAN COCKBURN, for the defendant.

*The Judge* (courteously). I do not wish to interfere at so early a stage. But I would suggest to learned counsel wearing silk, that there seems to me rather an excessive use of stuff in this matter.

[Laughter.]



### BELLICOSE PREPARATIONS.

THE PROPOSED GIRAFFE CORPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

*First Leader* (smiling). I take your Lordship's meaning. But I would humbly suggest that in the course of my case I shall have to show a prize fight, when, for the purpose of illustration, I shall find the services of my friends who are associated with me invaluable. Many of my friends when at Cambridge were distinguished members of the A. D. C.

*The Judge*. Quite so. Of course you will use your discretion. *Second Leader*. And as the matter has been mentioned, my Lord, I think it is only right to say that, as during the course of this case I shall have to show how a game of Nap was played, I cannot dispense with the services of my friends. I may mention that Mr. BRIEFLESS (whose face may possibly be better known to your Lordship than his voice) is a very clever amateur actor. During the last twenty or thirty years he has been giving readings of *Hamlet* and *Dazzle*, absolutely distinct from those made familiar to the public by Sir HENRY IRVING and the late Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS.

*The Judge*. I have not the least doubt of Mr. BRIEFLESS's ability, but I would point out that, as a rule, a Queen's Counsel is satisfied with the assistance of (at most) two members of the Junior Bar.

*First Leader*. Just so, my Lord. But no doubt it will be fresh in your Lordship's memory that recently Mr. AVORY showed how a suicide or murder might be committed in a cab with the assistance of his learned friend Mr. BIRON.\* Now I would not for a moment suggest that the great dearth of business in these courts has anything to do with the matter, but it is undoubtedly open to observation that certainly anything that can be done to put business—

*The Judge* (interrupting). Yes, yes; I understand. But I am afraid that the matter may end in disappointment. But that is a point that the Taxing Master must decide.

*Both Leaders*. As your Lordship pleases.

[Scene closes in upon the prospect of a coming contest "re costs."]

\* *Daily Chronicle*, January 15, 1896.

IN RE "MOTOR."—There is to be a grand exhibition of Motor Carriages at the Imperial Institute. Is this to be in May, or at a Re-Motor date?

THE CHARTERED SOUTH AFRICAN Co.—"A Chartered Libertine."

## THE PATRIOT'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled on Sentimental Plus Commercial Principles.)

**Question.** You consider war a curse?

**Answer.** Certainly; and one that should be avoided at almost any cost.

**Q.** But you would not sacrifice the honour of your country to secure peace?

**A.** No; but then "honour" is an elastic term, having more than one signification.

**Q.** You would reverence the Army and Navy?

**A.** Unquestionably. The more especially in referring to them in a speech delivered at the fag end of a charity dinner.

**Q.** You would increase both Services?

**A.** To any limit, at the instigation of the writer of a soul-stirring leading article.

**Q.** You would cheer a song with a refrain ending with "England," or "Fatherland," or "Victoria"?

**A.** To the echo. And my applause would be the louder if bestowed from the auditorium of a comic opera house or a theatre of varieties.

**Q.** But would not war spell "disaster"?

**A.** Yes, in shape of famine.

**Q.** And yet you have nothing but enthusiasm for bellicose ballads?



### A YOUNG REPUBLICAN.

*Little Lord Charles.* "OH, I'M GOING TO BE AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR, WHEN I GROW UP."

*Fair American.* "BUT YOUR BROTHER'S GOING TO BE A DUKE, ISN'T HE?"

*L. L. C.* "AH, YES; BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL HE'S FIT FOR, YOU KNOW!"

## THE BOOK OF THE WEEK. THE SAVELOY.

### I.—MYSTERIES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

Is the world coming round to my point of view after all, and is the great heart of the nation beginning to recognise that what interests me must be the most important factor in life? Here is a charming magazine, written by contributors who have the full courage of their woman's creed, and very refreshing it is to turn from the morbid philosophy of the Besantine school of literature to the sweet fresh air of the new world to which Mr. WEIRDSLEY and his colleagues take us. There is not an article in the volume that one can put down without feeling the better and the purer for it.

### II.—AN IDYLL OF THE SEASIDE.

I have neither fear nor shame in printing the following extract from a breezy article by the editor.

*Margate, 1895. By Simple Symons.*

I went to Margate this year by the excursion-train with the intention of remaining only for the eight hours of vulgarity without fun that we trippers are promised, and I remained from Saturday till Monday! What is it in this so little watering-place that appeals to the poet, and that turns us all, at our moments, into helpless and drivelling idiots?...

Ah! but the beach on a sunny morning! What a feast of colour, of movement, of so various curiosities! Here is the smart brandy-ball man with his paper cap, here the quaint seller of old-world pebbles. On certain mornings negro minstrels perform on the sands. You cannot imagine anything more delicious. These, it should be said, are not real negroes; they are simply ordinary white men, with their faces painted black. How amusing it all was, how interesting they were, how they invited to the wandering of vague emotion!

I had my own little romance on the beach—the most absurd of little romances. Still!

There was an old bathing-woman, known as MARTHA GUNN. She avoided me in so marked a manner that I saw she was in love with me. Once, when I smiled at her, she waved at me, as in mock defiance, a little, teeny bathing-dress. Sometimes she would sit on the steps of a bathing machine, knitting. I thought once of kissing my hand to her. But, after all, was it worth while? Yet it would have pleased her, my dear old friend, whom I never knew, but who, I knew, loved me. More than all others, MARTHA GUNN seemed to sum up Margate for me...

This plaintive philosophy will come home to many as a revelation and a hope.

### III.—UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

The article from which I subjoin an extract, and which is deeply interesting in the present political crisis, will, I venture to think, add

much to the making or the marring of the joys and sorrows of those who live in what the Decadents and the Ibsenites choose to call "the end of the century."

### A Fine Child. By Max Mereboom.

I first saw him last summer, in the Isle of Wight, clapping his chubby little hands, and crowing with delight as he sailed his toy-ship. A fine child he is, fond of his rocking-horse, fonder still of playing with soldiers. For the rest, I find but one slight stain on his infant life. He is a trifle quarrelsome, and, when other children fight, he will run and kiss the victor, or hit the vanquished with his clenched fist. Once he locked his little brother up in a cupboard for doing something that displeased him. He prefers *sauerkraut* even to Mellin's food, and dearly loves a musical box that plays "*Die Wacht am Rhein*." He cannot bear to leave his toy-boats at home. He cries when he goes out, and says to his nurse "*Kleine Billie wants Schiffe*." He is perhaps a trifle spoilt. He should be, while there is yet time, placed judiciously in the corner, or deprived, it may be, of pudding. *Ein wenig Geduld!* He may yet grow up to be a great and good man.

### IV.—THE MORAL TONE.

And now we come to Mr. WEIRDSLEY's work. *Under Ludgate Hill* is a novel rather of character than of adventure. It is chiefly remarkable for its terse, vigorous style, its absolute truthfulness to nature, and—more important than all the rest—its high moral tone. The character of the excellent *Mrs. Marsuple* is superbly developed, while *Claud* and *Clair* are creations—they seem to live. This book should be on every schoolroom table; every mother should present it to her daughter, for it is bound to have an ennobling and purifying influence. Here is a powerful description of the refreshment-bar of Messrs. SPIERS AND POND:—

.... The refreshment-table was freighted with the most exquisite and shapely delicacies, sufficient to make Buzzards' place of naught. On quaint pedestals of every sort stood bottles of cherry-brandy, of gingerbeer, of lime-juice cordial. Marmalade and jam were in frail porcelain pots. There were jam-tarts that seemed to stain the table, bath-buns baked to the utmost, and flecked with tiny dead flies, macaroons of all sorts, and sandwiches cut like artificial flowers. There were seed-cakes sown with caraway-seeds, gingerbread twisted into cunning forms, and sausage-rolls so beautiful that the teeth might have no pleasure until they closed upon them. ... Some of the barmaids had put on delightful little fringes dyed in reds, and yellows, and some wore great white aprons after the manner of the New Magdalen. They were silenced by the approach of the Bovril, that was served by waiters dressed in black.

Have I not said enough about the "Savejoy" to show that no family should be without it?  
J. P.





### THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(Up-to date Version of "Struwwelpeter.")

"LET ME SEE IF WILHELM CAN  
BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN;  
LET ME SEE IF HE IS ABLE  
TO SIT STILL FOR ONCE AT TABLE!"

"BUT FIDGETY WILL  
HE WON'T SIT STILL."

JUST LIKE ANY BUCKING HORSE.  
"WILHELM! WE ARE GETTING CROSS!"





## A FEMININE FAILING.

*First Sportsman.* "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT NEW MARE OF YOURS?"

*Second Sportsman.* "OH, FAIRLY WELL. BUT I WISH I HAD BOUGHT A HORSE. SHE'S ALWAYS STOPPING TO LOOK AT HERSELF IN THE PUDDLES!"

## THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(From "Struwwelpeter" Up to Date.)

"LET me see if WILHELM can  
Be a little gentleman;  
Let me see if he is able  
To sit still for once at table!"

Thus papa bade WILL behave,  
Whilst mamma looked very grave.

But fidgety WILL  
He won't sit still;

He wriggles and jiggles, with nose in air,  
And flusters and blusters, and tilts his chair,  
Just like any bucking horse.

"WILHELM! We are getting cross!"

See the tiresome restless child  
Growing still more rude and wild,  
Till his chair tilts over quite!  
WILHELM yells with all his might,  
Grabbing at the cloth, but then  
That makes matters worse again.  
Cloth dragged off, with WILHELM fall  
Soup-tureen, knives, forks, and all.  
Poor mamma does fret and frown  
When she sees them tumbling down;  
Poor papa makes a wry face;  
Fidgety WILL's in dire disgrace!

NEW NAME FOR THE LATE COMMANDER-  
IN-CHIEF IN CUBA.—MARSHAL DECAMPOS.

OF COURSE.—The second number of the  
*Minute* is announced.

## THE THESPIAN TRAIN.

(Extract from a Diary.)

*Monday.*—After good night's rest, started for Newcastle. Gave two entertainments *en route* in saloon carriage. Crowded both turns. *Matinée* successful. Two afternoon performances to different passengers returning to London. Arrived in town in time for the evening's entertainment. Started again by special for Orkney Islands at 11.30 P.M.

*Tuesday.*—Rehearsing new piece *en route*. Supper at 2 A.M. Arranged business of Second Act in saloon at 4 A.M. Breakfast. Gave entertainment in the waiting-room. Capital business. Largest receipts on record. Performance to passengers travelling by same train. Tea. Dressed in cab. Got back to town in capital time for evening performance. Started at 11.30 P.M. for Edinburgh.

*Wednesday.*—Customary "before dawn" rehearsal of new piece. Introduced novel feature for passengers by same train—"Dramatic Breakfast." Played in refreshment-carriage during the meal. Enormous success. Three curtains. Travelling stage "fit up" just what was wanted. Edinburgh *matinée* a triumph. Started for return journey by special. Rehearsed new piece. Picked up double saloon-carriage containing audience *en route*, and gave special performance in it. Returned to town in excellent time for usual London programme. Left at 11.30 for Torquay.

*Thursday.*—Uncertain with my words during midnight rehearsal. By doctor's advice, took ten minutes for lunch. Torquay a success. Returned immediately afterwards. Extended the "drop-carriage scheme." Gave three separate performances in three double-saloon carriages. After London show, started at 11.30 P.M. for Dublin.

*Friday.*—Bad passage. *Matinée* on steamer to rather a poor house. Thoroughly Irish welcome. Doctor says I am "knocking myself up." Ordered me to sleep. Had a draught, and played in my slumbers. Suppose London show was all right. Left for Bath at 11.30.

*Saturday.*—Gave early performance at Bath because we had to be back for the London *matinée* at 2.34. Rested *en route* by doctor's orders. After second performance in town theatre at 8.30, gave special entertainment at the Harmonium Club. Supper. No sleep.

*Sunday.*—After leaving Harmonium Club, caught 8 o'clock train for Dover. Arrangements of the L. C. and D. Railway, as usual, capital. Managed to give short performance on board the boat in mid-Channel. Arrived at Calais. Twenty minutes' play during feeding interval. Lunched in train. No sleep. Arrived in Paris. Dressed in cab. Played before a French audience. Enthusiastic reception. Back again. Gave second performance at Amiens. Early breakfast. Dead beat. Just in time. Oh, dear! . . . Heavy gale in Channell! . . . Oh! where is the doctor?

Hanwell. . . . Resting.



SCENE FROM DOLLYLAND. "AFTER THE HOLIDAYS."

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

## THE ALARMS OF MOTHERS.

DURING the past ten days or so, the mothers of Great Britain have been bidding good-bye to their beloved sons. To Oxford and Cambridge, to Trinity College, Dublin, to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Fettes, Loretto, and countless other schools with great reputations and varying charges for board (gymnastics, French, German, drawing, and music, being extras of unfortunately doubtful popularity), the sons have betaken themselves, many with hampers, and all with good advice from both parents. To the father it pertains to urge his son to greater mental activity, to warn him as to the crushing effects in after life of failure in examinations, to inculcate punctuality, obedience, and (in the case of undergraduates) a discreet management of his finances. The mother, on the other hand, concerns herself with his bodily welfare. She provides him with a hamper, she implores him not to catch cold, she is eloquent on the subject of dry socks and flannel underwear, she begs him to avoid the terrible fatigues involved in eight-oar boat-races, and the inevitable danger to life and limb entailed by football. "Your grandfather," she says, "never played football, and he is vigorous and healthy at the age of eighty." The logical inference is of course obvious: abstain from football, and you will live to be a vigorous and healthy octogenarian. But sons, like all other males, are hopelessly illogical.

HERE, I think, I may indulge myself with a short by-the-way on the subject of hampers. Yesterday my advice was sought by a small friend who was about to return to the house of toil. He was proceeding with his even more diminutive brother in the direction of the village grocer, in order to buy something for the terminal hamper, but he wished to know how best to employ the money intrusted to him by his mother for that purpose. "What do you think of oranges?" he asked. I suggested that oranges were a cold fruit at this time of year. "But you can take 'em to bed, you know, and warm them up a bit first. Besides," he continued, "you can make pigs out of orange peel, and put them on the French master's desk; and you can make spiffing sets of false teeth." This settled the matter; a dozen oranges were decided on. "Any jam?" I asked. "Rather. Two pots of apricot, three pots of strawgogs, and three pots of goosegogs." "What about potted shrimps?" I inquired. "Oh my, of course we'll have potted shrimps, won't we, Dick?" Dick's eyes glistened; enthusiasm burst from every feature. "Chuck her up for potted shrimps," he remarked, in a tone of deep conviction. "A cake?" I hinted. "Oh, we've got a cake ready at home, a reg'lar whopper, full of currants." A few

minutes later the necessary purchases were concluded, two dozen macaroons being added at the last moment, and the heavily loaded foraging column staggered homeward in triumph with its booty.

To return to the subject of mothers. I once had the privilege of staying at home with a very massive and powerful heavy-weight oarsman, whose strength and stamina in the University boat-race had been universally admired. In accepting his mother's invitation, I had permitted myself a jocular allusion to the pleasure I should feel in being able to watch over her young Titan's restoration to health after the labours of the race. "Dear HARRY," I wrote, "will want a rest; his delicate frame requires plenty of wholesome food, and it will be well for him, I am sure, to continue to go to bed early so as to get as much sleep as possible every night. I will do my best while I stay with you to persuade him to take very great care of himself." When I arrived I was welcomed as though I had been a prophet by HARRY's mother: "You are the only one of HARRY's friends," said that dear lady to me, "who sees that HARRY is overdoing all this dreadful rowing. He looks strong, I know, but in reality he is delicate and terribly liable to colds. Have you ever seen him in one of his fits of sneezing? They are most severe, and seem to shake him to pieces. Of course, he is wilful, and refuses to listen to his mother, but now that I have your influence to support me, perhaps he will be a little more reasonable." In fact, I discovered that this picked specimen of health, strength, and endurance was considered by his dear mother to be a frail and delicate plant requiring constant care and attention. I never had so much difficulty in making my peace with anyone as I had with HARRY when he discovered what I had done in a moment of ill-timed levity.

HERE, too, is a letter from a mother to her son who was travelling on the Continent:—

MY DARLING BOY,—I am thankful to hear you have arrived safe and sound with dear WILLY. Ever since you left frightful disasters have been before my mind. First of all there was a short telegram in the papers announcing a train wrecked (the very day you were travelling) between Abbeville and somewhere else. Of course, I pictured you and WILLY buried beneath horrible splinters, with the engine slowly setting fire to you both, and no means of escape, except by axes that might hack off your arms and legs before the doctors arrived. As no further accounts of the disaster followed I began to be easy, although I had already imparted such fearful and sinister forebodings to my cook that she was evidently quite certain you were in that train, and must have been deeply disappointed by your card yesterday morning announcing your safe



GOLF IS BEING PLAYED VERY MUCH IN EGYPT.

arrival at Madrid. Still, she has been cheered up by the evening papers last night about a smash to a Brussels train. Well, thank heaven, you were not in that one. At first I thought you might have been, but on reflection I found that Madrid and Brussels were not necessarily direct stations on each other's lines. Do, do take care of yourself, and wrap up well if you go out at night. Nothing is so deceptive, I am told, as a warm day in Spain. And above all things, see that you have dry sheets in the hotels. Many a young life has been cut off by damp sheets."

THE fact of the matter is that the dear creatures revel in anxieties and in carefully-planned alarms. If the nature of things fails to provide them with a reasonable cause for apprehension, they never fail to invent one for themselves. And yet, who would change that "pleasing, anxious being," a mother, for a being made of sterner stuff? From our earliest days onward, in our schoolboy troubles, in the difficulties that beset the undergraduate, in the cares and disappointments that lie about the path of the man, it is to our mothers that we turn by instinct in the sure confidence of being comforted and encouraged. And who, in the time of our little successes, will bear our banner with so bold a hand, and declare our triumph with so clear a voice as a mother? Friends may fall away from us, sorrow and pain may set their mark upon our faces, all the world may speak ill of us, but the love of a mother shines unchanged and unchangeable upon her wayward sons.

I READ the other day an account of the capture of a poacher by the police. In a struggle with the keepers he had given and taken some hard knocks, and had eventually escaped. After an active search of three days, the police tracked him down, and caught him in a shed adjoining his mother's cottage. She was giving him a cup of milk when the guardians of the law broke in upon them. "Let him have the milk," she said; "he's had none too much to eat or drink these last days." What did it matter to her that he was a poacher, and had knocked a keeper down. To her he was still a son; she still thought of him as the little fellow whose courage and bold ways had been her pride and her fear years ago. I have no particular sympathy with those who batter keepers, but I hope this particular poacher was allowed to drink his milk before they marched him away from his poor old mother's sight to the lock-up.

AND so let me end with HOOD's beautiful lines:—

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee,—  
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,  
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn  
When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
Pray for her at eve and morn!

#### An Imperial Question.

[The German Emperor has stopped the fitting out at Cowes or the yacht *White Heather*, which he had hired for a trip to the Mediterranean.]

O KAISER, what we are most eager to know  
Is why you give up the *White Heather*?  
It is not we are sure that you'd willingly show  
On your nautical cap the white feather.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

H.R.H. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg died at sea, of the effects of African fever, incurred in the Ashanti Campaign, on January 20, 1896.

"UNTO each man his fate," 'Twas his to fall  
In a campaign else bloodless; yet may all  
True victory's laurels deck this Prince's pall.

A brave man facing duty with stout heart  
Knows not, nor heeds, whence flies the fatal dart;  
To await it calmly is the hero's part.

In patriot battle's keen blood-stirring close  
A man might chose to die, but history knows  
Her noblest oft have fallen to unseen foes.

They serve who wait, England's great singer saith.  
He who on duty's road encounters death,  
With proud content may yield his latest breath.

All England grieves with her whom England's crown  
Shields not from sorrow; nor its love, deep down  
In myriad bosoms, from fate's adverse frown.

And her, the all-faithful daughter, loving wife,—  
The People's heart, perplex with sounds of strife,  
And rumours wild wherewith the realm is rife,

Yet turns to her in this her hour of grief;  
Praying for her Heaven's balm, of boons the chief,  
The solace of home-love and high belief.

#### "COME HITHER, HUBERT!"

THAT artful necromancer, HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., who holds us enchanted by his skill, causing us to wonder at his daring, admire his pluck, and his infinite capacity for taking pains, is now throwing an entirely new and, indeed, an electric light on the ancient Black (and White) art. He begins with a "positive process." Some persons never in a lifetime get beyond this. These "positivists" employ a process so positive, and believe in themselves, as royalists believe in a monarch who can "do no wrong." But this is not the case with our gentle professor HUBERT: professor and eke a practiser. He goes from the "positive" process to the "comparative,"—comparing other results with those which he has already obtained,—and from the "comparative" he arrives at the "superlative," which he tells us in his lecture is superlatively satisfactory, and is destined to supersede the more laborious road, as the railway has superseded the coach. "In no method of black and white work that is known to me," says our HUBERT, "is rapidity of workmanship so safe and so satisfactory." By this new method the artist, who is to be his own reproducer, will, in a jiffy (so to speak, and not quoting the words of the Master), readily reach the masses with autographic touch, so that anyone with a taste for real art, but lacking the means to gratify it, may acquire a genuine article, whose originator "*dessinit engravedit dedit et sinedit*," for some ridiculously small sum within the capacity of the shallowest pocket. "*Olver asks for more.*" We would hear further of this, anon.

A CHANCE IN HIS ABSENCE.—Who does not remember the excellent life-like portrait of "Dr. JIM," painted by Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., exhibited at Burlington House? It was "a speaking likeness." Could it oblige us, now, with some information?

A GAMPISH REMARK.—From the *Veuve Monnier et ses Fils* inquiry it appears, from the evidence, that the *Veuve Monnier* was an invention of the ingenious person who started the company. Evidently, as "there never was no such person," the English translation of "*Veuve Monnier*" is "Mrs. HARRIS."



## DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

He, "I WONDER YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF GOING TO NICE AFTER THOSE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES!"

She, "OH, SURELY THOSE THINGS ARE ALWAYS CONFINED TO THE POORER QUARTERS OF THE TOWN!"

## THE TWO SENATORS.

(Mr. Punch of Fleet Street to Mr. Walcott of Washington.)

"When I hear . . . that the people of the British Isles, in defence of what they deem their rights, are marshalling armies and assembling navies ready and undaunted to face the world in arms, unyielding and unafraid, I thank God I am of that race. Blood is thicker than water, and until a just quarrel divides us—which heaven forbid—may these two great nations of the same speech, lineage, and traditions, stand as brothers shoulder to shoulder in the interests of humanity by a union-compelling peace."—Senator Walcott in the American Senate, speaking upon Senator Davis's resolution.]

SAY! Senator WALCOTT on Senator DAVIS Comes sweeter than sugar a-top of molasses! The song of the mocking-bird, bobolink, mavis, The bellicose squawk of the eagle surpasses.

Sweet! Sweet!  
You're bad to beat,  
Senator WALCOTT, whom warmly we greet!!!

Senator DAVIS—non *Œdipus*!—swaggers  
And blows windbags out to their fullest inflation.

But Senator WALCOTT knows pistols and daggers [nation.

Won't scare, no, not much, a high-spirited Bosh! Bosh!

Windbags won't wash, [squash.  
Unless a man's soft as your own punkin-

Senator WALCOTT is almost too flattering,  
Paints JOHNNY BULL in a posture heroic.  
Well, we're not sweet on thrasonical chattering,

But kindred's praises would soften a stoic.  
Joy! Joy!

WALCOTT, dear boy,  
Tributes like yours touch our hearts, and don't oloy.

"Thicker than water?" You bet! So much thicker

That CLEVELAND *plus* DAVIS *plus* Spread-eagle Jingo,  
The chuckling tail-twister, the asinine kicker,

Don't count—when compared with your gen-u-ine stingo!

Drink! Drink!

'Tother eye wink,  
And—tangled affairs will soon come out of kink!

"Thank God you're one of our race?" O, *Punch* blushes!

And yet, like your "bars," Leo loves virgin honey.

And swiftly JOHN'S face fervent friendliness flushes

When JONATHAN proffers the comb! Is that funny?

Shake! Shake!

That doesn't mean *quake*,  
But tip us your fist for old kinship's dear sake!

"Shoulder to shoulder?" Why, Senator WALCOTT,

That's just as we ought to be, much like two brothers

Who learned at one knee, and slept in the same small cot.

And "so mote it be," and *shall* be, despite pothers.

So! So!

Now, let 'em "blow"!

Row, boys, row together, in spite of MONROE!

Senator DAVIS—non *Œdipus*—"guesses,"

No doubt, like most Yanks, but he ain't guessed *our* riddle!

But, Senator WALCOTT, the Britisher blesses,  
The man who hits "common-sense" bang in the middle.

Drinks! Drinks!

You've floored the Sphinx!

And *Punch* tells you straight what each Britisher thinks!

## BALLADE OF HAPPINESS.

We've sailed the ocean's trackless main,  
Full many a passing pleasant day,  
Now back in England once again

We come, and come, alas! to stay.

Back in the old familiar fray  
We fight to live. Yet dear to me  
The thought that naught can take away  
The happy days we spent at sea?

With games we ever dared to strain  
Our nerves and thews in ceaseless play.

We bet upon the run to gain  
A livelihood—it didn't pay!

To one another's great dismay  
We bluffed at poker—"Raise you three"—

Can any pen aright portray  
The happy days we spent at sea?

Our conduct was—well, hardly sane,  
With none at hand to say us Nay.

We danced, we sang, we ragged. In vain  
They strove to stop our "making hay."

In future when our fancies stray,  
And we are lost in reverie,

Shall we not often softly say,  
"The happy days we spent at sea"?

*L'Envoi.*

Friend, if you're feeling far from gay,  
Come, drink this sentiment with me,

"May we repeat without delay  
The happy days we spent at sea."

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.—GALWAY has been handed over to Belgium.





## “JONATHAN JINGO!”

*Scene from the Pan-mine of “Jonathan Jingo: or, Harlequin Arbitration and The Blasful Boundary.”*

CLOWN. “OH, I SAY! HERE’S A JOILY OLD GUN. LET’S SEE HOW MUCH IT’LL STAND WITHOUT BUSTIN’!”  
PANTALOON. “DON’T LOAD ’IM TOO FULL, JOEY!”





## THE NOVICE AT NIAGARA.

AN exercise elating  
The gentle art of skating,  
When gracefully gyrating  
You circle round the place,  
To pretty partner prating  
Of news not worth narrating,  
It is most aggravating  
To fall upon your face.

But then the joy of whirling,  
Of twisting and of twirling,  
Let Scotchmen sing of curling,  
Of golf, and games like these,  
I fly about like winging,  
"So swanlike," I am thinking,  
When, on a sudden sinking,  
I'm down upon my knees.

As pale as alabaster,  
The art I vow to master,  
And, reckless of disaster,  
Once more I will essay  
To cut a simple "figger,"  
Which here is quite de "rigger,"  
I try;—and people snigger  
Who watch me limp away.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Referring to the issue of a "compressed" version of RIDER HAGGARD'S *She*, at a penny, someone suggests as a title for the series of which this is the first venture, "The Liebig Library." But old GRUMPY (who hates Penny Dreadfuls, Shilling Shockers, Three- and - sixpenny Thrillers, and all shapes of what he calls "romantic rubbish") says he thinks the two syllables in "Liebig" should, for this purpose, be transposed! Perhaps "Pemmican Pennyworths" would be better.



## TURKEY AND THE POWER.

Mr. Punch. "WHAT! YOU EXCLUDE ME, WILL YOU?"  
Sultan. "OH NO, MY DEAR MR. PUNCH! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! COME BACK AGAIN, AND I WON'T ALLOW ANY MORE ATROCITIES!"  
["PUNCH" EXCLUDED] FROM TURKEY.—"The English are justifiably indignant, &c."—*Daily Chronicle*, January 20.]

## SVENGALIVANTING.

WONDERFUL! But ten minutes ago he was *Gentleman Joe*, the red-faced, flaxen-haired Hansom Cabby; and now he is the pasty-faced, hook-nosed, black-bearded, and black-haired *Svengali*. None can complain of not getting full change for their money, so complete is the transformation. *Gecko*, *Taffy*, *The Laird*, *Little Billee*, have their chances; while *Trilby* herself, with the Baird feet, is as near the original as anyone totally different from her can be when arrayed in a similar costume. But all these are details of no importance. The central Tree-illy figure is *Svengali*. The travestie is introduced *à propos de bottes*, a phrase most applicable in the case of "*Trilby's* tootsies," and depends simply and solely on Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS'S burlesque impersonation of DU MAURIER'S memorable mesmeriser, *Svengali*. There is not a Beerbohmian trick that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS has not caught and reproduced to preposterously absurd perfection. It is a very masterpiece of burlesque imitation, the art of which is impressed on the audience by his suddenly dropping it all, and while retaining the make-up of *Svengali*, re-asserting his own Arthurian individuality. Then, the equally sudden resumption of the *Svengali* manner is admirable. Finally, within five minutes all *Svengali*—a study in black and white—has disappeared, and he is once again the rubicund, flaxen-haired Hansom Cabman.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LAST week I was extolling the pocketable library, by which I mean, especially, the "small-pocket" library, as therein mentioned. If I omitted to particularise, as included in my laudation, the red-backed, prettily bound, and clearly typed series of standard works in prose and poetry published by GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, it is just because these volumes, like the poor, are always with me; and secondly, because, on their first appearance in public, I had already given them their meed of praise. The volumes I have enumerated are genuinely "pocket volumes," i.e., volumes that can be, without any inconvenience, carried in an ordinary-sized coat pocket. The Cassell's Pocket Library, edited by MAX PEMBERTON, may suit CASSELL'S pocket (which, primarily, was intended to do), but will not suit mine, nor, as I expect, any coat pocket which already has to carry a cigar-case and a note-book. The print is excellent, but in the case of *The Paying Guest*, by GEORGE GISSING, the print is better than the matter printed; for the story, beginning well, and having a *dramatis personæ* artistically individualised, soon becomes uninteresting, and then there's an end of it.

No. 1 of "Pierrot's Library" (JOHN LANE) is a story called *Pierrot*, by H. DE VÈRE STACPOOLE. A weird yet pathetic romance. An idea such as inspired this story might have occurred to the mystic fancy of a meditating dreamer seated on a deserted terrace amid the ruins of an old French *château*, as he gazed, listlessly at first, then with a curious interest, on two children, who, having dropped their toys, were standing in half-

frightened, half-amused puzzlement, silently regarding the broken statue of a faun. Then they wander away into the woods, and so vanish. Whereupon John-a-dreams conceives the story of the place. There are only a few characters in it, but one of them, *Joniaux*, an old Napoleonic corporal who lost his arm at Waterloo, may remind some of us, in a sketchy way, of a certain English veteran named *Corporal Trim*. The French used strange oaths in Flanders. So, probably, did their men at Waterloo. It is a fascinating romance for a spare couple of hours.

THE BARON.

## The Doctor's Treatment.

Dubious Londoner.

How will they treat this "Dr. JIM,"  
Who doesn't return "a winner"?

Hearty Citizen.

There's only one way of "treating" him.

Dubious Londoner.

And that is?—

Hearty Citizen.

Give him a dinner!

[They shake hands, and exeunt.]

NOTE BY AN EARLY CHRISTIAN ADMITTED BEFORE 7.30.—If it be true that Mr. WILSON BARRETT is doing big business with his Early-Christian-Martyr play, entitled *The Sign of the Cross*, then for him the legendary motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," will soon bear an entirely new and highly satisfactory meaning.

## FROM A TRANSVAALIAN EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

President Krüger soliloquises:—

"— all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
[backs] Bearing their birthrights proudly on their  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!"  
King John, Act II., Sc. 1.

Then he addresses the Chartered Company,  
substituting "neighbours" for "cousin's,"  
and the plural for the singular, in the following lines:—

"I have had feeling of my neighbours' wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do them right (?):  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be their own carvers, and cut out their way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;  
And you that do abet them in this kind,  
Cherish rebellion."

King Richard the Second, Act II., Sc. 3.

"MAY MAGISTRATES SIT WITH CLOSED DOORS?"—Yes, certainly; and with closed windows, too, should there happen to be any danger of a draught. Surely by now the question has been sufficiently ventilated. Shut up.



### "ON SAFER GROUND."

First Doctor. "I ORDERED HIM AN ICE-COLD BATH EVERY MORNING."

Second Doctor. "WHAT, WHEN HE HAD INFLUENZA!"

First Doctor. "YES, IT WILL GIVE HIM PNEUMONIA, AND I MADE MY WHOLE REPUTATION CURING THAT!"

### AN INTERVIEW.

"*AIMEZ-VOUS Paris?*" was the question put to Miss MARIE HALTON by the inevitable Parisian Interviewer, or, as they sometimes spell it, "Interviewer," which, if pronounced as spelt, might, to English ears polite, sound like a "wooder" who had interpolated himself between two other "wooders." Wisely did Miss HALTON, "knowing the language," reply, "*A la folie! seulement je lui trouve un défaut...*"

"Lequel?" asks the Interviewer.

Then the astute MARIE sees her chance, and replies, triumphantly, "*Paris n'est pas en Amérique!*"

No, it isn't; and therefore, as LOWELL said, "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

What a number of good Americans there must be!

Of course Miss HALTON turns out to be partly American and partly French: not half and half, as fractional portions must be left vacant for her to fill up in the course of her future tours, just as Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly discovers that he is a Welshman, a Yorkshireman, a Scotchman, an Italian, or of any other nationality according to the place and circumstances of the occasion. It appears, according to the Interviewer, that Miss HALTON played at the Gaiety in the "*Schap Girl, de Dam et Ivan Caryll.*" "Enough! Hein! *Assez d'interview!*" Who said this? Anyhow, the heroine of the "*Schap Girl*" seems to have made a hit in "gay Paree!"

### JEER, BOYS, JEER!

A SONG FOR THE ENEMIES OF ENGLAND.

AIR—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

JEER, boys, jeer! JOHN BULL is doomed to sorrow.

Courage! Events seem shattering his sway.  
Jackals may share the lion's skin to-morrow,  
For some of them try twisting the Lion's tail to-day.

So farewell, England! Little did we love thee,  
Crocodile tears alone your doom deplore.  
Eagles now squeal, and crows crow above thee,  
So farewell, England—farewell for evermore!

Jeer, boys, jeer, that poor, played out old country!

Jeer, boys, jeer! She has foes on every hand.  
Jeer, boys, jeer! Oh! won't there be fine pickings?

Jeer, boys, jeer! We'll cut up the Happy Land!

Jeer, boys, jeer! Columbia's Boss is "blowing,"

Boers bang her badly, France flouts her East and West,

Wild WILLIAM'S Press thick mud at her is throwing,

Some bad home-birds take to fouling their own nest.

Long has hate lurked with little to reward it,  
Now 'tis rare fun to smile on England's pain!

Ireland rejoices when England's need is sorest.  
Bad old Britannia no more shall rule the main!

Jeer, boys, jeer! the proud old "Mother Country"!

Jeer, boys, jeer! in one big hostile band!

Jeer, boys, jeer! Oh! it will be love's own labour—

By no means lost—to cut up that fat old land.

AN "EVENING FROM HOME."—Look in at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, where, to the artistically effective series of "Living Pictures," is added an excellent reproduction of Mr. Punch's cartoon "*Ready.*" Britannia, "a fine figure of a woman," as Mr. Weller, Senior, observed, evokes enthusiastic plaudits. "The show" at the Palace Theatre ought to attract those who scruple about going to a theatre, because, in *tableaux vivants*, only such persons can possibly be employed as are able to give practical evidence of their "steadiness." Anyone at all "shaky" would be ineligible as a motionless statue.

### AN EXTRA BIG D.

(By Watson the Unparliamentary.)

[See the *Purple East* and the *Daily Chronicle* of January 25.]

CALIPH, I fear I wasn't up to date—I beg your pardon for that cheap swear-word, it merged me with the fish-retailing herd, Who crowd the approach to boozy Billingsgate,

Gregarious spirit-drinkers, and who state Their choice opinions, like that well-known bird

The garden goose, whose voice is also heard In pit or gallery with its his of hate.

For in a town where coster-folk abound Big d's are legion, people dash their souls Until the streets with expletives are crammed.

Thee with my purp'est sonnet-aureoles (My language makes the air blue) have I crowned Sulphureously beyond all Sultans—blest!

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE MODERN MUSKETEER'S SERENADE.

THE grey old grange is wrapped in light,  
All dark the yew-tree glade,  
Where in the loneliness of night  
I make my ambuscade  
Hard by the tower, whence the chime  
Proclaims the hour of rest,  
And brings the beauty sleep of time  
To you within your nest.

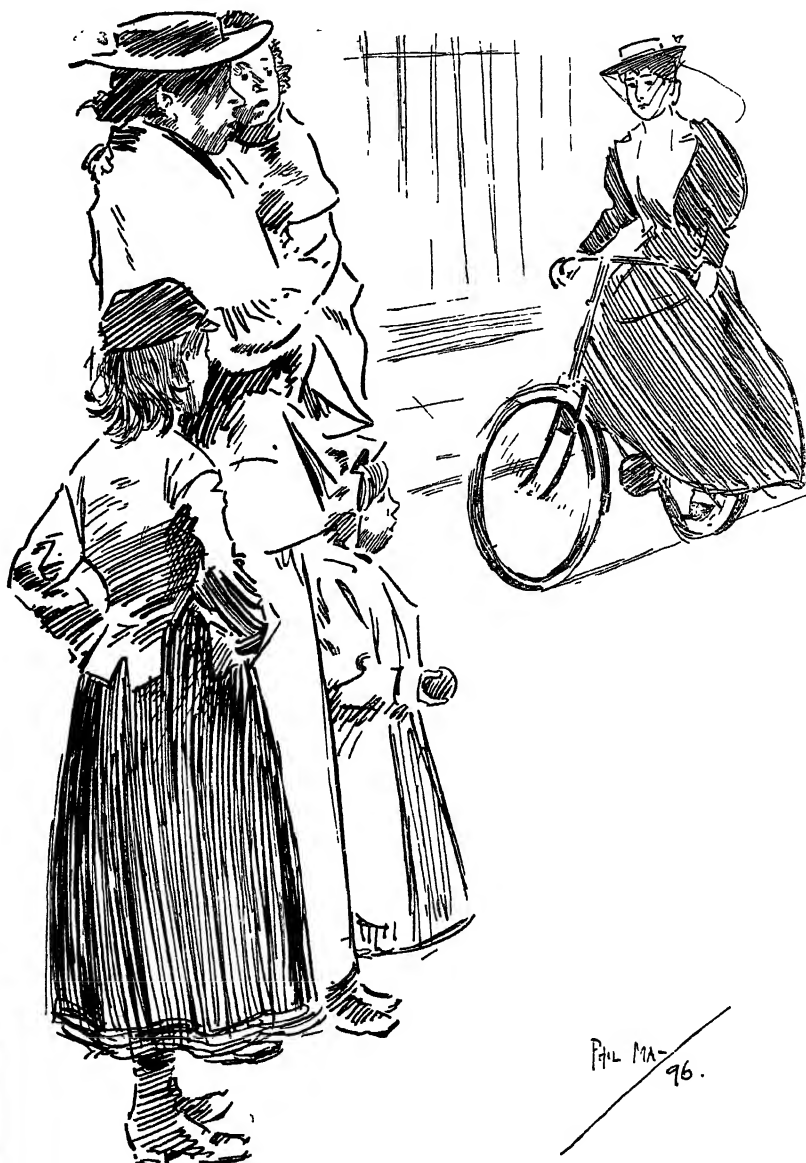
Beneath the terrace each parterre  
Is silvered in the dew,  
But not a blossom can compare  
In loveliness with you.  
The nightingale with trill and shake  
Bids all my heart rejoice—;  
Her melody could never make  
The music of your voice.

I stand on guard to meet the foe  
Who causes you to weep,  
As in the days of long ago  
A knight his watch would keep.  
My matchlock's ready for the fray,  
My aim is quick and true;  
I'll stop the bold marauder's way,  
His cruelty he'll rue!

The air is getting over-damp,  
The screech-owl's cry is shrill;  
I would that I might dare to stamp,  
My feet are very chill.  
What's that? Bang! Bang! Revenge is  
sweet!  
Two bunnies! both are dead!  
They'll never more your roses eat,  
Nor keep me from my bed.  
Forgive the fright!  
Good night! Good night!  
My lady love, good night!

SONG OF THE OVER-RATED ONE.

Oh, did you never hear from a (hem!) "Gas  
and Water Co.,"  
Who for their rates do (confound them!)  
apply?  
They send their collector to call ev'ry  
quarter! co-  
-er-ci-on who does not hate and defy?  
You cannot treat  
The charge derisively,  
He won't repeat  
His call. Decisively  
Says that the water and gas both "will be  
Cut off if unpaid for!" The Briton so free  
Must submit! Draw a cheque on the L. and  
C. B.



"WOULDN'T YER LIKE TER 'AVE ONE O' THEM THINGS, LIZA ANN?"  
 "NO. I WOULDN'T BE SEEN ON ONE. I DON'T THINK THEY'RE NICE FOR LIDIES!"

## THE MISSING MAN.

["In late years we have had too many men honoured with a memorial in Westminster Abbey. I really only know one man now alive who ought, when he dies, to be 'abbeied.'"—*Truth*, January 23, 1896.]

WHAT one man would *Truth* within Westminster's walls bury? It seems pretty certain, 'twouldn't be \* \* \*.

And we think it is *not*, from what everyone knows, very  
Likely this paragraph points to Lord \* \* \*.

'Tis true there's one man, for whom Tories' and Rads' tone  
Alike shows respect. It *might* mean Mr. \* \* \*.

But the fact is, the name of the man for the Abbey  
Isn't mentioned through modesty. Well? Yes it's \* \* \*.

ORIGIN OF A TITLE.—It was a condition attached to the earldom of DE LA WARR, that the heir to the title should marry as early (and in as lordly a style) as possible, so that, gay and butterflyish as he might be, he should not elope. Hence the second title "Can't elupe," "Elope," in ancient English, having been spelt that way.

QUERY.—MR. RHODES is on his way back "to meet his detractors." Is "detractors" a misprint for "directors"?

THE PUGILIST TO HIS ANTAGONIST.

(Suggested by a couple of verses in the P. M. G., January 17.)

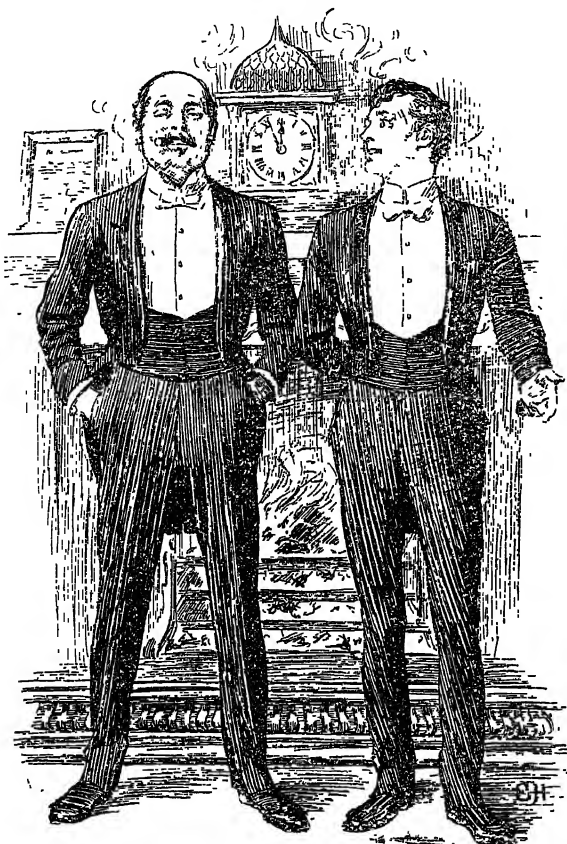
HIT again and strike me, BILL,—hit me on the nose ;  
Think not of a rib to break, think but of the art ;  
Let me see quite clear again, do not let us close :  
Come, let me get near to you, then the pair they'll part.  
Bung'd up is one peeper, seeing not the light of day,  
And from out the other one a blurring moisture drips ;  
We have but to fill the time until we share the pay.  
Come again and hit me, do, hit me on the lips.

WORK MUCH APPRECIATED AT WHITSTABLE AND COLCHESTER.—  
*The Return of the Native*—into popular favour.

**MOST APPROPRIATE ARRANGEMENT** (*as advertised*).—"Season of *Matinées*, Daly's Theatre, Daily."

SUBJECT FOR A GRAND HISTORICAL PAINTING.—Mother COLUMBIA and her ugly ducklings.

SWEET STUFF IN SILK FOR SOUTHAMPTON ELECTORS. — Mr. CANDY, Q.C.



## BEYOND PRAISE.

*Roscius.* "BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WORD OF PRAISE FOR ANY ONE. I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO YOU WOULD CONSIDER A FINISHED WRITER?"

*Criticus.* "A DEAD ONE, MY BOY—A DEAD ONE!"

## CHANNEL CHIT CHAT.

(That should be Overheard at Guildhall.)

"What an opportunity for the City Companies to present an ironclad or two fast cruisers to the Navy!"—*Fall Mail Gazette.*

THE *Cinderella*, with Admiral Master Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S pennant flying, is worthy of the best traditions of the Loriners.

The Mercers are keeping up their reputation as Merchant Adventurers with the assistance of that excellent torpedo-boat catcher, *Thomas of Acorn*, under the command of the LORD MAYOR.

The Drapers insist (in a spirit of drollery) that their fast schooner, the *Gun Cotton*, is thimble-rigged. No doubt Mr. Alderman GREEN will make an excellent navigating lieutenant.

It showed much public spirit on the part of the Fishmongers to launch those gunboats, the *Sole*, *Plaice*, *Salmon*, *Skate*, *Mackerel*, and *Turbot*, officered from their own members of the livery.

The Goldsmiths have certainly produced a magnificent battle-ship in the shape of the *City Sovereign*. Mr. Alderman DAVIS will make the best of captains.

The Skinners have named their despatch-boat most appropriately the *Eel*. It will be ready for sea when Mr. Alderman FAUDEL PHILLIPS comes on board.

The Merchant Taylors are calling the armed cruiser they are busy building, the *Coat of Mail*.

The Haberdashers have done good service by placing their harbour-defence ship, the *Chest Protector*, at Portsmouth.

And yet this sort of thing was done two hundred and thirty years ago!

Quite so. What was thought expedient in 1665, is no less necessary in 1896.

To be sure! And after all, it is acting with common sense. The City Fleet will preserve the City commeroes. Trade follows the flag, so the protection of the flag is simply a matter of business. By increasing the Navy, the City merely enlarges its powers of insurance. So three cheers for the Corporation's Armada!

## LORD LEIGHTON,

*The President of the Royal Academy, died January 25, 1896, in his 66th year. His last words were, "My love to the Academy!"*

A LIFE of high Art-love and lofty aims,  
Crowned both with fortune's laurel and with fame's,  
Passes, for love too soon.

Yet honour-crowded moments make true life,  
Not empty length of years, ignoble strife,  
Or Mammon's sordid boon.

Lately ennobled, and now lost! 'Tis sad!  
Yet the far dream of the ambitious lad,

In the accomplished man,—  
Artist and scholar, orator refined,  
Chivalrous courtier, graced in mould and mind,  
True *Crickton* of Art's clan,—

Was well fulfilled. To classic beauty vowed,  
He stooped not to the market. Art is proud

Of him whose latest breath  
Spake love for her, at dying pain's sharp cost.  
Love she returns, knowing what she hath lost  
By FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S death.

## "LE SPORT" IN THE BASSES PYRÉNÉES.

DETERMINED on having day with hounds. Went to *manège*. Hired animal that had once been a horse. It belonged, I should say, to era of first NAPOLEON, when it might have done duty as charger during Peninsular War. Proprietor described it as "a seasoned horse." It struck me as "a many-seasoned horse." Climbed up. Seated myself on back of this splendid ruin. Proceeded to the meet. Arrived. Felt myself elevated and statuesque. Find we are to hunt strong dead berring instead of crafty, lively fox. Have to wait some time, as Whipper-in assures me that *beaucoup de monde* are expected. *Beaucoup de monde* don't come. At length we move off. Hounds are laid on (sounds like the gas or the water, this, but sporting, nevertheless) in a small paddock, where *paysan propriétaire*, accompanied by a half-bred sheep-dog, is prepared to receive cavalry. Noticing, however, that he is armed with a two-pronged fork, we do not wait to exchange felicitations. Note.—The Basques, although a happy and contented, are not a sporting race.

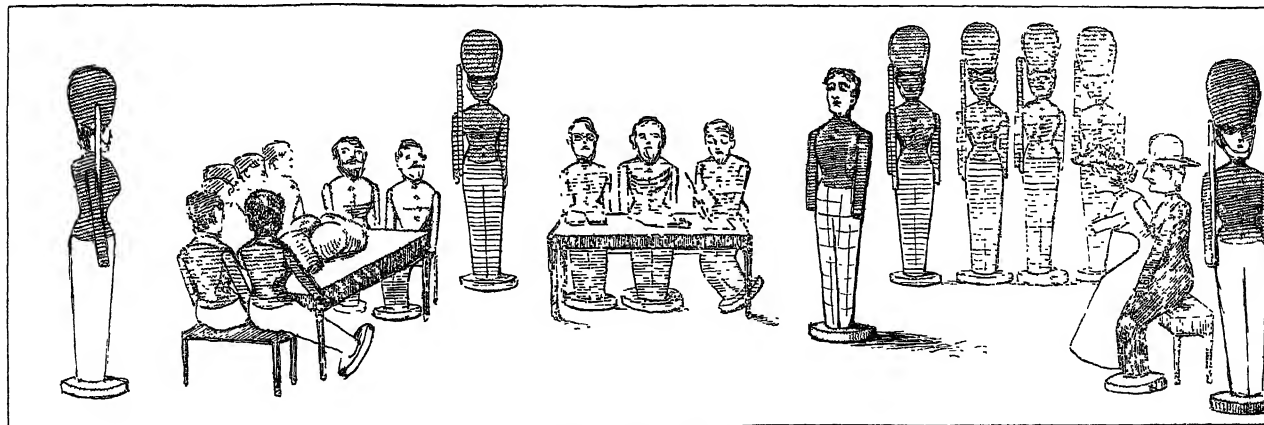


We speed across paddock, scrambling over formidable stone wall, nearly eighteen inches high, into a lane. Up this we gallop at head-long pace. Farther progress blocked by good *paysans*, who, in their earnest desire to stop hunting, have dragged, from a cottage hard by, a bedstead, two chairs, and a table: these, supplemented by wire rope and donkey-cart, form barricade across lane. We swerve aside and ride on recklessly; like Lürzow's wild jäger, "a hunting we go" (without music), across a country of ravine, common, and cabbage-stalks, until my own career is ruthlessly cut short through the heirloom I am bestriding falling over a fence into a melon-frame.

*M. le propriétaire* emerges from cottage. He says things. Seems quite excited, and doesn't appear to care for *le sport*. He works himself up into such a state of loquacity that he executes a sort of savage dance, during which he heedlessly approaches the south-western corner of my *cheval de chasse*. Animal gives casual glance round, and I note an expression in his starboard eye which bodes ill to somebody. I essay to warn *M. le propriétaire* in my very best French. He ignores my best French, and employs the worst possible French, directed towards me. In his wrath he inadvertently draws quite near the dangerous corner of prehistoric steed. For once the expected happens. Expected by me, unexpected by him. The Expected Unexpected takes the form of a double-barrelled-extra-high-pressure drive from both heels of prehistoric quadruped accurately directed at the nearest available spot on the body of *M. le propriétaire*. A crash! Not of bones but glass. Mister the proprietor has gone backwards into one of his own melon-frames. Here he sits in the shape of a "Y" his head out one side and his legs upwards on the other, as helpless as a Punch-doll doubled up in his box. Finding myself, fortunately, still in the saddle, I urge the prehistoric to greater efforts: in a few minutes, at all events long before Mister the proprietor has extricated himself from his "glass with care," we are on the high road. . . . Safely returned to stable. Say, patronisingly, "*Pas mal ce cheval*" (which has a touch of poetry in it), and am discreetly silent as to the incident of Mister the proprietor and the melon-frame. The next day I quit the locality, omitting to leave my address. Like the wily Reynard, I am "Gone away!"

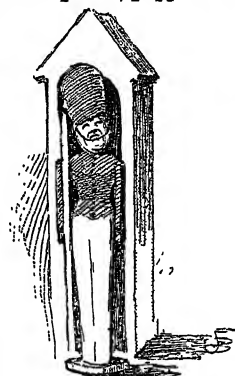


## ADELPHI ADOLLIFIED.



Court-martial trying the Dollinquent.

TOOK DOLLY to see *One of the Best*. When I do take her to the theatre I always choose one of the best. But this at the Adelphi is One of the Best *par excellence*, or rather *par Masters* SEYMOUR HICKS and GEORGEY EDWARDES. "Bravo 'ICKS!" which, as I learn from theatrical tradition, was the form of approbation bestowed on a certain melodramatic actor: "which," as *Mrs. Gamp* might say, "coupled with the name of EDWARDES, I drinks with love and tenderness." Messieurs GATTI are fortunate in having obtained so telling a show for their puppets just at this moment, and have shown themselves genuine diplomatists in securing an "armed piece." As a military drama, it is of uniform excellence throughout: artistically constructed; on old lines, and there are none better. It has a court-martial scene that recalls the famous naval one in *Black-eyed Susan* (which, by the way, was itself taken from a military French piece), followed by a most painfully realistic and intensely effective scene of an officer's degradation never before, as I believe, seen on the English stage. The play, with its marches, drills, counter-marches, drummers, fencers, colonels, and so forth, has been "produced," says the playbill, "under the stage direction



Toy Soldier; or, the Present Sentry.

of Mr. FRED G. LATHAM," who has shown such proficiency in soldiering, that, should war break out, the Government will not hesitate to appoint him General Commander-in-Chief "under the personal supervision of the authors," who will represent the War Office. So much for the show and the showmen, and now for the puppets; the Adelphi Dolls.

My DOLLY was delighted with Mr. TERRISS, quite "No. 1 Adelphi Terriss."

A type of the manly, bluff soldier or sailor, who would scorn to commit any action that was not the purest, the noblest, and the best! In this piece he has something to do, a lot to think, plenty to express facially, and not so very much to say. *Functa non verba* is puppet TERRISS's motto as *Dudley Keppel*.

Then, as to the villain puppet, *Philip Ellsworth*, "owner of Market Witton Saw Mills,"—which business being "up" one day and "down" the next, may be termed "the See-saw Mills,"—certainly, if Mr. TERRISS is "one of the best," then is Mr. ABINGDON "one of the worst." At his best when at his worst. Once a villain, always a villain. Why is it that, once accepted by the public as the representative bad man of the deepest dye, neither Mr. ABINGDON, nor anyone else with the professional curse upon him, can ever again hope to appear with success as the virtuous and self-sacrificing lover, or the benevolent friend? As salaried villain he is worth, professionally, untold gold; as a virtuous person, peasant or gentleman, a manager would risk much who accepted his

services given gratuitously. That Mr. ABINGDON, as the wicked puppet of the show, is first-rate goes without saying.

As for his companion in crime, the puppet entitled *M. Jules de Gruchy* ("Jules" was safe when the collaborators, in godfathering a French puppet, had to decide "what the deuce they should call him?") is again "one of the best" Frenchmen, after Mons. MARIUS, ever seen on the English stage. His is a very perfect performance; and the part, small but important, stands out in bold relief.

All the toy soldiers are also "of the best," nay, "of the very best." The country is safe so long as Lieut.-General CHARLES FULTON, Sir ARCHIBALD SASS, K.C.B., A.D.C. (was he an "A.D.C." at Cambridge? if so, the Amateur Dramatic Club has to be congratulated on its training), and President CARTER, of the court-martial, with the other distinguished (but nameless) officers, are in command.

Another "of the best" is the doll styled *Jason Jupp*, the gay and grumpy old villager, a "bit of character" for which the make-up and acting of Mr. ARTHUR FORDE will be memorable.

As the wicked heroine, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON acts this *Countess Zicka*-like part in a manner that foreshadows the career of a PATRICK CAMPBELL. Miss EDITH OSTLER has only to look prettily interesting, and to act sympathetically, which she does as "one of the best." "Did you never hear of KATE KEARNEY?" She plays the Irish Landlady, also as "one of the best."

Finally, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS as *Private Jupp*,

with his sweet-

heart Miss VANE FEATHERSTON as *Kitty Spencer*, are between them the life and soul of the piece. As the Cockney soldier of "The 26th Highlanders," HARRY NICHOLLS is "kilt entirely" but quite unconquered. He takes the Scotch cake. Rarely, except when he was in an office as a lawyer's clerk (in a Drury Lane melodrama) always wanting to go out to lunch, have I seen him more thoroughly amusing than as *Private Jupp*. His humour is so quiet: he is *Private*—and confidential. He has only to glance slyly at the audience to set them in a roar. A genuine comedian in the truest and best sense. Yes, there are very few parts in the wide range of light and low comedy, and burlesque, that he could not play to perfection. With a good dramatic story and HARRY NICHOLLS for the relief, dramatists and manager may rest contented.

CAVE URSUM!—According to latest intelligence from St. Petersburg the bloated Turkey is likely to be boiled down into Bear's Greece.



The Not Dudley Blow.



Dudley and Dolly.



### THE COMPACT.

*Mephistopheles ("à la Russe").*

"BUT MAKE  
THE COMPACT, AND AT ONCE I'LL UNDERTAKE  
TO CHARM YOU WITH MINE ARTS . . .  
BUT ONE THING!—ACCIDENTS MAY HAPPEN, HENCE  
A LINE OR TWO IN WRITING GRANT I PRAY."

*Faust ("à la Turque").* 'A WRITING, PEDANT, DOST DEMAND  
FROM ME?

A FORMAL DEED, WITH SEAL AND SIGNATURE!  
IS'T NOT ENOUGH THAT BY MY WORD ALONE  
I PLEDGE MY INTEREST!"—*Goethe's Faust.*

"It should be clearly understood that no written compact as yet exists between Russia and Turkey. . . . The SULTAN . . . said that between such friends as himself and the Tsar written engagements were superfluous."—"Our Own Correspondent," "Times," January 31.



## WELL WORTH IT, TOO!

Nervous M. F. H. (to his Huntsman). "SEND HIM AT IT, GOSLING! THERE'S A SOV. FOR YOU IF THE TOP BAR GOES!"

## NELSON EAST OF TEMPLE BAR.

(A Page from the Diary of a Future Lord Mayor.)

*Monday.*—Yesterday's rumour justified. War is proclaimed. Put off all business of a civilian character to a more convenient opportunity. Pasted placard on the Mansion House, giving news to the public, and desired the immediate presence of the City Marshal. That worthy official answered my inquiries with "ready, aye ready." Accompanied by the Sheriffs, took command (at Dover), of the City Fleet. So much occupied that I have scarcely time to make this entry.

*Tuesday.*—Very well satisfied with the Squadron. My battle-ship, *The Snapping Turtle*, with my pennant flying, heads the flotilla. My gallant secretary acts as navigating-lieutenant. The City Marshal controls the marines. The Sheriffs are responsible for their respective commands. They are signalling to one another from the decks of their respective ironclads, *The Gog* and *The Magog*. The Aldermen who have passed the chair are the captains of the first division; those who have not are the chief officers of the second. The Recorder (assisted by the Common Serjeant) is most useful in his despatch boat, *The C. C. C.*, in acting as a police patrol. Not that his services are really required, as the patriotism of the Livermen prevents an attempt at desertion. Spent the entire day in getting things ship-shape. From what I see I believe I shall be able to give a good account of the enemy—when I meet him. No more time for writing.

*Wednesday.*—Held a council of war in *The Snapping Turtle*. Present the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, the City Chamberlain, the City Marshal, the Common Crier, and the Sword Bearer. Made a little speech, which was received with enthusiasm. Congratulated the Corporation on taking the hint of the public Press in fitting out and officering a City Fleet. No doubt other orations would have followed had not proceedings been interrupted by the report (a false one) that the enemy was in sight. Beat to quarters. Every man in his place. The Common Councillors (in their mazarine gowns) at the guns. Every ship had a company beadle acting as boatswain. Manœuvred for some time.

Then, pursued by a gale, took refuge in the Downs. In consequence of the stormy weather, banquet proposed at the morning's council of war postponed indefinitely. Have to drop my pen to take command of the midnight watch.

*Thursday.*—Spent the day in torpedo practise. Converted river steamboats very sure, if rather slow. The adapted City barges make excellent floating batteries. Surprised to find they carry their eight-inch armour so easily. City Marshal most usefully employed in training his new cavalry, the Mounted Marines. The Common Crier has very properly exchanged his mace for a revolver,—an example that has been followed (so far as the circumstances of the case admitted) by the Sword Bearer. Everyone in good spirits. General engagement expected to-morrow. No more leisure for scribbling.

*Friday.*—Glorious victory! Met the enemy off Herne Bay. Evidently the foe were attempting to obtain possession of the Reculvers. My flagship, *The Snapping Turtle*, rammed ironclad commanded by the enemy's admiral—I fancy his vessel was called *The Bumpious*—most successfully. Both *The Gog* and *The Magog* distinguished themselves. The Mounted Marines (under the City Marshal) carried out one of the most dashing cavalry charges on record, jumping from ship to ship with perfectly marvellous agility. The Town Clerk most useful in his torpedo-boat destroyer. The gallant *C. C. C.* (with the Recorder on board) saved lives of drowning opponents. As the enemy used common powder—instead of our smokeless variety—could see very little of the course of events. However, am satisfied that I am right in describing the day's doings as a triumph!

*Saturday.*—Quite right! We did win! Only time to record that my signal, "England has not expected in vain the City of London to do its duty," was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—A cyclist stopping beside Sir HENRY MEUX's Temple Bar at Theobalds, in the hope of getting a pint of ale.

AN ACTOR WHO BRINGS THE WATER MEADOWS OVER THE FOOT-LIGHTS.—Mr. BROOKFIELD.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

## No. IV.

*Containing Mr. Jabberjee's Impressions at The Old Masters.*

I HAVE the honour to report that the phantom of delight has recently recommenced to dance before me. Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW, the perfumed, moony-faced daughter of the gracious and eagle-eyed goddess who presides over the select boarding establishment in which I am resident member, has of late emerged from the shell of superciliousness, and brought the beaming eye of encouragement to bear upon my diffidence and humility. This I partly attribute to general impression—which I do not condescend to deny—that, at home, I occupy the social status of a Rajah, or some analogous kind of big native pot.

So, on a recent Saturday afternoon, she invited me to escort her and a similar young virginal lady friend, by name Miss PRISCILLA PRIMMETT, to Burlington House, Piccadilly, and, as *Prince Hamlet* appositely remarks, "Look here upon this picture and on this." Which I joyfully accepted, being head-over-heels in love with Art, and the possessor of two magnificent coloured photo-lithographs, representing a steeplechase in the act of jumping a trench, and a water-nymph in the very *décolleté* undress of "*puris naturalibus*," weltering on a rushy bed.

We proceeded thither upon the giddy summit of a Royal Oak omnibus, and on arriving in the vestibulum, were peremptorily commanded to undergo total abstinence from our umbrellas.

Being accompanied by the span-new silken affair with the golden head, which, as I have narrated *supra*, I was so lucky to obtain promiscuously after witnessing the Adelphi of the Westminster college boys, I naturally protested vehemently against such arbitrary and tyrannical regulations, urging the risk of my unprotected umbrella being feloniously abducted during unavoidable absence by some unprincipled and illegitimate claimant.

But, alack! I was confronted with the official ultimatum and *sine quâ non*, and have subsequently learnt that the cause of this self-denying ordinance is due to the uncontrollable enthusiasm of British Public for works of art, which leads them to signify approbation by puncturing innumerable orifices by dint of sticks or umbrellas in the process of pointing out tit-bits of painting, and on account of the detrimental influence on the marketable value of pictures thus distinguished by the plerophory of the *Vox Populi*.

Nevertheless, my heart was oppressed with many misgivings at having to hand over three hostage umbrellas—one being masculine and two feminine gender—and receiving nothing in exchange but a wooden medallion of no intrinsic worth, bearing the utterly disproportionate number of over one thousand! Next, after, at Miss JESSIMINA's bidding, having purchased a sixpenny index, we ascended the staircase, and on shelling out three shillings cash payment, were consecutively squeezed through a restricted wicket as if needles going through the eye of a camel.

I will vouchsafe to aver that my interior sensations on penetrating the first gallery were those of acute and indignant disappointment, for will it be credited that a working majority of the exhibits were second, or even third and fourth-hand mechanisms of an unparagoned dingitude, and fit only for the lumbering room?

Perhaps I shall be told that this wintry exhibition is a mere stopgap and makeshift, until a fresh supply of bright new paintings can be procured, and that it is *ultra vires* to obtain such for love or money before the merry month of May. Still I must persist in denouncing the penny wisdom and pound foolery of the Academicals in foisting off upon the public such ancient and fish-like articles that have long ceased to be *bon ton* and in the fashion, since it is undeniable that many are over fifty years, and some several centuries behind the times!

It is to be hoped that these parsimonious Masters will soon recognise that it is not possible for modern up-to-date Art to be florescent under this retrograde and fossilized system, and be warned that such untradesmanlike goings-on will deservedly forfeit the confidence and patronage of their most fastidious customers.

Miss JESSIMINA remarked more than once that such and such a picture was not in *her* taste and she would never have chosen it personally, while Miss PRIMMETT declared that she would not have had her likeness taken by Hon'ble Sir JOSH GAINSBORO, or Masters VELASKY and VANDICK, not even if they implored her on their bended marrowbones, and that, as for a certain individual effeminately named ETTY, it was a wonderment to her how respectable people could stand in front of such brazen performances! These remarks are trivial, perhaps, but even straws will serve as cocks of the weather on occasions, and, moreover, I shall certify that the most general tone was of a critical and disapproving severity, and it was quite evident that the greater portion of the spectators could have done the job better themselves.



"Miss Jessimina Mankletow."

A certain Mister TURNER came in for the BENJAMIN's mess of obloquy, having represented Pluto, the god of wealth, in the act of carrying off a female Proserpine, but the figures so Lilliputian, and in such a disproportionate expansion of confused sceneries, that the elopement produced but a very paltry impression. The slipshod carelessness of this painter may be realised from the fact that in a composition styled "*Blue Lights to Warn Steamboats off Shoal Water*," the blue lights are conspicuous by their total absence, and the mistiness of the atmospheric conditions renders it difficult to distinguish either the steamers or the shoals with even tolerable accuracy!

In the ulterior room were sundry productions from Umbrian and Milanese and other schools, such being presumptively the teaching establishments over which Hon'ble REYNOLDS and TURNER and GREUZE and Co. predominated as Old Masters. But surely it is unfair, and like seething a kid in the maternal nutriment, to class such crude and hobbardyhoy performances with works by more senile hands!

Here I observed a painting to illustrate scenes in the life of an important celebrity, who was childishly represented many times over having separate adventures in the space of a few square feet, and of a Brobdingnagian bulkiness compared to his perspective surroundings. Had this been the work of an Indian artist, native gentlemen out there would simply have smiled pitifully at such ignorance, and given him the gentle admonishment that he was only to make a fool of himself for his pains. There was also a picture of a Diptych, in two portions, with a

background of gilt, but the figure of the Diptych himself very poorly represented as an anatomy.

Where all is so so-so, and below par, it is perhaps invidious to single out any for hon'ble mention; but loyalty as a British subject obliges me to speak favourably of a concern lent by Her Majesty the QUEEN, and representing a bombastical youth engaged in a snip-snap with a meek and inoffensive schoolfellow, who supports himself on one leg, and is occupied in sheltering his nose behind his arm, until his widowed and aged mother can arrive to rescue her beloved offspring from his grave crisis.

This at least can be commended as being true to nature, as I can attest from personal experience of similar boyish loggerheads, although, owing to preserving my *sang froid*, I was generally able to remove myself with phenomenal rapidity from vicinity of shocking kicks by my truculent assailant.

Also a subject, by late Hon'ble REYNOLDS, of a student who, as Miss JESSIMINA informed me, *visâ voce*, from the guide-book, was "supposed to be a portrait of Master BROWN." I will not allege that it is as like as two peas to the Mister BROWN of Westbourne Grove, of whom I have lately commanded a pair of patent leathers, but, *non constat* that it may not be a correct representation of him in his *statu pupillari* period, so I will bestow upon it the benefit of a doubt.



Let me not omit to mention a painting of "*Polichinelle*" by a Gallic artist, which Miss PRIMMETT said was the French equivalent to *Punch*. At which, speaking loudly for instruction of bystanders, I assured them, as one familiarly connected with Hon'ble *Punch*, who regarded me as a son, such a portrait was the very antipode to his majestic lineaments, nor was it reasonable to suppose that he would allow his counterfeit presentment to be depicted in the undignified garb of a buffoon!

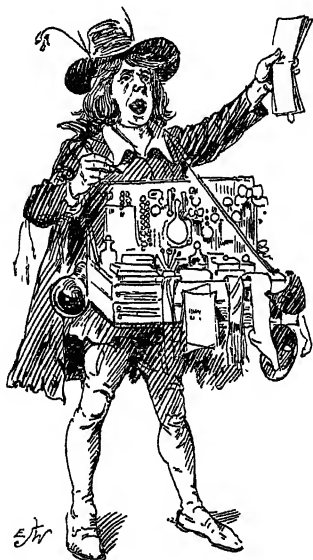
I trust that I may be gratefully remembered by my Liege Lord, and that he will be gracious enough to entertain me favourably with something in the shape of prize or bonus in reward for such open testimony as the above.

I have only to add that the custodian preserved the inviolability of our umbrellas with honorable fidelity, and that we moistened the drooping clay of our internal tenements at an Aërated Tea Company with a profusion of confectionaries, for which my fair friends with amiable blandness permitted me the privilege of forking out.

## THE WARES OF TAUTOLOGUS.

### "BREAKFAST AT A COFFEE-STALL."

SAITH Sir John Falstaff—robustious, corpulent eques—to Prince Hal, "O, thou hast damnable iteration!" and the *Post Meridiem Gazette's* numberless perusers turning to the wares of their faithful, humble TAUTOLOGUS, doubtless exclaim, "O, thou hast delectable iteration!" For hath he not



described countless times in constantly varying style How the crocus in early spring bursteth through *terra firma*, How doves circle about St. Paul's dome and strut in the cathedral yard, How the crossing-sweeper sweepeth, How the wealthy dine, lunch, sup—*et hoc genus omne*? And shall he not make friends acquainted with his methods of preparing these feasts *literarum*—Sardanapalian word banquets? Verily yea. Know then that TAUTOLOGUS hath little sack full of assorted epithets, quotations—not too hackneyed—from classics, slightest sprinkling, or *minimum* quantity, of definite article, plentiful supply of dashes, brackets, commas (inverted), notes of interrogation and eke exclamation. Stirring up these main ingredients he produceth essay not, he hopeth, unworthy his Elian predecessor.

Nor is TAUTOLOGUS altogether unassisted in his labours at the sign of "The Wares." Mrs. T. discourseth not seldom, with delicate fascinating touch of lettered feminine hand, upon world-absorbing topics such as "Chickens and Hens," "Geese and Foxes," "Ducks," "Socks," "Silk," and "Slippers." 'Tis no idle flattery to pronounce her effusions not second to those of your obedient, obsequious servant himself. Revert we now to title of present article, "Breakfast at a Coffee-Stall." O, thou Shrove-tide reveller! homewards wending upon Shanksian steed—the city, just ere rosy-fingered dawn (*ρόδοδακτύλος Έως*) makes first appearance, being cabless—despise not the unassuming vendor of irreproachable Mocha, comfortably enconced in *ben trovato* indentation of a house's wall, or in cleverly-chosen *cul-de-sac*. Stay rather to dissipate fumes of thy nocturnal debauch in steaming cup (*poculum*) filled from huge throbbing urn situated at the dexter extremity of immaculate linoleum-covered counter. Drink the comforting beverage as "piping-hot" (*pot bouillante*) as throat will bear. Then, if impaired digestion permit and TAUTOLOGUS's advice be followed, let the palate be tempted by dainty, insidious sardine, deftly served upon crisp, crackling square of toast. Neither, upon this exquisite *plat*, neglect to sprinkle purple, riquant powder—the product of distant Cayenne.

Now is apparent the full force of TALLEYRAND's truism—or BRILLAT SAVARIN's was it?—"L'appétit vient en mangeant." Order, therefore, *pomme Irlandaise*—the apple of Hibernia, the potato—roasted, and not divested of its jacket. Cut in halves and lubricate its mealy interior with judicious quantity of margarine, which the amiable caterer provideth upon application. *Shun*, with this dish, *sardine-suitable* Cayenne, flavouring instead with black pepper and a *soupoon* of salt only. Hunger's pangs appeased, a second copious draught of the coffee-berry's decoction may not be amiss. Day now dawneth, the horny-handed one hurrieth along

the street to diurnal duties, and thou—top-hatted, brazenly-belated scion of Society—art an incongruous object on the awakening townscape. Retire then, rapidly, to thy *domicilium*, not forgetting to purchase from the all-providing matutinal restaurateur—*fumi sacra fumes*!—a fragrant *Denarian* weed of genuine home-grown Havana. Bid him a courteous "*Vale*," and proceed, refreshed, upon thy way—now no longer tortuous nor encumbered by multiplicity of lamp-posts. Thou hast broken thy fast like a king—at a coffee-stall!

## ALFRED TO ALFRED.

(A very Up-to-date Song from the Shades.)

O ALFRED, ALFRED, ALFRED! Since you also bear my name, You *might* have more respected both my feelings and my fame; For copy-book moralities, piped forth as by a starling, Will not make England venerate the memory of her "Darling." I do not love that name, ALFRED; it does not match with mine; It savours of suburban "spoons," or rustic "Valentine." I'm told by those who know, ALFRED, when *bourgeois* sweethearts meet, They doat, like you, on "darling," dwell, like you, on "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!" [Park. Which may do for amorous Hampstead, or for Cockney Clapham Or for ANGELINA "walking-out" with EDWIN, her new spark; But for EDWY and EDGIVA, quite another sort of pair, [the air," (Though the latter's name "soared into space, and summered all As you credibly inform us,)—well, I don't wish to be harsh, But two Anglo-Saxon lovers, in a damp, "low-lying marsh," Hardly talked such twiddle-twaddle, when we had to fight the Dane, As a couple of canoodlers in a Cockney Lovers' Lane. There's a want of "local colour," my dear ALFRED, in your lay, For we did not war, or wanton, in your mild suburban way. There is too much sugar-candy in your handling of such themes, And your Muse—if I may say so—is too fond of chocolate-creams. You know I touched the harp myself, but, on your Laureate-lyre, You twiddle in a fashion which had roused grim GUTHRUM's ire. And Celt and Briton, Angle, Frisian, Saxon, Norseman too, Would have seized their "shrilling weapons," and at once have gone for you! I was quite a moral model, as king's go, I am aware; But I don't remember having such a go-to-meeting air As your virtuous "England's Yum-yum"—I mean "Darling"—seems to sport. And as to "forehead questioning the sky"—O, cut it short! I'd a "virile love of country," or at least I hope I had, But thrasonic gush about it would have made me feel quite mad. In dear old "foam-fenced England" I should feel myself at home, But not among the Jingoos who are also given to "foam,"—Foam at the mouth, my ALFRED, like mad dogs and men in fits. There be "patriots" and "poets," my dear ALFRED, wits and cits, Who the muzzle and strait-jacket seem, at seasons, to require. "ALFRED shall have this England"—as a theme for his new lyre; It seems rather hard on England, so the earlier ALFRED thinks, An idea from which my "practical imagination" shrinks. Still, I wouldn't mind so much if ALFRED limited his odes To poems upon JAMESON, and dithyrambs on RHODES. But it sets the shades a-sniggering and old Cerberus a-snarling To think of Saxon ALFRED being shrined in—*England's Darling*!!!

## RURALITIES.

SIR,—I am sure you will be glad to hear how unusually mild the season is with us in the country. As a proof of the fact, the following may be of interest. The other day Mr. SIDESPLITTER, a local gentleman, was accused by a lady friend of having cut her in the street. He replied—"It was such a little cut, that it might almost be called a *cutlet*!" Can you imagine anything milder than that?

A RESIDENT AT SPARKLINGTON.

SIR,—Our venerated old clergyman met my boy TEDDY (aged six) yesterday, and asked him when he was going to school, and if he was going to be a boarder. TEDDY promptly retorted that "he didn't intend to go to a board school." This is another instance of how extremely forward we are in the country this season!

PROUD PATER.

SIR,—The precocity of the vegetation for the time of year is truly remarkable. A lad of mine has just come in from the garden, and tells me he found a rose out! I have not seen it myself, but the boy is incapable of an untruth, and I think the unparalleled event (for January) deserves a notice in your columns.

DARWIN CUVIER JONES.

P.S.—I find it was the watering-pot rose that the lad found. Still the fact remains that the watering-pot itself was out at a period of the year earlier than I ever remember.





THE NEW FOOTMAN.

"OH, MUMMY! ISN'T JOHN A DARLING!"

## "NAVAL ESTIMATES."

"We must be prepared. We must never lose the supremacy of the sea... it is vital to our very existence... I do not think I shall be divulging Cabinet secrets if I tell you that the Government are not going to slacken exertion, and that large as this year's Naval Estimates have been, next year you will see further increase."

*Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Leeds.*

*John Bull loquutur:—*

ALL right, Sir MICHAEL! Fire away!  
Be sure you will not find me grudging.  
To my last penny I will pay  
For safety. But no Jingo fudging!  
No wanton waste in headlong haste!  
No upward rush like a mad rocket!  
Pocket comes second, to my taste,  
But there *are* limits e'en to pocket.

Like CÆSAR to the pilot, I  
Say, "Forward, and fear nought! Thou  
carriest

Great CÆSAR and his fortune!" Why,  
The storm may swell e'en whilst thou tar-  
riest.

My fleet's my fortune, well I know,  
And though strong foes the seas should  
To my Brundisium\* I must go, [cover,  
Though storm-winds howl and storm-clouds  
hover.

And winds and clouds, I must admit,  
Seem beating up as though for battle.  
In insular confidence to sit  
Till hurricanes roar and thunders rattle

\* "Though the sea was covered with the enemy's  
fleets, he resolved to embark in a vessel of twelve  
oars, without acquainting any person with his  
intention, and sail to Brundisium."

*PLUTARCH'S Life of Cæsar.*

Were foolish, fate-inviting, mad.  
You're right, my boy, I *must* be ready.  
But—song another refrain had  
In good old days,—“Steady, boys, steady!”

Steady's the word! 'Twere too absurd  
For BULL to show mere boyish flurry.  
I fancy he's too old a bird  
To fall a prey to hurry-scurry.  
The Eagles, with one head or two,  
Like roosters scared may crow and cackle;  
But 'tisn't loud hullabaloo  
That is the toughest thing to tackle.

It isn't crying—“Shoo!” or “Whu-ush!”  
Like an old *Durden* to her *Parllets*,  
Will scare my chicks to a mad rush.  
Not DAVISES nor ASHMEAD-BARTLETTS  
Will rule the roost this side or that.  
Kaisers and Dr. BURNSIDES bluster;  
But when I put my foot down flat  
It won't be frightened up by fluster.

Who hints the City Fathers *might*  
Prove patriot zeal, as in old centuries,  
By arming England for the fight  
With extra ironclads? The venture is  
Exceeding bold. But hoarded gold  
Is apt to hold mere sentiment gammon.  
I put my trust, now, as of old,  
Much more in Manhood than in Mammon.

Yet if 'twixt Wealth and Commonwealth,  
Such proof of patriot kinship proffers,  
'Twill be fair sign of England's health,  
And make us prouder of our offers.  
“Lay on, HICKS-BEACH!” our Jingoës cry,  
“Give GOSCHEN whatso'er he 'axes!”  
But patriots true but poor must sigh  
At prospect of yet heavier taxes.

Dives, who hath huge hoards at stake,  
Is most “Britannia-rule-the-wavy,”  
But will he prove his patriot make  
By—adding to his country's navy?  
What a wild cheer *that* volunteer  
From the whole Empire would elicit!!!  
Saint George! I *should* be proud to hear  
Of the first million down! *Where is it?*

## A SOMETHING OF A DIFFICULTY.

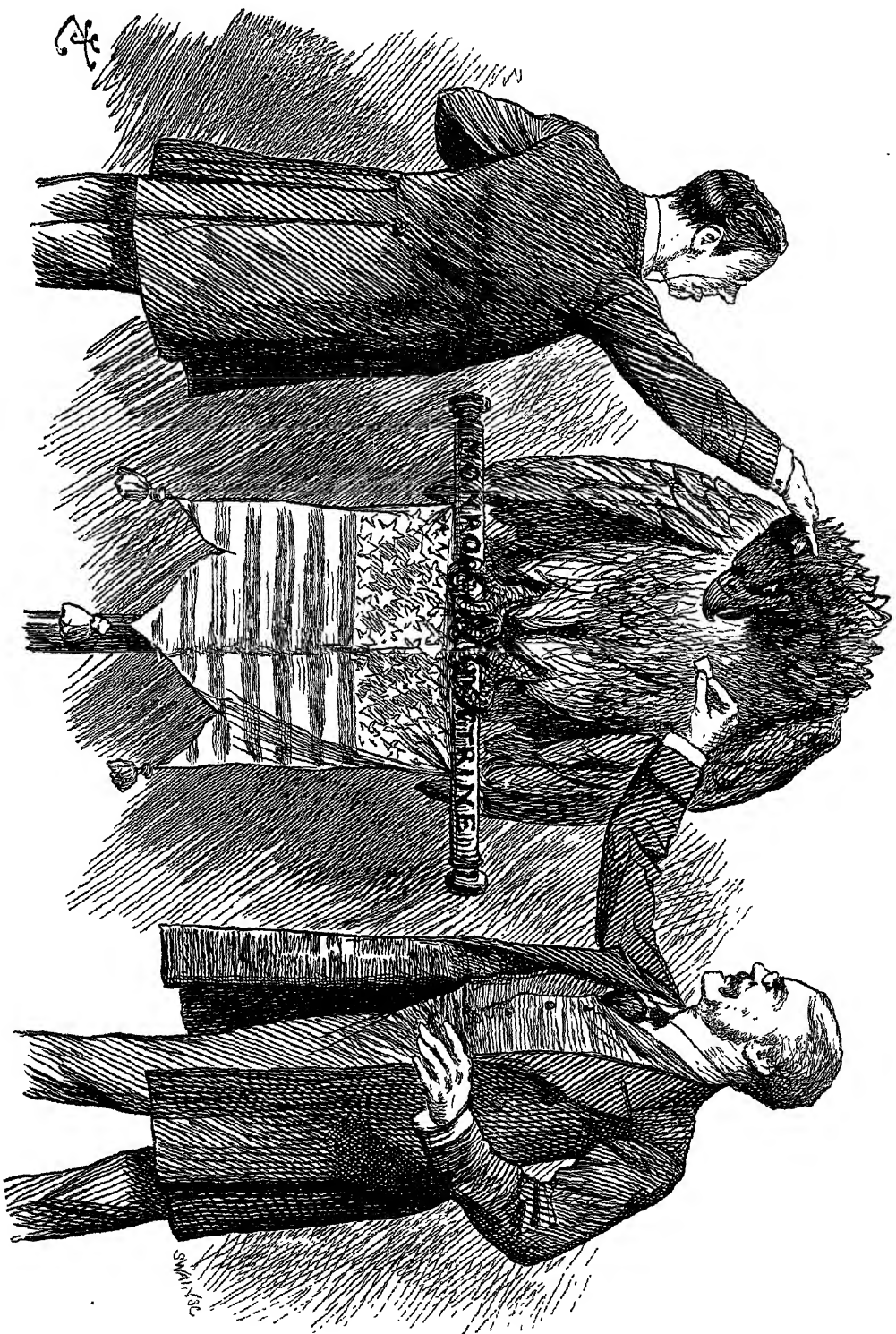
IN *Napoleon's Last Voyages*, published by FISHER UNWIN, JOHN WOLSELEY, serving on board the *Superb* when NAPOLEON surrendered, says, “On Sunday NAPOLEON came on board.” \* \* He is very short and very fat, and was, consequently, much tired with walking up and down the ladders.” Ahem! “Very short and very fat,” and yet our HENRY IRVING, who is tall and very lean, is, it is said, to appear as the Great NAPOLEON. Such an objection is not insuperable. If taken at all, it must equally apply to Sir HENRY IRVING's playing the part of *Hamlet*, who, on his own mother's showing, was a short, stout party (*vide Hamlet*, Act V., Sc. 2), who would soon get “bellows to mend” in a fight, or in any such exertion as is implied in “such a gettin' up stairs.” Sir HENRY, by his breadth of style, will have to reduce his own height to the Napoleonic inches. But, indeed, not so very long ago one of our clever artist-boys in *Mr. Punch's Annual* showed how the trick might be done.

LITERARY GOSSIP (from the “*Austineum*”).

—We understand that the author of *England's Darling* has in preparation two new volumes, which will shortly be published. Their titles will be *Scotland's Poppet* (ROBERT THE BRUCE), and *Ireland's Diddums* (BRIAN BORU).

MICHAEL AND HIS *FOUND ANGEL*.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his surplus.

A LAUREATE OF METRE.—The Gas Collector.



# “PRETTY DICK!”

“I should look forward with pleasure to the possibility of the Stars and Shipes and the Union Jack floating together in defence of a common cause sanctioned by humanity and by justice.”  
*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, January 25.*

“The time must come, when some one, some statesman of authority more fortunate than President MONROE, will lay down the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war is impossible.”  
*Mr. Butler at Manchester, January 16.*





He. "I SEE YOUR FRIEND, MRS. OVERTON, HAS WRITTEN A SOCIETY NOVEL."  
 She. "OH DEAR!—AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE WAS SUCH A NICE-MINDED WOMAN!"

GOING A DEGREE BETTER.—In the *Athenaeum* it was recently said that "The Oxford movement in favour of granting the B.A. degree to qualified women seems to have gained a new impetus" and the petition will, probably, be backed by the Vice-Chancellor, one of the Proctors, and other university lights and leaders. But how can ladies, married or unmarried, ever be "Bachelors"? Why not a new and special degree for them? We have Maids of Honour, Bride's-Maids, House-Maids, and so forth. Why not, for the unmarried, "L.M.," which will serve for "Learned (or Lovable) Maid." She will wear a becoming cap, showy gown, and a hood. If married, the letters L.M. will stand for "Learned Matron" with bonnet, gown, streamers and hood of another cut and colour, symbolising the distinction between Maidenhood and Wife-hood.

"HONEST MY LORD?"—Last Saturday the *Daily News* gave in its list of distinguished Parliamentarians staying at Cannes the name of "Lord BURGHELERE, long known as Mr. HERBERT GARDNER." What is the correct way of pronouncing this title? Is it "Bur-ghe-le-re" or "Burghe-le-re" or "Burghe-lère"? Take it how you will, can it be looked upon as a rise in life for a man who was once a worthy and honest Gardner to have become a Burg'lar, or to be connected in any way with Burg-la-ree?

"ALADDIN'S UNCLE, OR PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN AND HIS DISCOVERY."—Great song by the Herr Professor, "*New Lights for Old Ones*." "Ah!" sighs our Bilious Contributor; "if he could only for 'lights' substitute 'livers'! What a business he would do!"

### A SOMERSET VALENTINE.

I do reckon 'morrow be proper day,  
 Zo warr'nt I'll spell ee out a line,  
 An' poastman 'll gie 't ee soon as may  
 Come marnin'—'tes zart o' Valentine.  
 I've a zummat to tell ee, shart an' zwit,  
 An' might 've a-telled it ee long ago—  
 But there, like tartus as vair a-bit  
 Wold hare, I be tarr'ble sure an' slow.  
 Aye, sure an' slow, an' poor an' plain,  
 But tidden great volk do veel the mos';  
 An'—'morrow marnin' I'll be down lane  
 'Gin Varmer VELLACOTT's archard-close.

I beänt no scholard, as you do know,  
 I worn't a one vor books to school,  
 An' ha' n't donemuch to 't zince, like JOE—  
 He've a sight o' larnin' an' I be vol.  
 Hows'ever, las' ploughin' down to Ling's  
 (Do ee mind?) virst prizewer' a-judged to I—  
 Do zim there do be a power o' things  
 As books cänt do vor ee more 'n fly.  
 An' a heart, I count, 'tes better 'n brain—  
 I've a-loved ee zince I do mind a'mos'.  
 Zo come, dear, do ee—I'll bide down lane  
 'Gin Varmer VELLACOTT's archard-close.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WELLS'S *Wonderful Visit* would have been all the better for compression. We are delighted to welcome the strange visitor; but a visit may be prolonged till the caller becomes a nuisance. This particular District Visitor happens to be an angel—not exactly an angel of the Old or New Testament, the author is careful to tell us, so as to guard himself against any charge of irreverence, or of being classed among those who rush in where angels fear to tread; but an angel of a lower zone, an amiable kind of being, something between a boy and a bird, not unlike a Peri or an overgrown fairy.

The Vicar of the parish, who is a collector of strange specimens, wings him with his gun, brings him down, and take him home. So perhaps the story originated with the old Yankee joke about the sportsman who, hearing others lying about their wondrous shots, topped them all with—"Waal, guess one day I was out shooting, and I winged a cherub. We kept him hopping about the garden, and made quite a pet of him, until one day, when—" He paused. His hearers breathlessly inquired, "What happened?" "Waal, sorry to say, the cat eat him."

The "winged" angel becomes rather tedious, and at last, having won the affections of a housemaid, both disappear in smoke. And this is in brief the story of "the angel in the house"—not by COVENTRY PATMORE.

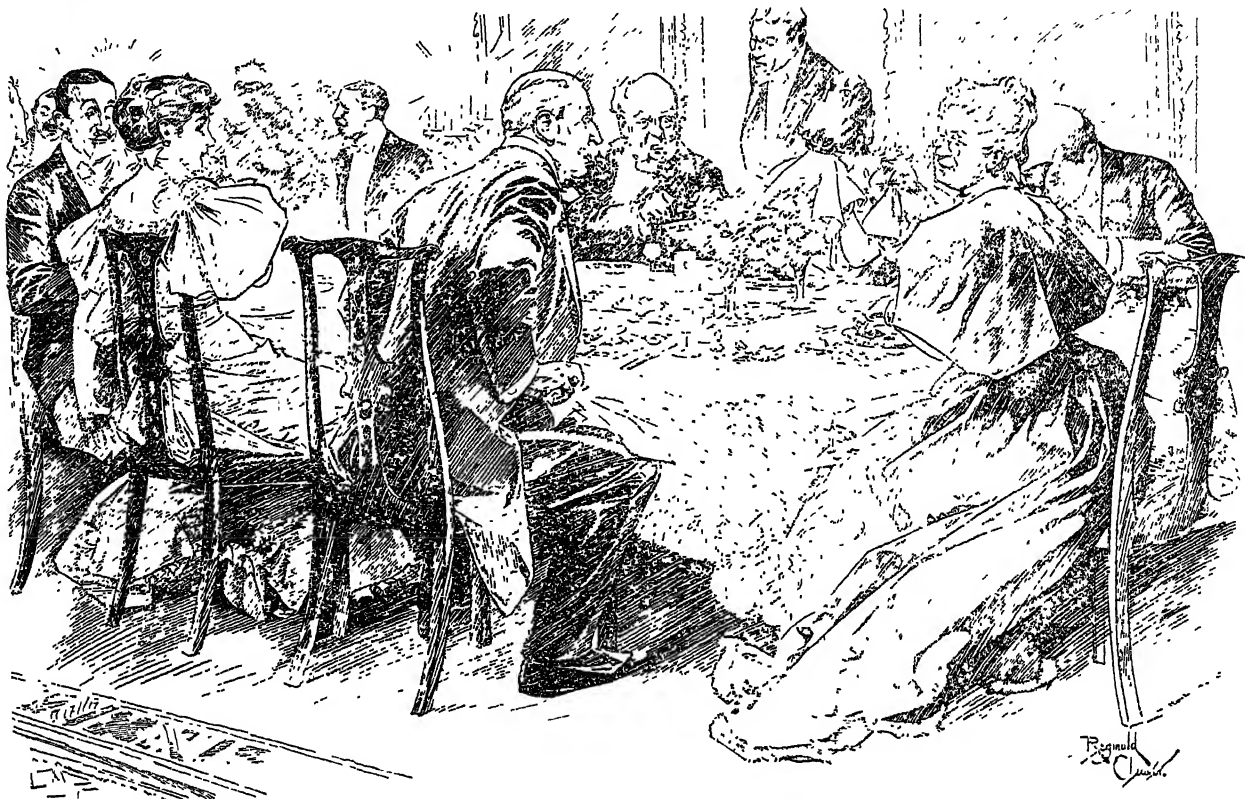
MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S *Comedies of Courtship* are excellent light reading. Several tales in a single volume. "Pick 'em where you like." All good, and recommended by THE BARON.

### AN ACCRA-WAITING SITUATION.

[Prince ATCHEREBOANDA, the claimant to the Golden Stool, is still at Accra.]

O PRINCE, whose name suggests a sneeze  
 Combined with some weird, gooselike wheeze,  
 Why claim that Golden Stool?  
 Would not a biscuit-box befit  
 Your dignity, or must you sit  
 On what supports no golden rule?  
 Dark ATCHEREBOANDA, stay!  
 Think on poor PREMPEH's wilful way,  
 And curb your proud ambition.  
 Or else you'll occupy some day  
 His stool of sad contrition!





Our Gallant Colonel. "YOUR DAUGHTERS, MY DEAR MRS. TYMPANUM, ARE LOOKING DELIGHTFUL TO-NIGHT—SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL!" Mrs Tympanum (rather hard of hearing, and very intent on a rotti of ducklings). "YES, AREN'T THEY! I'VE HAD THEM STUFFED WITH SAGE AND ONIONS!"

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ADMIRAL THUNDER.

NOT long ago I received a letter from my old friend Admiral THUNDER. That is not his real name, but it is the name by which he was universally known throughout the service while he was still on the active list, and it still clings to him in his retirement. Originally due to the old sea dog's inveterate habit of expressing himself in the strongest language whenever his anger or his interest was aroused, it has lost none of its applicability now that the Admiral no longer directs the movements of a squadron, or keeps his clear blue eye on the signs of the weather in mid ocean. Indeed, advancing years, far from mitigating the matchless ferocity of the Admiral's language, have, if anything, rather increased its force and copiousness. The causes that provoke the dear old sailor's outbursts are necessarily more trivial in the pleasant little Hampshire house where he is spending what he has, for six years at least, called the last few days of his life, than they were on board a battleship; but this makes no difference to the Admiral. I do not mean to say that the Admiral is a habitual or even a frequent swearer of oaths. Here and there one of these short, crisp little words, will pop out, but set as it is in one of the Admiral's flaming sentences, its appearance is as little noticed as would be the crack of a toy pistol in the midst of a tornado.

I SPOKE just now of the Admiral's advancing years. I must not be misunderstood. He is still well on the fair-weather side of seventy; his eye is undimmed, his step is elastic, his figure is erect, his noble chest is not yet shrunk from the broad expanse on which, in former days, a brilliant array of medals used to glitter, and his voice, though it merely shakes the rafters of his country home, or echoes through the woods, is not less resonant than when it used to strike obedience into his crew. His thick and stubborn hair is grey, but in his crisp beard the dark is still the ruling colour. He has seen much war-service from the day when, as one of PEEB's lion-hearts, he first heard a shot fired in anger in the Crimea, and won the admiration of all his comrades, not merely by his constant and cheerful performance of his regular duties, but by the almost unparalleled act of heroism by which he saved the life of a fellow-sailor, and earned for himself three severe wounds and the Victoria Cross. And his sea knowledge, his power of handling his ship under

the severest stress of weather, his masterly disposition of a fleet, were always of the kind that are exercised only by the few sailors who combine with a love of their profession and a mastery of all its details, undaunted courage, prompt resolution, and an instinctive grip of every situation in which they find themselves.

THE Admiral has never been married. He passed safely, if not entirely unscathed, from a youth which, if rumour may be trusted, had its gay and dashing complications, through a not unsusceptible middle age, and so into the bachelor bliss of his veteranship. He did, I believe, make one proposal of marriage, but his language in the excitement of this unusual moment was so violent that the lady, naturally of a timid disposition, having summoned up all the courage she could command, shuddered out a hasty "No," and fled in terror from the room. The Admiral looked upon the incident as a warning, and never repeated the experiment. But he bore no malice, and in time grew to treat the matter as one for joocular allusion, speaking of it as "perhaps the one occasion, Sir, in a long and stormy career, when a woman, yes, a woman, by the immortal Jingo, showed herself wiser, ten thousand everlasting million times wiser, than this old hulk here; may his one-horse-power engines burst into blue blazes if ever he gives another woman a chance." The decision was a wise one: the Admiral was not made for matrimony, and no doubt he was happier living, as he did, at Rodney Lodge, not far from the New Forest, under the care of his two admiring maiden sisters, than he would have been with a wife to check his outgoings and keep watch over his incomings.

SUCH, then, was and is Admiral THUNDER. His two sisters, "the girls," as he calls them, mere chits of sixty and sixty-two, keep house for him, admire him, recite his exploits, disregard his furious explosions, and coddle and cosset him to his heart's content whenever he is seized with one of those colds which, according to the Admiral, are the sure heralds of the galloping consumption that is eventually to bring him to his grave. For the Admiral is, if the truth must be told, inclined, like many vigorous and healthy men, to magnify the extent and the danger of his little ailments. From a passing twinge in his chest he has been known to infer a long-standing fatty degeneration of the heart; a red patch on his neck convinces him that blood poisoning, in an aggravated form, has set in at last; and a fall from his bicycle, for which simple natural



causes might be assigned, made it an article of faith with him for a whole week that his doom would come through creeping paralysis. All these dreadful threatenings, it must be said, do not much affect the Admiral's cheerful spirits. He is much more likely, in fact, to be rendered morose if anyone should dare to hint a doubt as to the necessarily fatal issue of his complaint. Yet the Admiral never calls in a doctor; he is attended to by the girls and by his faithful old body servant, a former A.B., who now makes himself useful about the house in a hundred little ways as only a sailor can. These three, between them, have brought the Admiral through every mortal illness known to medical science.

KNOWING my old friend's peculiarities I was not much alarmed, therefore, when I received from him a letter in which he informed me that what he had long expected had now come about, that phthisis in its most acute form had attacked him, that he had a racking, hacking cough calculated by its own unaided efforts to sweep away a whole ship's company, that death, which he did not in the least fear, had come within easy signalling distance, and that if I wanted to see him again alive I was to come as soon as possible. I concluded, as was indeed the case, that the Admiral had a bad cold, and that, being confined to the house, he would be glad of a slight change of companionship. So I packed my bag and shortly found myself at Rodney Lodge. The girls received me in the morning room. "We are glad you have come," said Miss ELSPETH, the elder, "for the Admiral has been so looking for you. We do not anticipate his immediate demise, but there is great danger, very great danger." "Shall I go to him at once?" I asked. "Perhaps that would be best," said Miss AGNES. "He is in his study; it is a warmer room than his bedroom, and being on the ground-floor we can more quickly and easily attend to his wants. But, I fear, you will find him sadly changed." As I approached the study I became conscious that, in voice at any rate, and in fury, the Admiral was still his old self. It was booming through the door and along the passage like a broadside from a three-decker. "May heaven forgive me," he was roaring, "if that is not the most astounding, immoral, and incomparable act of double-distilled folly that even you, abandoned worm as you are, have ever committed in the course of your misspent life. Why, you hoary, old Japanese mask, you, I told you not more than an hour ago—an hour? it wasn't half-an-hour by all the immortal powers—" At this point I entered the room. The Admiral, who was sitting in his armchair, a rug wrapped round his knees, a thick woollen comforter round his throat, and a cloth cap on his head, never paused for a moment in the torrent that he was pouring on the imperturbable head of his servant. "Here," he continued, "is a friend who will bear witness to what I say. This man, Sir, has the effrontery, I can call it nothing else, by gad, he has the unparalleled effrontery to bring me my white wine whey now, when he knows that I cannot by any possible concatenation of circumstances want it for another hour. Why, curse you, you're grinning." (Amos had, it must be admitted, winked at me.) "I'll break every—" But what the Admiral would have threatened must remain a subject for conjecture, for at this point a violent fit of sneezing came upon him, and when he recovered from it his anger had vanished like a summer cloud, and he not only greeted me warmly, but accepted a dry handkerchief from the hands of the attentive Amos and took his white wine whey without another murmur as to its premature appearance. He then assured me that his will was made, all his affairs were in order, death might be expected at any moment, and he hoped I should be able to stay for at least a week. Personally he would have preferred a month, but he couldn't expect that from me.

In two days he was as right as a trivet. On the third day he came up to town with me, gave me a first-rate dinner at his club, and visited *Trilby* afterwards. "By the Lord Harry, Sir," he said, as we came out, "I could hardly contain myself from springing on to the stage and throttling that greasy, dirty, swab-faced villain, *Svengali*. The man tainted the air, Sir, he poisoned it by his foul presence. May I be fed for ever on bilge-water if he oughtn't to have a thousand dozen." Here he stopped suddenly in his walk. "What's up, Admiral?" I asked. "A pain, Sir, a red-hot demon of pain in my leg. I know what it is. I have got hip-disease." I recommended oysters and stout as the best remedy applicable at the moment, and I have reason to believe that it was thoroughly successful, for I met the old fellow yesterday walking along Piccadilly at the rate of about five miles to the hour.

#### A Chevalieresque Conundrum.

*Coster Bill* (to 'Arriet). I si! When is your young man like a fish out of water?

'Arriet. Oh, g'long! Give 't up.

*Coster Bill*. Why, when 'e's a witin' round the corner.

[Short encounter, and exeunt severally.]



#### THIS TREACHEROUS WEATHER!

*Jones and Robinson are so muffled up they can't utter a sound, and have to make signs.*

*Jones*. "WILL YOU LUNCH WITH ME TO-DAY?"

*Robinson*. "AT WHAT O'CLOCK? TWO?"

*Jones*. "YES." *Robinson*. "ALL RIGHT." [Exeunt.]

#### "REMEMBER!"—A JACOBITE CAROL.

(Sung to a Well-known Air, January 30.)

REMEMBER, remember, each scatterbrain member  
Of Leagues for Legitimist rot,  
That now is the season for amateur treason  
And playing at piffle and plot!

At three in the morning, the powers-that-be scorning,  
Turn up at Whitehall in full force,  
And there with doffed hat you must worship the statue,  
And pay your respects to his horse.

With excursions, alarums, bring lilies and arums  
For brutal police to remove;  
And, for this year's display, lick the record with Gaelic  
Inscriptions, your ardour to prove.

Then, Jacobites, sally from out the Thames Valley  
By sixes and sevens to the Tryst;  
White cockaders, stand ready! St. Germain's be steady!  
With danger the cause is well spiced!

For if you're too bold, Sirs, you'll doubtless catch cold, Sirs,  
And people will laugh at your pranks,  
And at self-advertising and STUART uprising,  
And freaks of our latterday cranks.

King CHARLIE THE SECOND, we're sure, would have reckoned  
These tricks as a comedy rare;  
Nor will *Punch* to-day smile less at humours so guileless,  
Shown off in Trafalgar Square!

SENTIMENT BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (to Mr. Cook, the new Editor of the "Daily News").—May you be a Top Soyer!

## THE DUTCHMAN'S WEE DOG. (TRANSVAAL VERSION.)

President (with a wink) pipes:—

Oh where, und oh where, is dat leetle wee dog,

Oh, where, oh where can he be?  
Mit his tail cut short, und his ears  
out long,  
Oh where, oh where is he?

He came, und he barked, and he  
licked mine big boots,  
Oh where, oh where can he be?  
I fear dat I gif him a sort of a  
shnub.  
Has he fled back to Ger-ma-nie?  
Oh where, &c.

He come und I fancy he wanted to  
shop,  
For ours is a bootiful air;  
But de Portugee stiff at de door of  
his shop,  
Said he vasn't vant Teuton tykes  
dere!  
Oh where, &c.

Den I tink dat I see dat leetle wee  
dog,  
Drop his tail 'twixt his legs mit  
a vincee;  
Und he flew vat you call to de  
midst of next week,  
Und I've not heard von yap from  
him since!  
Oh where, &c.

Sausage is goot, "Small Germans"  
is goot,—  
Oh where, oh where can he be?  
Dey makes dem of horse, und dey  
makes dem of dog,  
I hope dey not make dem of he!  
Oh where, &c.



I dink dat he like der Pretoria town  
Or even goot old Amsterdam!  
But I fear he is made into beef or  
to pork,  
Unless he is chicken und ham!  
Oh where, &c.

Yet, perhaps all is vell mit dat  
Teuton wee dog,  
Who at Berlin lays low, und  
keeps dark  
Perhaps in his kennel dey've  
chained him safe up,  
But—vat haf dey done mit his  
bark?  
Oh where, &c.

MORAL (adorning a tail).

When a leetle stray dog come und  
vaggie his tail,  
I guess as he wishes for prog.  
I von't vistle him back, but I would  
like to know  
Vat's become of dat wee German  
dog

Oh where, oh where is dat leetle dog  
gone,  
Oh where, oh where can he be?  
Mit his ears hanging down und his  
tail 'twixt his legs,  
Oh where, oh where is he?

STRANGE MISAPPREHENSION COR-  
RECTED.—The Moor, not the Boer,  
is bringing Mr. CECIL RHODES to  
England.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.—A Ger-  
man Company occupies St. George's  
Hall. We should have preferred a  
German-Reed equivalent.

## CONDENSED CONFIDENCE. (For Ladies only)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—It was with trembling Trilbys (we never  
speak of vulgar feet now) that I was ushered into the dressing-room  
of Miss GOOSIE GANDER, the charming young cantatrice (she pleads  
to eighteen years) of the Mansion House Theatre of Varieties. I was



soon *chez moi*, when GOOSIE (she  
begged me to be familiar as  
soon as I had introduced my-  
self) asked me to take a chair,  
and join her in a "Tom Cat"  
(a mixture of gin and brandy),  
and a cigarette. Her courtesy  
gave me time to look round  
this dainty little den of refined  
dissipation. The furniture was  
what I would style *rococo*, and  
the pictures were mainly por-  
traits of my hostess from fa-  
vourite weekly papers, fastened  
to the unromantic wall-paper  
with hair-pins. Of course I  
noted, amid the *abandon* of dis-  
carded *chevelure* and necessary  
*cosmétiques*, quite a little pile of  
correspondence—many of the

letters with coronets on the envelopes—flanked by bouquets of orchids  
and roses, and sundry little morocco cases, which, were I in ever-  
beautiful Paris, I should suggest contained *les bijoux de la reine*.  
I observed, too, that the old *cheval* mirror was severely cracked in  
several places (could it have been by reason of GOOSIE's lightning  
glances? *Qu'en savez-vous* as they say in Cuba), and that my hostess's  
favourite face-powder was *Folle-Farine*, the delicate violet requisite  
just evolved from the laboratory of TARTINE & Co. of Bond Street.

GOOSIE, happily for fearsome Me, opened the ball, "How," she  
asked, with her winsome Whitechapel accent, which I will not  
attempt to reproduce, "do you like my togs? They're up to snuff  
I take it." I replied that her garments, though, perhaps, deficient  
in warmth, were quite capable of carrying several pounds of crushed  
tobacco. "Now don't get on that lay," she snorted, with a piercing

flash from her great emerald eyes. "Don't try spoof with me." I  
earnestly disclaimed any attempt to indulge in a sport which I had  
heard of as *tant soit peu chic*. GOOSIE smiled languidly, the sort of  
risible separation of two red lips, which the favourite of the SULTAN  
might give when the Commander of the Faithful declares his  
ignorance of European politics. "How do you like your profession?"  
I asked, wanting to make copy. "Oh, blow the profession," she answered,  
lightly sending the smoke of the exquisite Dubec tobacco through her  
gazelle-like nostrils. "Do you not like your career?" I inquired,  
anxiously. "I'd far sooner be mangling," she answered, taking a  
drink of "Tom Cat" "Hearts?" I interrogated roguishly. "No—  
washing, you stupid," she replied, with a chuckle *ben trovato*; "you  
seem to be a bit balmy on the crumpeet." "I never eat the delicacy,"  
I responded. "I represent the staff of social life, the Press."

GOOSIE raised herself from the azure velvet cushion on which she  
was reposing. "Look here," she ejaculated. "If you imagine I care  
one and ninepence three-farthings for the Press, you're jolly well  
mistaken. I can cut my capers, sing my songs, and do my patter to  
the tune of a hundred quid a week, and do you think I mind what  
some starving bloke with thirty bob salary says about me? Not  
much. I'm a lady, and the managers know it." "I'm sure I did  
not wish to excite so talented an *artiste*," I cried, repentantly; "but  
I notice that you always advertise favourable newspaper criticism."  
"Oh! that's my agent's business," she retorted, flicking a peach-  
stone at the mirror (peaches in January, *ma chère*!); "he's a regular  
sniffer after black and white, and much good may it do him."

At this moment an elderly female, who might have been an arch-  
deacon's sister, appeared, and exclaimed, "Hurry up! You're  
called, GOOSIE, dear." "Oh! bother!" cried *la belle chanteuse*,  
flinging the end of her cigarette into the water-jug. "What do I  
start with?" "The Flatcatcher and the Bird," replied the duenna,  
standing ready with a hare's foot—*véritable pied de lièvre*—an-  
ointed with some delicate pink bloom. "Dead cats to the con-  
ductor!" said GOOSIE, pettishly. "I told him that I wanted to try  
"Tripe and Onions à la mode," and my brother and his pals are in  
the gallery ready to give a friendly lead." So saying, the disap-  
peared, and so did I, much impressed with the *nonchalance* of this  
music-hall humming-bird. Try treacle and rum (BOOMERANG's  
best), beaten up with new-laid eggs, for your cold.

Ever, dear,

Your loving cousin,

K.A.D.J.



## DEGENERACY.

"SHURE AN YOUR HONOUR, IT'S THINGS AS WAS MIGHTY DIFFRUNT IN THE OULD DAYS WHEN THE GINTERY BE'S A CUMMIN' TO THE PARTIES! 'TIS AS MUCH AS THREE POUND I'D BE TAKIN' OF A NIGHT; BUT NOW—WHY, DIVIL A BIT BRYANT A FEW COPPERS EVER I SEES AT ALL! MIND YOU, THIS EVENIN' I PUTS A DECOY HALF-CROWN ON THE PLATE MYSELF, AND BEDAD IF THEY DIDN'T TAKE IT OV ME! BUT WAIT—I'LL DO THEM THE NEXT TIME, FOR BEGORRA I'LL HAVE IT GLUED TO THE PLATE!"

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

## ON MAD DOGS.

I GATHER from the usual sources of information that we are now in the midst of an epidemic of terror inspired by mad dogs. There has been a leading article in the *Times*, and the great army of letter-writers, each with his own special tale of horror, and his own patent remedy, has invaded the solemn columns of the daily Press. "One who Loves his Fellow-Men" has been joined in a muzzling crusade by "Prevention is Better than Cure," and "A Dog-Lover of Long Standing" has demanded in tones of menace that members of the tail-wagging fraternity shall be either confined constantly within their kennels, or shot or bludgeoned at sight if they venture to stray abroad in pursuit of those innocent but seemingly important investigations that form so large a part in the life of a dog. County Councils have taken action. The sages who control the affairs of London, having declined to impose a covering on their own baldness, have decided, by way of compensation, that the heads of all dogs in their enlightened jurisdiction shall be confined in cages; and dull men in every part of England, who have hitherto been content to grumble at the rates, and to pay their butchers' bills with decent regularity, are now swelling proudly with the new-born inspiration of a muzzling mission.

"THIS is a dreadful business," said my friend BROADBEAM to me the other day, in a tone of the deepest gloom, "a dreadful business. I don't know why the Government delay to take action."

"Good Heavens," said I, for I had not yet seen my evening papers, and I thought that possibly some new and totally unexpected crisis had arisen for the benefit of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN and the music-halls. "Good Heavens! what has happened? Has Venezuela broken loose again and burnt Mr. GEORGE CURZON and Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT in effigy? Or has President KRÜGER demanded the head of Mr. CECIL RHODES on a charger? Do not keep me in suspense,

BROADBEAM; tell me what has happened, for I love my country, and wish to know the worst."

"What!" asked BROADBEAM, his whole being shaking like a restive blanc-mange with suppressed fear; "do you mean to say you haven't seen all the articles in the papers about *rabies*? Why the whole place is full of mad dogs, and we shall all be bitten in our beds" BROADBEAM, I should explain, has a certain fondness for expressing himself melodramatically, but not always with strict appropriateness. No doubt he had read somewhere about people being murdered in their beds.

I TRIED to soothe my unfortunate friend, but the effort, though well meant, was a wretched failure. He refused to be comforted, and went off in a hansom. Being a nervous man, he is not, as a rule, addicted to hansom; but, in his present state of terror, the word "growler" was too fearfully suggestive, and the comfortable customary four-wheeler was abandoned. I have reason to believe that the letter signed "A Conservative, but a Patriot," which appeared in a morning paper shortly afterwards, was from BROADBEAM's indignant pen. The writer, it will be remembered, declared, with a fine sarcasm, that Lord SALISBURY might possibly manage to spare a moment or two from the miseries of the Armenians for the sufferings of the English people at home. What was the object of writing despatches to the SULTAN when law-abiding Englishmen were allowed to be made the victims of thousands of mad and prowling dogs? Had not the SULTAN a crushing retort ready to his hand? "This question," the writer concluded, "obliterates all distinctions of party. I have been a loyal supporter of the present Government, but there are necessary limits even to party-loyalty, and, in my case, these limits have been reached."

HAVING digested this portentous declaration, I turned to the sixty-ninth letter of "A Citizen of the World" by OLIVER GOLDSMITH. It was entitled "The Fear of Mad Dogs Ridiculed," and gives a humorous account of the epidemic terror through which the population of these islands was passing some hundred and thirty years ago. "A dread of mad dogs," he says, "is the epidemic terror which now prevails; and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer. . . . The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. . . . This relation only prepares the way for another still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, when he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup. . . . My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour with horror and astonishment in her looks. . . . A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who had it from very good authority."

WITH all our statistics, our sanitary inspectors, our County Councils, and our wire muzzlings, I believe we are every whit as foolish, as credulous, as liable to blind panic as were our forefathers in GOLDSMITH'S day. In any case, I am certain that of all possible remedies the cage-muzzle is the most absurd, in that it defeats its object, and is admirably calculated to promote the disease against which it is to guard us. But I have my consolations. In another month or two the country gentlemen of England will be sending up deputations, and announcing in the public prints that they are resolved to vote against a Government which has basely allowed dogs to be muzzled.

THEATRICAL ON DIT.—In consequence of the success of *The Sign of the Cross*, the temporary manager of the Lyric, following the example of Mr. William Stumps, as recorded in *Pictorial*, has now adopted the following signature, "WILSON BARRETT: HIS MARK X." W. B. may have been a long time in "making his mark," but he has done it at last.



**"MY CAREER IS ONLY BEGINNING!"**

*(See Report of Mr. Rhodes's brief speech before leaving South Africa, Jan. 1896.)*

*Performer (log.), "THINK I WILL POSTPONE APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC AND GO BACK AGAIN."*

*"Mr. RHODES will immediately return to South Africa. . . Curiosity will probably be whetted rather than allayed by this intimation."—Times, Feb. 8.*





## UNCERTAIN—VERY.

*Sportsman (having been knocked over by Breaker on bolting four-year-old), "Hi! YOU FOOL! WHERE THE DEUCE ARE YOU GOING!" Horse-breaker. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SEZ TO THE COLT, SIR!"*

## THE JOKING OAK.

(A Dramatic Poem for recitation.)

"PAUSE, Woodman, pause! My fate is known.  
Thy cruel axe I see.  
List—since you've marked me for your own—  
To some re-marks from me."

The Woodman said, in tone abrupt,  
"A tree that speaks should be—"  
But here the Oak did interrupt,—  
"No, I'm not BEERBOHM TREE."

"Too feeble for a lark I grow  
To perch on after dark.  
My bite you do not dread, although  
You do care for my bark."

The Woodman cries, in much surprise,  
"The like I never knew!  
Why, if I trust my ears and eyes,  
The Oak that spoke was *Yew!*"

"'Twas I indeed," the Oak replied.  
"Your ears did not deceive.  
My leaves are sparse, my fibre's dried.  
Could not you me re-leave?"

"That's not my trade," the Woodman said,  
"You queer cuss of a *quercus*.  
Re-lieving officer! Not paid  
Am I by Parish Work'us."

"With critic's eye I will not meet  
Your leaves, or green, or brown;

As thrift high salaries must treat,  
So I must cut you down."

To him the Oak, "Old friends ne'er cut.  
Be that the woodman's maxim.  
I could a tale unfold." "Tut, tut!"  
The Woodman paused,—"I'll ax him."

"How is it you're a Talking Oak?  
Just answer that, old chap."  
The Oak replied, "Excuse the joke,  
I'm full of *verbum sap*."

The Woodman staggered. Sad to tell,  
He knew but one retort,



A cutting one! . . . The old tree fell.  
One blow had cut him short.

The Woodman by the fall was crush'd  
As by a load of bricks!  
Both Joking Oak and Woodman! hush'd!  
They've gone across the Styx.

## "HOW ART THOU TRANSLATED!"

SIR,—In a letter, written in French to the *Times* last week, read aloud to me by a friend who flatters himself as much on the correctness of his accent as I pride myself on my comprehension of the language when pronounced in my hearing by an educated Parisian, I noticed the words "*Palais Moral*." A year and a half, I regret to say, has elapsed since last I visited the gay city, and then the entertainment at the Palais Royal was, as ever, broadly farcical, and, as English ladies say, "Oh so French, you know!" Is it possible that our gay old "*Palais Royal*," the home of *Le plus heureux des trois*, and many other irresistibly funny improbabilities, has been converted into a "*Palais Moral*?" Or is there a *Palais Moral* set up in opposition to the *Palais Royal*?

Yours, "UN QUI SAIT."

[Referring to the letter, we find that the expression used was the "*palais moral*." *Espérons que notre "un qui sait" aurait toujours "le palais fin."*—ED.]

LARGELY PATRONISED BY SPORTING HEADS  
JUST NOW.—The Spring Handi-caps.





MR. PUNCH'S PATENT MATINÉE HAT,  
FITTED WITH BINOCULAR GLASSES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE  
SITTING BEHIND ITS WEARER.

### SOMEBODY'S LETTER.

SCENE—A Study. Greatly Esteemed Statesman discovered hanging up a considerably damaged hat and a little used shillelagh.

Greatly Esteemed Statesman (returning to his desk, upon which rests an all but completed letter). There! Now that I have put back my emblems of service and authority, I can resume my literary studies. How delightful it is to be once again amongst my books! No longer provoked and worried! No longer almost induced to give a severely irritating opponent a good hard knock! No longer denounced by half the Press of my native country, and contemptuously bullied by the remainder. Able at last to sit down in an easy-chair, with the comforting dignity of a scholar and a gentleman. Why I do believe that I shall be able to drink a cup of tea in peace! No more shoutings and yellings, and all sorts of hideous interruptions! I retire from the toil and tumult and heartburning of political contest, to resume the peaceful pleasure of justly-appreciated authorship. But let me read, for the last time, my letter, to see if I have forgotten anything I wish to be remembered. (Peruses his epistle.) Yes, I give in my resignation plainly enough! But what an omission! (Writes, and then reads.) "I need not tell you with what regret I make this announcement." No, I needn't!

[Greatly Esteemed Statesman smiles as the scene closes in upon a tableau of intense felicity.]

### "GOING TWO BETTER!"

GOOD news for those whom business, or pleasure, or a combination of both, takes to France per L. C. and D. night-boats. The Dover having satisfactorily passed her examination on the Clyde (the exam is a pretty stiff one), is to be followed by The Calais, and these two will supersede the Continental travellers' old friends, The Foam and The Wave. What need now of any Channel Tunnel, when no passenger need fear sea-sickness; for how can there be any mal-de-mer in the absence of Wave and Foam? They are to travel at the rate of "eighteen knots per hour," which is "three knots in excess of old rate." Consequently the sooner will the trajet be over. But will this gain give any extra time for a petit souper, en route, at the celebrated Calais buffet of the Gare Maritime? May this be so, since, at that "very winking time of night," there is nothing so sustaining to the vacuus viator as the comforting bouillon, served just hot enough, and not too hot, for immediate consumption, accompanied by a glass of "the generous," at one franc the half bottle. To be compelled to travel to Paris as "an empty" is poor fun, false economy, and a bad start, whether for pleasure or business.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—"During his visit to Constantinople, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has been persistently followed by five of the SULTAN'S spies."

### MILD MCCARTHY.

A LAY OF A LOST LEADER.

AIR—"Enniscorthy."

YE may thravel over Europe, yes, and the U-nited States,  
Ye may meet wid many leaders wid sound hearts and level pates,  
But the pride of snug tea-parties and the glory of his mates,  
Was "dear JUSTIN," mild, magnanimous MCCARTHY.  
It was early he tuk breakfast, it was late he went to bed,  
He never ceased his labours hard—or leastway—so 'twas said—  
And the praise of patriotism was a laurel for his head,  
And its light was like a nimbus round MCCARTHY.

Chorus:—

Home Rule he was a tower in,  
Debate he was a power in,  
The pride of Oireland's pathriotic Parthy.  
When shillelaghs all went whacking,  
And the skulls of Pats were cracking,  
The fairest chance of peace was in MCCARTHY.

But in spite of JUSTIN's gentleness, some desperate rows arose,  
MCCARTHY did his best for to conciliate the foes;  
But stick would clash wid cudgel, yes and fist encounter nose,  
It was that which played the mischief wid MCCARTHY.  
For raspy REDMOND did his best to knock TIM HEALY down,  
They all fought wid one another, 'stead o' foightin' 'gin the Crown,  
And DILLON, SEXTON, DAVITT—all rare warriors of renown—  
Seemed dancin' like mad devils round MCCARTHY.

Chorus:—Home Rule he was a tower in, &c.

Now, JUSTIN was a gentle bhoy, who loved romance and rhymes,  
And likewise wished to finish off a History of his Times,—  
Which had been exceeding rough ones, amidst quarrels, rows, and crimes—

So he gave up tryin' to lead the Oirish Parthy.  
Says MCCARTHY, "Thanks to Providence, my task at last is done!  
I'll git back to my books again, and have some peace and fun!"  
But if they wish their split-up Parthies welded into one,  
They'll scarces find a fitter leader than MCCARTHY!

Chorus:—

Home Rule he still may tower in,  
Parliament be a power in;  
Bat, faix! Auld Oireland's shamrock-sporting Parthy,  
When the sticks again are whacking,  
And the skulls once more are cracking,  
May miss dear, mild, magnanimous MCCARTHY!

### THE NEW SPORT OF "THANKFULLY RECEIVED."

Rules of the Game.

1. ANY number of players can take part in this pastime.
2. The players shall consist of a limited number of conductors and any amount of distinguished contributors.
3. When all is ready to begin, the conductor writes out a number of questions of a miscellaneous character, such as "What is your opinion upon street music?" "Why do you or do you not patronise the Stores?" or "What are your favourite books, and why do you prefer them?"
4. The conductor then distributes the written questions amongst the distinguished contributors, and waits for the answers, which, when received, count as "copy."
5. If the conductor gets a reply to some such question as "Should the clergy visit theatres?" from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, he scores one on account of the quality of the copy.
6. Should a question remain unanswered by a player, the conductor passes it on to the most likely distinguished contributor, and the non-answer becomes a non-contributor, and ceases to have an interest in the game.
7. Should a distinguished contributor require payment for his answer, considering it copy, the conductor withdraws the question and sends it to someone of the non-contributor's profession and standing unlikely to demand remuneration. When the conductor receives a gratuitous reply he scores again.
8. When the conductor uses a contributor to obtain answers to a series of questions (called an "interview") from a second player, then the chosen contributor may ask to divide the profits of the interview with the conductor. Should the chosen contributor succeed in his application he marks one, but the second player, however distinguished, having served his purpose in providing the materials of the interview, does not count.
9. A conductor who sends out scores of circulars without eliciting a reply is said to "miss his tip," and is consequently "put out."
10. The winner of the game is he who obtains the best copy at the least cost, after allowing higher marks to quantity than to quality.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE COMPASSIONATE PUNTER TO  
THE LUCK-FORSAKEN DAMSEL.

'Twas all my fault, I know you'll  
say  
I led your innocence astray  
At Epsom, when I said I'd lay  
Long odds against *Sir Visto*.  
And so to make it real fun  
I ask'd "In fivers?" You cried  
"Done!"  
And when I paid you what you'd  
won,  
Declared I was "Mephisto!"  
To-day how chang'd you seem  
to be,  
No longer merry, fancy free,  
Only too glad a race to see,  
Just to enjoy an outing.  
For now you scan with eager eyes  
The "Latest Betting"—wondrous  
wise—  
You know when this or that horse  
"tries,"  
And love the "bookies" shout-  
ing.

There was a time not long ago  
When at a lawn or paddock show,  
In chiffon, frill and furbelow,  
Than you none could be smarter.  
No more I note that dainty grace,  
That symphony in silk and lace;



*H. I. M. the Sultan (reading to himself from his presentation copy of Mr. William Watson's sonnets)—*

"THOU WITH THE BRIGHTEST OF HELL'S AUREOLES  
DOST SHINE SUPREME, INCOMPARABLY CROWNED  
IMMORTALLY, BEYOND ALL MORTALS, DAMNED!"

"WELL, I'M—! I MEAN, BISMILLAH!"

You've lost your pride in Fashion's  
face,  
And rarely face the starter.

Is it too late to bid you leave  
The course that ever must deceive?  
Your losses you may yet retrieve  
And make up all your misses.  
I've such a tip!—a splendid thing!  
A match that must good fortune  
bring!—  
Say, will you try another ring,  
And bet with me in kisses?

"Nursery Erudition" in a  
Nutshell.

"[ALFRED's name, and the tales  
that clustered round it, formed the  
most enthralling pages of nursery  
erudition.]—*Mr. Austin's Preface to*  
*"England's Darling."*]

SING a song of ALFRED!  
Rhymester's all awry.  
"England's Darling" erst was  
praised  
By Poet Laureate PYE.  
Deeming the course was open,  
AUSTIN the same did sing,  
Was not that a shocking fate  
For the great Saxon King?

THE REAL "INTOLERABLE  
STRAIN."—Street organs.

## THE INCOMPLETE LONDON LETTER.

(To be filled up by those "in the know.")

WORD of preface. New feature. Brevity order of the day. Light touch. Light come. Light go. Give outline. Shading superfluous. Last idea of the artists—very clever. "Why dot your i's?" "Why cross your t's?" Leave something to the imagination. Do it now instead of later. Saving at any rate in legacy duty.

HUNTING story. A man angry. Another man angry too. Language. Took the dogs home. "Congratulations." Office of telegram's origin—Berlin.

LEAP Year. Women proposing everywhere. Man never knows when he may lose singularity. One fellow reads first column daily. Says he must keep his eye on "the marriages." If he didn't, might miss his own wedding.

FEW points. He heard it at the Club. Fan found in the private box. With the menu. But she needn't have lost her temper. For it wasn't the fault of the spaniel. They wondered at the Stock Exchange. Not that it affected the conservatory. For he was wearing a blue domino. And she threw up the part at the last moment. However, it kept the congregation waiting. The pew-opener suggested a key. But it didn't matter much, as the mail-boat was not running. So she said she preferred Olympia. Which certainly astonished her mother. Hitherto a most indulgent parent. But what can be done when the coachman flatly refuses to bring out the horses? It certainly was frosty weather, and the bracelet had gone to be mended. But that needn't have put off the lecture. For, after all, the Royal Institution is the Royal Institution. Especially when diamonds are trumps three times running. So they preferred to stay at Nice instead of Monte Carlo. At the suggestion of the curate. At least, that was the tale told by the Squire at the hunting breakfast. But it was injudicious to talk about their meeting at Niagara. You can skate on thin ice anywhere. So said the Duke, when they asked his Grace's opinion. But they shouldn't have turned out the guard, for in spite of his riband he wasn't a field officer. And it was thoughtless at four o'clock in the morning. So they observed at the War Office. And they ought to know. Not that it wasn't annoying after they had ordered the *table d'hôte* luncheon. Extenuating circumstances was the verdict. But they are all wondering how it will end. For the dog-cart was smashed to atoms, and no one could find the lost certificate.

AND now I have referred to all the stories "going the rounds." At least, so says the Judge of the High Court.

FEMALE DEFINITION OF LEAP YEAR.—Miss Understood.

## THE INFANT REFORMED.

(A Dialogue Dedicated, with Mr. Punch's Compliments, to those who rely upon Figures.)

Compiler of Statistics. Now, my little man, I presume you are quite well?

Child between five and ten. Yes, tank you; me bery well.

Compiler. Never had a day's illness, eh?

Child. Never dat me knows of.

Compiler. That's right, and have you been told that, taking the years 1841 to 1860, the death-rate of children under five years old was 71.2?

Child. Me has, and dat between years 1886 to 1890 death-rate only 61.9.

Compiler. Certainly, my dear; you are accurate to a decimal point. And can you now tell me what has been the death-rate for the same periods for children like yourself, between five and ten?

Child. Me thinks 9.3 and 4.9. Am me right?

Compiler. Quite right. You are a very good little boy, indeed; and now tell me, is not this decrease attributable to improved sanitary arrangements?

Child. Bery possible. Me likes the booful green fields and great big playgrounds. Me likes 'em bery much, indeed!

Compiler. Of course you do! very natural, too! But don't you think it probable that the abstention from alcohol during the later period has had something to do with it?

Child. Yes, yes. Me live longer dan the oder ickle boys and girls, 'cos the oder ickle boys and girls were naughty ickle boys and girls!

Compiler. I am glad to hear you say so, although, perhaps, it was not entirely their fault. But why do you think the children who preceded you were naughty?

Child. 'Cos dey all took to drinking!

Compiler. A most intelligent response! and, to mark my appreciation of your replies to my questions, I beg to present you with twopence. What will you buy with it?

Child. Me will buy nice sweeties.

Compiler. But you will avoid brandy-balls?

Child. Acourse me will. Me buy sugar-stick, not brandy-balls. Why me not buy brandy-balls? 'Cos me am total abstainer!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A LINE FOR LAUREATES.

MEM. for all future patriotic Odes:—

The old "Path of Empire" now should be its RHODES!

NEW NAME FOR THE PRESENT AGE.—The German Sauce-age!



### ALL IS IN A NAME.

"WELL, DARLING, YOU HAVE GOT A SWAGGER FROCK ON, THIS TIME!"  
 "IT'S NOT A FROCK, HENRY." "WHY, WHAT IS IT, THEN?"  
 "THE NEWSPAPERS CALL IT A CREATION OF MADAME ALDRGONDE'S!"

### IN PAINTERS' CORNER.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

"He may become as eminent as he pleases."—*Hiram Powers*. "LEIGHTON has painted many noble pictures, but his life is more noble than them all."—*Mr. G. F. Watts*.]

PROPHET and praise-awarder, both were right;  
 And here to-day, beneath St. Paul's grey dome,

History confirms the sculptor's forecast bright,  
 And the great painter's tribute. He's at home

Here, with the genial genius, courtly soul,  
 And true Art-friend, Sir JOSHUA. Here to lie

Near REYNOLDS is a royal fate, a goal  
 At once fulfilling praise and prophecy.

A noble course right nobly run, and since  
*Noblesse oblige*, his manners matched his Art.

Fine painter-skill, the bearing of a prince,  
 CRICHTON'S accomplishments,—in every part  
 His life was of a piece, crowned with a death  
 Painful but manfully patient,—noble still!  
 Disparagement's malign and peevish breath  
 Here may not penetrate, nor venom kill  
 The fame which is the fruit of cultured days,  
 Ripening despite the canker and the blight  
 Of pestilent petty things, in whom all praise,  
 Save of their hobby-idols, genders spite:  
 Great if not quite among the greatest, here  
 A noble artist, of a noble life,  
 Rests, with a fame that lives, and needs not fear

Detraction, or the hour's ephemeral strife.

### TO A CAUTIOUS STOCKBROKER.

You recommend Consols, the one  
 Investment absolutely sound;  
 Home Rails perhaps I need not shun,  
 If nothing better can be found.  
 For comfort has more charms than wealth;  
 Let ease with placid calm combine,  
 Since sleepless nights the best of health  
 Will undermine.

Consols? Bless me, I can't afford  
 To live on one or two per cent.!  
 The workhouse then must give me board  
 And lodging, free from rates and rent.  
 I came—I'm hanged, you've made me shy!  
 My brightest hopes I half resign.  
 What will you think of me if I  
 Suggest a mine?

You frown. I know what you will say—  
 That sleepless nights will be my lot,  
 That I shall pine and fade away,  
 And die a pauper, shall I not?  
 To pause before it is too late,  
 Though cent. per cent. sounds very fine,  
 Or ruin is the certain fate  
 Of me and mine.

I know you're right, I'm quite ashamed;  
 To avarice there should be bounds;  
 And yet the sum I have not named,  
 I only meant a hundred pounds.  
 Now mines are low it seems no sin  
 To risk a rise. You won't decline  
 To buy ten shares—I shook you?—in  
 The Bunkum Mine.

### THE PROGRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

(From a Matter-of-Coming-Fact Romance.)

"You are greatly changed," said ADOLPHUS to his friend, after a pause. "I have not seen you for a year. When we last met you were the merriest of the merry. What have become of your quaint quips—your comic cranks?"

"Gone, all gone," returned HORATIO, gloomily.

"Your company is certainly depressing," the other continued. "When we bade each other adieu, twelve months since, it was with a pleasing jest, and a mirth-compelling anecdote. I remember how you made me laugh at the story of SNOOKS' infatuation for photography. He had learned how to reproduce the hitherto hidden bones of the living hand."

"Speak not of SNOOKS," HORATIO muttered, in a tone suggestive of apprehension. "Would that I had never met him."

"And yet he was a man of intellect. He never seemed tired of making experiments."

"It was that love of investigation that has proved my curse," cried the hapless HORATIO.

"He was not satisfied with merely photographing the human frame as he found it in the breathing body. He extended his operations until now I am completely in his power!"

"I do not understand you!"

"Who would?" queried the grief-stricken victim, wearily; "and yet what I say is true. SNOOKS is in the possession of a secret I thought safe from all the world. He knows what I had hoped had been buried in the never-to-be-remembered past."

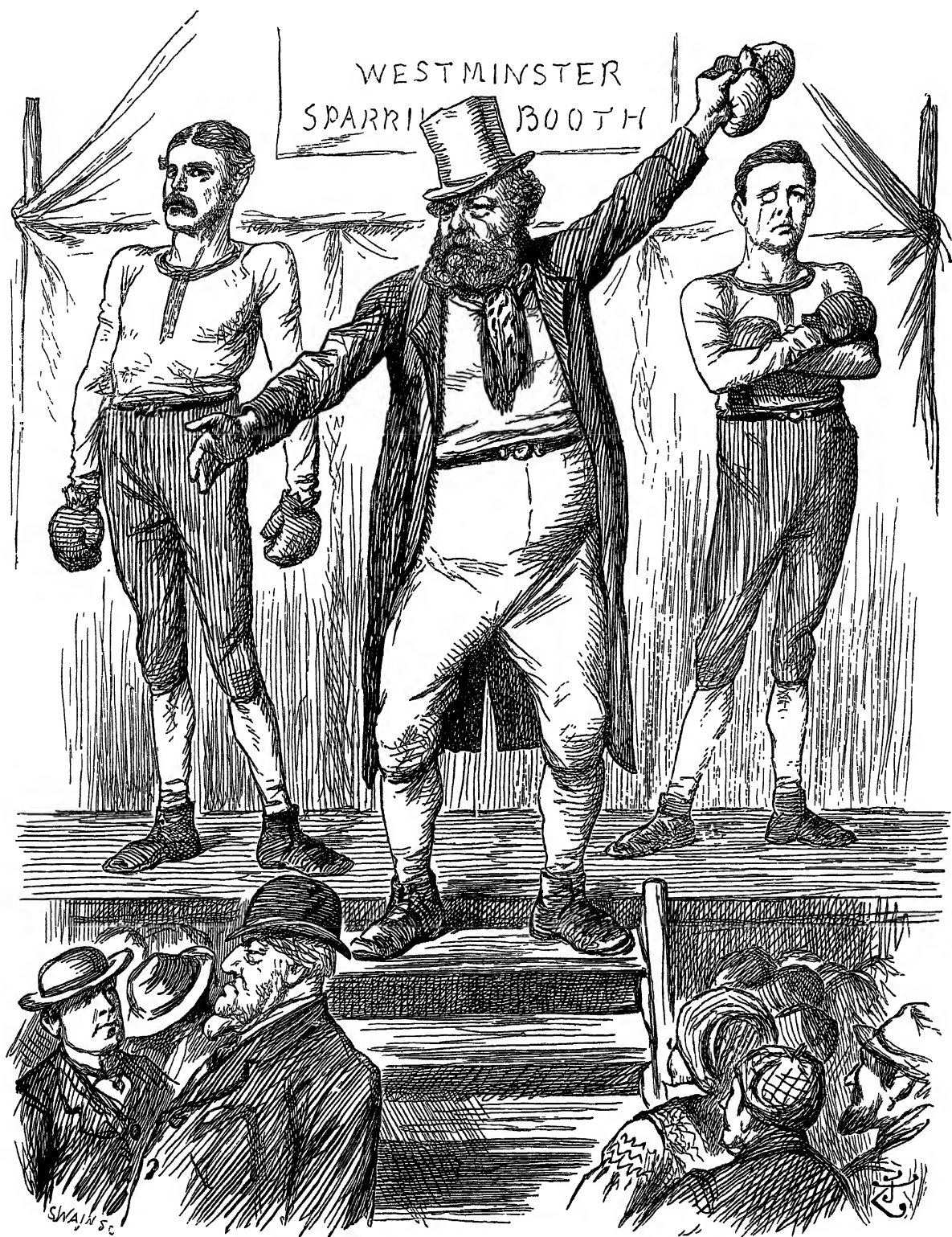
"You are more mysterious than ever! Pray explain yourself."

"It is the curse of the camera!"

ADOLPHUS glanced at his friend uneasily. A suspicion had entered his mind.

"No," said HORATIO, sadly, "I am not mad. With the assistance of photography SNOOKS has discovered something that fills me with fear." There was a pause. Then came the explanation in a terror-inspired whisper.

"He has succeeded—it is true after many failures—in taking a *carte* of the skeleton in the cupboard!"



“JUST A-GOIN’ TO BEGIN!”

PROFESSOR S-L-SB-RY (P.P.R.). “NOW, MY SPORTIN’ GENTS, ’ERE’S THE ’ATFIELD PET AND THE BRUMMAGEM BRUISER—WHO’LL HAVE ’EM ON WITH EITHER OF ’EM?”





## SONG OF THE NEW NOVEL-READER.

AIR—"I cannot sing the old songs."

I CANNOT read the old books!  
They always bore me so.  
I *never* read the old books,  
They are so dull and slow.  
DICKENS and SCOTT are awful rot,  
LYTTON's pure fiddlededee.  
I cannot read the old books,  
They give the hump to Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
Just think of *Rasselas*!  
BIRRELL calls JOHNSON hero,  
I call him an old ass.  
GOLDSMITH and BURKE I always shirk,  
DRYDEN and POPE I flee.  
I cannot read the old books,  
They're far too "dry" for Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
DICKENS is dreadfully low;  
I once could laugh o'er *Pickwick*,  
But that was long ago.  
I tried a bit of *Chuzzlewit*  
The other day, to see.  
But I cannot read the old "Boz,"  
Sam Weller sickens Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
I'm forced to skip and dodge.  
THACKERAY's such a proser,  
And SCOTT's a fearful stodge.  
*Di Vernon* is old-fashioned "biz,"  
And *Becky*, so is she.  
I cannot stand those old "crocks,"  
They have no charm for Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
They've neither style nor *chic*.  
Their men are so provincial,  
Their maids so milky meek.



DOLLY'S CLASSICS.

"THE LAOCOON."

They're not "sincere," and of  
small beer  
Their chronicles *all* be.  
I cannot stand their old "spoons,"  
Their bleat just sickens Me!

I cannot *bear* the old books!  
They make me squirm and  
blench.  
They've no dusk touch of Nor-  
way,  
They've no sharp dash of  
French.  
Nay, you will miss "analysis,"  
With which the Yank's so free.  
I cannot stand the "old gang,"  
They've no phil-os-o-phy!

I cannot read the old books!  
You see I'm up-to-date!  
My cult is of the new gods,  
Faun-Passion, Fury-Fate.  
The great god Pan to Modern  
Man  
Is chief divinity.  
I cannot bow to old gods,  
They're fetish frumps to Me!

I *will* not read the old books!  
They're so unsound on Sex!  
They grovel to the Grundy-bonds  
That virile readers vex.  
They're non-erotic, crass, chaotic,  
Art's earliest A B C.  
No, no! I read the New Books.  
They thrill and tickle Me!

ON HIS "CURZONARY" RE-  
MARKS.—*A propos* of Mr. CURZON  
and his burglarious simile, M.  
FRANCOIS DE PRESSENSÉ, Foreign  
Editor of *Le Temps*, wrote a  
thoroughly *Press-sensé-ble* to the  
*Times* last Friday.

## FROM THE DIARY OF A LAUREATE.

HANG it! Wish some other fellow hadn't written "*Rule, Britannia*." It would come in now admirably. Wonder if anybody knows anything more of it than the chorus? Let me see—how did first verse commence?

"When Britain first at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main."

Capital! just exactly what I was thinking of! bother it! It's the idea! Can't get it out of my head. *Happy Thought*.—I see—"Britain first" is the keynote. "First": beginning at the beginning—good,—that's it—must make a start somehow.

"In the beginning when—"

Ahem! sounds scriptural. Um. Well, why not? I will. *Happy Thought*.—Develop idea of Britain "in the beginning—when—what? Go back a little. What is comprised in the word "Britain"? Island: water—sea—shore—shingle—(bravo! note down "shingle")—beach—fields—woods—fastnesses! Whoop! Lovely word "fastnesses." Can't fit it in. Pity! What colour "fastnesses"? Grey! Splendid!! And fields—what colour fields? Depends on time of year. *Happy Thought*.—Any time of year will do. Poetry, not for any particular season, but for all time. Say "green" for choice. Got it! "Grey fastnesses and green fields." No, no; common-place; and "fastnesses"—beautiful word—but *can't* fit it into metre.

*Query*—Change metre? No: I'm strung up for this jerky put-'em-together-anyhow-chaotic-sort-of-pre-creation-of-world metre. Must stick to it. It's original. And what I like is *Originality*, if one can only get it! I've got it; and I'll keep it. "Grey"—"green"—"fast"—"nesses." By Jingo! that's it! Omit the "fast"! Lovely!! Here:—

"Grey-green nesses."

Bravo! bravissimo! An inspiration. What are "nesses"? Doesn't matter; if I don't know, nobody else will. Note it down for use when wanted. Sure to come in somewhere. Wish I could think of something new about the sea! Should like to call it "the azure main," but the chap who wrote "*Rule, Britannia*" did that, hang him! Let me sea—no, I mean "see" (no levity). What's in the sea? Fish. Big fish. Whales! Hooray! *Whales!* England and Whales! that is "Britain." Oh dear! No, I mustn't joke. I must

curb my Pegasus! I must use my Pegasus as a cart-horse. *Cart*. Horse! In field. Sea horse in "azure main." (Dash "azure main"! Mariner "ploughs sea." Why not "whale" instead of "mariner"? Ploughing the land? Ploughing the water? Triumph! Another line!

"And whale-ploughed water."

Bee-autiful! That will do for to-night. Bring in shingle, valleys, and mists to-morrow. Good night! I do wish that idiot, whoever he was, had never written "*Rule, Britannia*." Deuced hard on me.

## An Appeal, when in Distress, to my Aunt.

(By a modest Nephew.)

SWEET Aunt, I've lov'd you as I should,  
And never ask'd you for a stiver.  
I'm in a mess I must confess.  
Will you, as dear old Uncle would,  
Upon my watch advance a "fiver"?

## A MUSICAL HINT.

At St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts the Meistersingers gave GORMAN's "*Whene'er I Gaze*." This was announced in the papers everywhere. Of course GAZE deserves this publicity. We are not "a denying of it." But wouldn't it be fair and square towards the other and elder firm of tourists' agents if the same sweet warblers were, alternately with this, to give a madrigal entitled, "*Whene'er I Cook*"? We are not aware of the existence of such a concerted piece, but surely it might be at once written, composed, and performed. Then one verse, as an *ensemble*, would do justice to both these estimable and useful Travelling houses. As thus:—

Whene'er I Gaze on amounts  
For travels, reduced they be;  
Whene'er I Cook my accounts  
I'm saving my £. s. d.

This verse is just given gratis, as a mere suggestion, by our own Private Laureate—not ALFREDO caro—and may be used, applied, and developed, by the Meistersinger-in-Chief, for the public benefit, and his own, whenever he takes it.



Old Jones. "YES, MY BOY, THERE'S WINE FOR YOU, EH? I BOUGHT TEN POUNDS WORTH OF IT THE OTHER DAY."

Brown. "WHAT A LOT YOU MUST HAVE GOT!"

### THE FALL OF FOGSON.

Fogson had been absent for more than a year from the meetings of our photographic club, and most of us would have borne the loss with some fortitude if he had never returned at all. It was undeniable that Fogson took better photographs than the rest of us, but this fact did not justify the disparaging and offensive criticisms which he used to utter about the work of his fellow-members. In his capacity as President, he had even had the effrontery to bestow the annual gold medal upon himself, while declining to award the silver and bronze ones "on account of the exceedingly low standard attained by the exhibitors."

So it was not with unmixed sorrow that one day we learnt from Fogson his intention of making a tour round the world.

"I shall return," he said, "with such a collection of pictures as you incompetent beginners cannot even imagine."

Somebody suggested that his luggage would be rather heavy, if it was to include all his apparatus.

"Not at all," he replied, triumphantly. "I shall take only one detective-camera, specially fitted with a film long enough to take five hundred pictures. That will be absolutely all."

Someone else regretted that space couldn't be found for at least one clean collar. But Fogson took no notice of the irreverent suggestion, and shortly afterwards went away to obtain his new "Dokak" from the shop, as he was to leave England on the following day.

We got on very well in his absence. All the pictures at our annual exhibition were so

good that year that we decided to award twenty-four gold medals. Our club has just two dozen members, not including Fogson.

One evening, about thirteen months later, our President suddenly reappeared in our midst. We asked if his tour had been successful. "Successful!" he exclaimed. "It has been magnificent! My dear friends, you may congratulate me. I have taken such a series of photographs as will give me world-wide fame. I have undergone the most unheard-of dangers and privations; I have climbed to the most inaccessible parts of the earth; I have been lowered in diver's dress, with my camera, to the bottom of the Pacific; I have photographed a volcano in full eruption from the edge of the crater, I—"

We interrupted his eloquence to inquire when the results of his journey would be visible.

"Almost at once," he replied. "I sent on my 'Dokak' in advance to Messrs. LENS AND HYPO'S, telling them to develop my pictures, and to send the prints here. They may arrive at any time."

At this moment a page entered the room with a note, which he handed to Fogson.

"Ah, this is from the shop," he said, quickly tearing it open: "now we'll see... why... good heavens!" He suddenly became deadly pale, and staggered backwards into a chair. For a moment we thought that he was about to have a fit.

"Read it!" he said, in a faint voice, dropping the letter to the ground. The secretary picked it up, and read aloud as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Your camera is duly to hand. We regret to say, however, that through an oversight—doubtless due to the haste with

which your order had to be executed—no roll of sensitized film was placed inside it. Thus, although the rest of the mechanism is in perfect order, there is, of course, no record of any of the scenes which you imagined yourself to be photographing, as the interior of the camera is absolutely empty."

The Presidentship was declared vacant next day, and FOGSON has not been heard of since.

### THE PLEA OF PILGARLIC.

(The Impecunious Income-tax Payer to the Jingo Patriot.)

"PAY up like a man, and don't grudge it!"

That's grand patriotic advice.

Sir MICHAEL projecting his Budget,

No doubt feels exceedingly nice:

But oh! when I have to make payment

Of eightpence—or more—in the pound,

My wife, running short of new raiment,

Will not look so nice, I'll be bound.

The last three years' average, verily,

Makes me feel sad and look glum.

Patriots perorate merrily,

I—pay my tax and am dumb.

But oh! CLEVELAND, KRÜGER, RHODES,

WILL-I-AM,

And backers of JAMESON'S raid,

Can you guess how alarmed at the bill I am,

Or with what sore effort 'tis paid?

When one has a limited income,

A falling one, thoughts will obtrude;

Wild wondering whence will the tin come;

And oh! tax-collectors are rude!

With a rather exacting Exchequer,

And agents capricious and curt,

'Tisn't easy to keep up one's pecker,

Or even to keep in one's shirt.

When a big tax is claimed in a lump, it

Comes hard on a purse that is small,

I fear I shall "go off my crummet"

As taxes arise, and "screws" fall.

Some "returns" are far less than receivings,

But mine, I admit it, are more.

Both dodges, no doubt, are deceivings,

But oh! to be sniffed at as poor

To tradesmen and such may spell ruin.

And somehow things *will* get about.

Five hundred! There's little that's true in

My income's return I much doubt.

But if I put less they might fancy

My business was going to pot.

I try to explain this to NANCY,

But she—wanting bonnets—says "rot!"

She'd give it two hundred and fifty,

And storm if they deemed that too small;

For women, though shifty and thrifty,

Have no "point of honour" at all.

But when young thrasonical Jingo

Will shout "We've the money!" I wish

The spouters of patriot lingo,

Who at my "tightfistedness" pish,

Could but know how confoundedly trying

'Tis sometimes to "scrape up" the tax,

When creditors all round are crying,

And current expenses so wax.

I don't—when I've got some cash—grudge it

To pay for our Navy—oh, no!

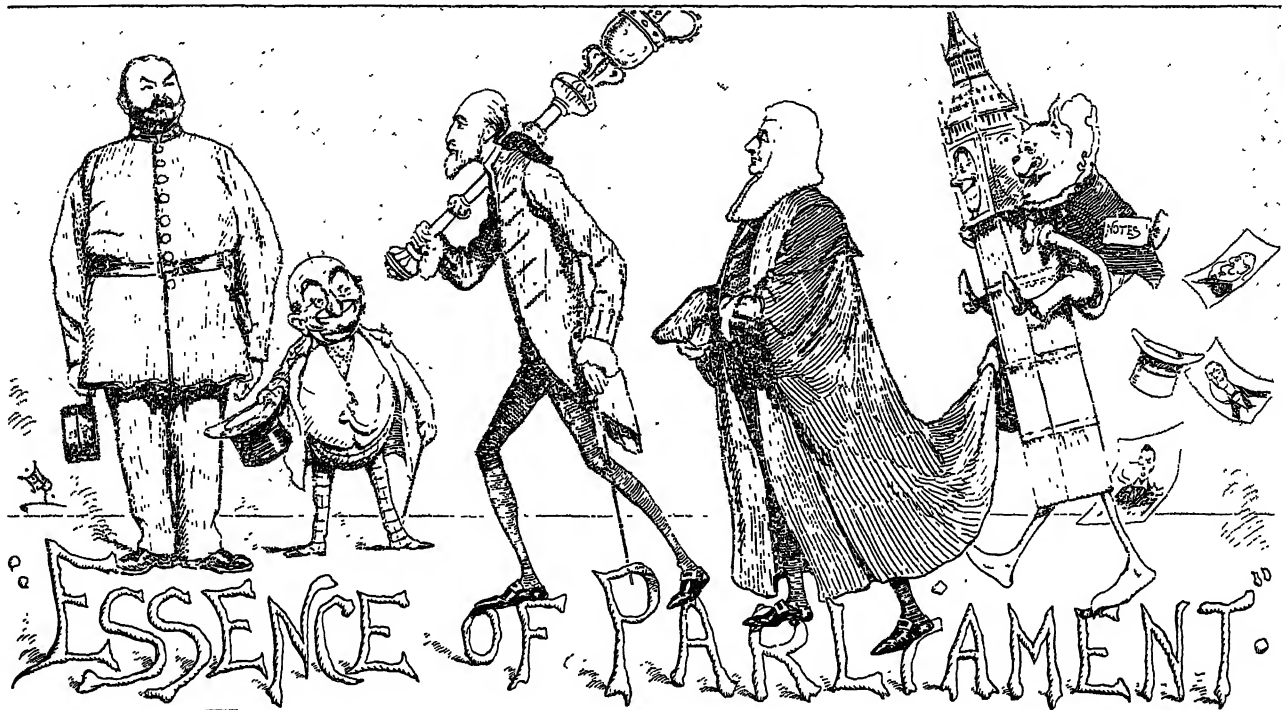
But still, I do hope the next Budget

May knock off a penny or so!

"KOFI VICTOR."—Prince CHRISTIAN VICTOR of Schleswig-Holstein will of course reside in a Kofi Palace on his return to England.

MIDWAY IN THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION.  
—"Half a League onward."

SUITABLE NAME FOR THE RAID.—The Caledonian Boer-Hunt.



EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.*—Gathering of clans for new campaign. Customary competition for niche in history reserved for first man to put in appearance on opening of new session. But the race only half-hearted. Brings into sharp light the falling-off since the good old days when DONALD MACFARLANE, returned for Argyleshire, made his earliest mark. No half measures with that stout Highlander. Camped out in Palace Yard at nightfall preceding opening of session. His plaid wrapped round his swarthy limbs; a flask of Scotch whiskey hidden in its folds; at hand a small sack of oatmeal cake, which served a double debt to pay; a pillow to begin with; gradually thinned out as hunger grew, till its emptiness gave the signal to arise.

Used to be tradition among police on duty in those far-off days that pigeons in Palace Yard, having dim notions of treasured nursery tales, thought MACFARLANE was a Nineteenth Century Babe in the Wood. Being early in February, no leaves handy; brought straws and tenderly covered him. That probably mythical addition to simple facts of original story.

No similar foundation available to-day. The earliest Member arrives at prosaic noon; the rest troop in till, an hour before Mr. SPEAKER makes stately procession on way to Chair, the long-deserted House once more throbs with life. Everybody almost uproariously glad to see everyone else after separation which, after all, seems to date back only a week. Customary February allowance of sunlight. But SQUIRE OF MALWOOD makes up for deficiency in that matter. Passes through the throng like broad beam of sunlight; his whole face and figure a smile.

"Yes, TOBY," he said, when I remarked on his contagious hilarity; "I begin to think life is worth living. After three last years, reckon I have earned right to enjoy myself, and forthwith begin. Only thing that troubles me is consideration of PRINCE ARTHUR'S

position. Better than mine was, of course. Got majority behind him which would enable him to snap his fingers at anything on his side which corresponds to our Irish section, our Welsh, our Whigs, our Radicals, our men who want to go too far in a dozen different directions, our friends who will not accompany them. Moreover, he has the collegueship of Don José, and what that means, either in Cabinet Council or in other relations of political comradeship, only those who have enjoyed it know. Still there are cares and worries which sit around the pillow of Leader of House of Commons even through most restful nights, and in balmy morning. Maggots breed under brilliancy of noontide sun. Now is the very height of prosperity for our dear friends opposite. An overwhelming majority; a docile following; overflowing coffers (which I heaped up); a powerful Navy (which SPENCER built); the cloud of depression that has long laid over trade uplifted; a fair wind, a flowing tide. Never in my recollection—and I remember DIZZIE'S coming-in in 1874—never was there such a putting forth to sea of the Conservative argosy. And you know how, even in the second voyage of DIZZIE'S ship, the seas grew troubled, how storms increased, and how total wreckage befel. No, I'm not chuckling over that prospect as looming along the pathway of this latest voyage. Enough for me that I am out of the conning-tower, and can commence once more to enjoy Parliamentary life."

"And your policy as Leader of the Opposition?"  
 "Did you ever," said the SQUIRE, with far away look in his eyes, "hear of the habitual resource of Brer Rabbit in times of sudden emergency or apparently inextricable difficulty? 'He lay low and said nuffin.' There you have it, dear TOBY. As far as I am concerned, or can control what is left of the Liberal Party, for the present, at least, our's shall be the policy of Brer Rabbit."

*Business done.*—Second Session of Fourteenth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA opened.

### WEATHER AND WICE.

[MR. LINNEY, director of the Illinois State Weather Bureau, says that the total number of arrests shows a marked increase of crime with an increase of temperature, and when there is a deficiency of rainfall. There is a decrease of crime during the winter months, also when there is a rainy summer, and when the wind is from the south-east or south-west.]

I KNEW 'twas so! When earth and sky  
 Announce the spring to human senses  
 Do I not always yearn to try  
 A little *coup* in false pretences?

In sheets of rain and seas of slime  
 Perhaps our summer 's been a sparse 'un;

Then something whispers, "Now 's your time  
 To show the world your skill in arson!"

Conversely, when I'd take a shot  
 At being a homicidal hero,  
 My inward monitor says, "What!  
 Wouldst murder with the glass at zero?"  
 And when I poached, I should have netted  
 Ten toothsome bunnies at the least,  
 Had not the wind—which I regretted—  
 Turned suddenly to son'-sou'-east.

So when I tried embezzlement,  
 Why did the crime stick in my gizzard?  
 What was it balked my vile intent?  
 A bobby? A N<sup>o</sup>, it was a blizzard.

And here 's a fact on LINNEY'S side—  
 Our culprits recognise it daily—  
 E'en should the air be cold outside,  
 They get it hot at the Old Bailey!

### Church and Stage.

"TWIXT preacher dull and actor, there  
 Is difference small to show, Sir.  
 The one 's a Proser *dans sa chaire*,  
 T'other, on stage, a "Pro," Sir.

NOTE ON RETIREMENT OF MR. J-ST-N MCC-BETHY. — Irish difficulties in a worse plight than ever this Session, as the balance of parties needs a *justin*.

## LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Y<sup>E</sup> PROUDE CITTIE MAN, Y<sup>E</sup> BYSSHOP AND Y<sup>E</sup> SPECULATORE.

A CERTAYNE cittie man was in converse wythe a bysshop. He was a proude cittie man, ffor he had a fayre resydaunce in Kensingtone, and hys wyfe and daughters were fyne ladyes, and one daye in everie monthe they woulde be atte home to theyre fryendes, and



woulde gyve each herself ayres when they dyd go a shoppynge. And while they were a talkynge who shoulde come that waye but TOMKYNES, y<sup>e</sup> grett dealer in golde and dymonde mynes, in ryche tyre, conynge browded, wyth jewellis upone hys handes and raymente, and who had a grett house in Pickadilla, wyth servantes and horses wythoute numbere. And y<sup>e</sup> proude cittie man was right glad TOMKYNES shoulde see hym a talkynge toe a bysshop, as y<sup>e</sup> bysshop shoulde

see he dyd knowe y<sup>e</sup> famouse man; and soo stood alerte toe catch hys iye that he myghte nodde and smyle upon hym. But TOMKYNES went hys waye with hys nose in y<sup>e</sup> ayre and tooke no notyce ever so lytle.

"Y<sup>e</sup> popinjay!" cried y<sup>e</sup> proude cittie man, who coulde not restrayne hys ire; "why, my lorde, I dyd knowe that man when he had not a jyrkyne toe hys back, and walked y<sup>e</sup> guttere callynge 'Rags and bones!' A ryghte goode callynge, for he was but rags and bones hymselfe."

"Nay," sayd y<sup>e</sup> bysshop, wythe gentyle reproofe; "contra bonos mores. Speak not ill of olde fryendes."

Y<sup>e</sup> proude cittie man toke hys leave wythe thoughte upone hys browe.

## INGOLDSBY AND SHAKSPEARE.

"'He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!' said the Baron."

Now this quotation is from the tale of *Grey Dolphin*, which, as everybody knows who reads, or has read, anything, is one of the prose stories included in the *Ingoldsby Legends* written by the Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM. *Les grands esprits se rencontrent* occasionally, and in this matter of "boots" SHAKSPEARE anticipated *Ingoldsby*. Turn to *Richard the Second*, Act V., Sc. 2. I give it compressed:—

"Duke of York. Give me my boots, I say!"

[Exit servant for boots.]

"Duchess. What is the matter?"

"York. Bring me my boots." (This he must shout loudly as the servant, according to stage direction above, has gone for them.) "I will unto the king."

"Re-enter servant with boots."

"Duchess (to servant). Hence, villain! never more come in my sight."

[It was a nice family to live in. Duchess is now preventing servant from handing boots to Duke, while their son AUMERLE is standing by. Pretty domestic scene in *High Life*!]

"York (naturally irritated). Give me my boots, I say!"

But the Duchess won't let him have his boots. During the remainder of the scene, while the servant, who remains on the stage, must be dodging about trying his best to give the Duke his boots, and AUMERLE is regarding the scene quietly, the Duchess, now throwing herself on her knees before her husband, now embracing him, now clinging to him, is perpetually preventing the Duke from sitting down quietly and putting on his boots. Finally, utterly exasperated, the Duke exclaims:—

"Make way, unruly woman!" and flinging her aside rushes off

violently, followed, of course, by "servant with boots." SHAKSPEARE, whose genius never disdained trifles, makes far more out of the Duke's boots than does *Ingoldsby* of the Baron's.

Should Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON well and wisely determine on reviving this play of SHAKSPEARE's, himself taking the part of the unhappy *King Richard the Second*, with whom the audience must always be in sympathy, may I hope that he will give due prominence to this particular scene, and will take great care that the property boots be effective? The *Duke of York* should be played by Mr. TERRISS, specially engaged. He can "make-up elderly"; and then how finely would he thunder forth "Give me my boots!" For the *Duchess*, who has to implore him on her knees, let the part be confided to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. Mr. ALEXANDER should play *Aumerle*; and the part of the servant, who brings in the boots, on whose business with the *Duke and Duchess*, and on whose facial expression the entire effect of the scene depends, might be safely entrusted to Mr. PENLEY, whose performance in dumb show, when, with the big boots in his hand, he tries to dodge the *Duchess*, would attract the whole of London. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON will do well to consider this friendly hint from A. P. DE BOTTES.

## FASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENTS (UP TO DATE).

THE Court at Osborne.

The German Emperor at or near Berlin.

The PRIME MINISTER at Downing Street and Hatfield.

The DUCHESS of WINKLESEA's bazaar in aid of the West African Top Boot Fund.

Mr. A. J. BALFOUR at Golf after meeting Parliament.

The P. P. C. Club attend a meeting of the "Au Revoir" Association at Farewell Lodge.

Mrs. TINWHISTLE's Small and Early. Carriages at 4 A.M.

Courts open at Bow Street, Marlborough Street, Westminster, &c. Sitting magistrates in attendance.

St. Paul's (Whispering Gallery), Madame TISSAUD'S (NAPOLEON'S Carriage). The Tower (Crown Jewels), British Museum (mummies).

Constant trains from Waterloo, Victoria, Charing Cross, London Bridge, Paddington, Liverpool Street, and other stations (punctuality not guaranteed).

Hanwell.—Entertainment to unemployed patients.

Company Meetings.—Bunkum Railroad (10), Salt Cellars Limited (11.30), Pigskin Pavement (11.45), Far-above-Boobies Mine (12), Ashanti Food Supply (12.15), Thames Mud Recovery (1), Robberijobber Gem Mines (1.15).

Professor FRIZELLE introduces the Salubrikon shaving soap at St. Barbe's Hall, W.

THE BACK KITCHEN. Etruscan Hall, *diner à la Macédoine*, accompanied by comic songs, 3s. 6d. Tripe and larks' feet suppers in the Scandinavian recess. Fried fish in the Jerusalem Chamber.

RESTAURANT SPAGHETTI. Specialities: Frogs legs and oysters à la *Piedmontaise*; *Tutti frutti à la Ghetto*. Private rooms for public parties. Suppers during the theatres.

Inauguration of the Kamskatka Boarding House, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. GINGER POP. Refection at 5. By cards of invitation only.

Great sale of wall-papers and window-blinds at Messrs. SIUCCO AND LATHE, 19, Great Cambridge Street, W.C.

Enormous sacrifice of Irish Whiskey Tonic at Messrs. O'BOGUS AND SNARK'S, 1008, St. Bee's Lane, E.C.

Hairpins, curlers, tongs, &c., amounting to £55,347 5s. 2d., at TOUPRET'S, Chevaline House, Conqueror Street, W.

At BANAGHER'S, Crimpside (the only house established 1895) two million rabbit and rat-skin pelisses. Note—BANAGHER'S. None other genuine.

Madame FRILEUSE. *Massage Japonais* daily, 11 to 5. Open on Sundays.

Unicycling. The Bike Emporium, Ratford Road, W.

Corn cutting. *Chez un professeur Français*, No. 1279, Gambetta Street, W.C. Strict secrecy.

Guinea-pig, Bull and Bear Show. Stock Exchange Hall, E.C.

Racing. Campdown Steeplechases (first day).

Backgammon, Dominoes, and Draughts. Great matches (8), Ping Pong Club, Seven Dials.

Gadabout Theatre. Twenty-fourth edition of *Paul Pry in Petticoats*. New songs, new dances, "new wheezes," new management, new authors, new call-boy.

VARIETY Varieties. Signor PORCO the Pigman at 10, nightly. The Mac FLASH has returned.

"CARO NOME DEL MIO LI-COR"; OR, "VERO ED BEN TROVATO."

[A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Aberdeen Association for the Control of the Liquor Traffic was presided over by—Dr. BEVERIDGE.]

WITHOUT doubt, "for the throat" is this medical seer,

Whose name sounds especially "jolly."

But he'd "doe"—k the poor man of his beverage—beer,

And this sounds like absolute folly.





### WHAT OUR NOVELIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*His little Grandson is made to write (under dictation) to unknown enthusiastic American admirer of his works:—*“DEAR MADAM,—GRANDPAPA WISHES ME TO WRITE AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, AND FOR YOUR KIND LETTER TO HIM, IN WHICH YOU SAY YOU WOULD SO LIKE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC AND MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE, SO THAT WHAT IS DIVINE IN YOU MAY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF MINGLING WITH WHAT IS DIVINE IN GRANDPAPA.

“GRANDPAPA THINKS IT WOULD BE VERY NICE INDEED, ONLY HE'S VERY BUSY JUST NOW; AND BESIDES, HE'S AFRAID GRANDMAMMA MIGHT OBJECT. SO, PERHAPS, YOU'D BETTER NOT.

“YOURS TRULY, JACK BOOMER.

“P.S.—GRANDPAPA CAN'T SEND YOU HIS PHOTOGRAPH, AS HE HASN'T BEEN TAKEN FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.”

### ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

#### ON COLDS.

PRIOR, I believe, tells us that—

“Each changing season does its poison bring;  
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring.”

Or, as CALVERLEY puts it, in words even more forcible, the winter is the season when—

“M's and n's are mostly  
Pronounced like b's and d's.”

With me a cold does not take precisely that form, but it is, even without these mispronunciations, a serious and melancholy catastrophe; and, while it lasts, takes from life all that ordinarily makes life pleasant. I do not wish to intrude my own personal sorrows upon the reading public, but after all in this matter, as I take it, the pains and discomforts through which I struggle by the aid of hot drinks, handkerchiefs, and all the other infernal paraphernalia of this minor fever, have been endured to an equal extent by the public at large. Now, nothing more consoles an invalid than to recount his desperate woes to his friends, and to assure himself of their sympathy by allowing them in turn—not at the same length, of course: no man's illness is ever so serious as one's own—to communicate their distressing symptoms to him. Let me, therefore, put myself in an entirely impartial position, and imagine that in reciting my own experiences I am really listening to those of a very dear and intimate friend—which is, indeed, the case.

THE beginnings, then, of the colds to which my friend is occasionally a martyr, are invariably sudden and explosive. At one moment he walks erect, proud in the consciousness of perfect health. His eye is undimmed, his mind is clear, his muscles are firmly braced, his voice is resonant. Then, without a warning, three terrible detonations shake the house in quick succession. There comes a pause, and then two more rend the rafters. He has sneezed five times—the number five is fatal to him—and he knows that a cold has him in its clutches. At these well-known and terrific sounds the establishment is convulsed. “He's got it,” the butler remarks to the cook. “Yes, and it's a bad one. He's managed to keep it off a good long time this season, but I knew it had got to come. MARY, put his blue shawl in his bed, make up his fire, and don't forget the hot-water bottle.” At these words from the mistress of the kitchen, the housemaid bustles away to make the customary preparations, and the butler, having placed his master's slippers by the fire, immediately busies himself with the brew of a jorum of port-wine negus or mulled claret, specifics sanctified by a long household tradition as the first line of defence, the domestic navy, against the treacherous attacks of the cold-fiend.

THE five sneezes have been the signal for the mobilisation of the home army. No further orders are required from the unfortunate master, even if he were capable of giving any. But as for him, the well-cushioned seat of his arm-chair receives him. There he reclines, huddled, a mere semblance of a man, now racked with despair, now tortured with illusive hope, and the walls re-echo with the trumpet sounds of his affliction. Not otherwise an eagle, borne aloft upon the invincible power of spreading wings, beholds upon the plain below a kid, sporting in the meadows. Downward he starts from the upper heights, his fierce spirit aflame with the desire of prey, ruffled as to his haughty plumage, and, with rending beak and greedy talons, seizes the soft offspring of the mother-goat. In vain its bleatings fill the air; in vain its sorrowing parents and the flocks of the shepherds pour forth lamentations, and witness each departure with black grief gnawing at their hearts. Up, and ever up, soars the kingly bird, depositing his prize, at length, in his eyrie, a feast not unappreciated by the partner of his throne and her soft-plumaged brood. But, below, the mother-goat is desolate, nor do the rich pastures give her comfort. So a cold—Well, in fact, to finish with the simile, the cold is as an eagle, the cold's victim is as the kid; and beyond a general resemblance, it is never possible to press a simile in the classic form.

BUT, as I said, the sufferer lies in his armchair, and at first he hopes. A cold! pooh, the notion is absurd. The weather is warm and spring-like; he has not been conscious of damp socks or sitting in draughts, or any other rashness. It can't be a real cold; merely a fit of sneezing which will pass away and leave no trace. So he thinks, but all the time there are little creeping shivers, the demon's *antenna*, playing up and down his spine; his skin turns to that of a goose; he shifts himself closer and closer to the fire without acquiring any warmth; his hair seems endowed with a malignantly independent existence; each separate hair begins to sting him, then they all combine and rake his throbbing head with a deadly persistence, and eventually the careful butler enters unsummoned with a relay of dry handkerchiefs on a tray, and an announcement that dinner will be ready shortly, that he doesn't suppose his master intends to dress, and will he have the usual amount of sugar in the hot port wine. After this, only one hope remains. He lights a cigarette. Misery—he cannot taste it. Then he is, indeed, in for a cold.

No matter: it shall be checked—nipped in the bud. Feed a cold and starve a fever; wherefore, immense quantities of food are consumed—and all to no avail. For the handkerchief, the white flag of surrender, flutters without ceasing, the eyes pour with copious tears, the tongue is parched. And as he enters his bedroom the sufferer sees the ancient blue shawl deftly and invitingly spread, the shawl that is brought out only for these calamities, and retires to its cupboard with reluctance long after all danger is over; and a bulge in the bedclothes proclaims that beneath that spot lies snugly nestling the hot-water bottle which is to spread its comfort from the feet upward through the whole system, and bask him in his bed. I need not protract the pitiful story. Men laugh at colds, but for real misery, for the misery which leaving you strength takes away joy, which tosses and tortures and roasts and freezes, which tears you and then tears each separate piece, which makes tobacco a loathing, and robs even a Norwegian anchovy of taste—for such a misery as this there is only one name, and the name is Cold. May it perish from the land.

SPECIAL NEW WOMAN SERVICE.—It has been announced that the Reverend AUGUSTA CHAPIN, D.D.—who might be familiarly addressed as “Chappie,” or, “Young Chap”—has resigned her pastorate (sweet shepherdess!), and is coming to London. If her Reverence occupies a pulpit, then in the choir will be Mrs. CHANT.





### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE NORTH.

*The Arrival.*

"ALL PRECIOUS THINGS DISCOVER'D LATE  
TO THOSE THAT SEEK THEM ISSUE FORTH.  
FOR 'PLUCK' IN SEQUEL WORKS WITH FATE,

AND DRAWS THE VEIL FROM HIDDEN 'NORTH.' \* \* \*  
"THE MANY FAIL: THE ONE SUCCEEDS!"—*Tennyson.*

[“Dr. Nansen has reached North Pol’, found land, and is returning.”]



## PUTTING IT NICELY.

Young Lady (politely, to old Gentleman who is fiddling with gap). "I DON'T WISH TO HURRY YOU, SIR, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE QUITE FINISHED YOUR GAME OF SPILKINS I SHOULD LIKE TO COME!"

## "BETRAYED BY THE INTERVIEWER!"

(Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance.)

RUPERT had done his best to conciliate the representative of *The Detective*, the newest of the long series of interviewing periodicals. He had lunched him, smoked with him, joked with him. He believed that he had created a favourable impression. If he had to complain of anything, it was of the scanty attention paid to his stories, and the noise made by an apparatus that was brought into his study by the investigator.

"You will let me see the article when it appears," said RUPERT, as he bade his guest farewell.

"Certainly," was the answer; and the two men parted.

"I trust that he will not omit my narrative of good work and good deeds," thought the now lonely celebrity; "if he sets down all I related, I shall appear as a hero and a saint. And why not?"

A fortnight later and the two were once again face to face. But now RUPERT was furious.

"What do you mean, Sir, by proving me to be a coward and an impostor?" he shouted.

"I merely reproduced your thoughts," was the calm response.

"But I told you nothing to my disadvantage," cried RUPERT, angrily. "How can you know what was passing through my mind?"

"By using the simple contrivance to which you took exception when I brought it with me into your study."

"I do not understand you."

"You will when I tell you that I photographed the working of your brain, and thus learned the secrets you would have hidden from me! And now I will explain scientifically—"

But RUPERT heard no more. The unfortunate celebrity had fainted!

NEW TITLE (suggested by the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain).—PRESIDENT KRÜGER; or, "OOM-RULE PAUL."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Chief of O. B. O. is not addicted to strong language, but, having perused all the stories in *The Sand Sea*, he takes his Davey, which expression, whatever it may otherwise imply, means, in this instance, his "RICHARD DAVEY," author of this work, that rarely has he come across so good a compilation of short stories—all telling and all well told, none of them occupying more than the space of a thorough reader's "spare half-hour"—as he has found in the small volume (title mentioned above) published by the Roxburgh Press. No "problems" or mysteries among them. "*Davey sum, non Oedipus*," says, in effect, the author. "I recommend the volume to all, and, *more Oliveri*, ask for more," says THE BARON.

"POLICE!"—"Hardly a week has passed without complaints being lodged with the police," wrote the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *à propos* of brutal murder at Muswell Hill. The paragraph finished with "*As yet the police have no clue.*" What! not with all these "complaints lodged with the police" almost every week "for some months past"! Then follows "*The police theory is*"—and so forth. Of what use is "theory" of police, as against "practice" of burglars? When "Preventive Force," after being specially warned, does not "prevent," there is evidently something organically wrong.

"ON, STANLEY, ON."—Thus we address that talented actress, Miss ALMA STANLEY, who, after reports all to the contrary, nevertheless and notwithstanding, is alive, and, we trust, well. "ON, STANLEY, on"—the stage again!

LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW WOMAN.—Girton girls going in for a "Gamble."

NEW NAME FOR A PARTY IN THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—The Pro-Aggressives.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—The Flying Squadron.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. V.

*In which Mr. Jabberjee expresses his Opinions on Bicycling as a Pastime.*

IN consequence of the increasing demands of the incomparable Miss JESSIMINA upon the dancing attendance of your humble servant, I am lately become as idle as a newly painted ship, and have not drunk in the legal wisdom of the learned *Gooroo*s who lecture in the hall of my Inn of Court, or opened the ponderous treatise of Hon'ble Justice BLACKSTONE or ADDISON on *Torts*, for many a blank day.

Still, as Philosopher PLATO observed, "*Nihil humani alienum a me puto*," and my time has not been actually squandered in the theft of Procrastination, but rather employed in the proper study of Man-kind, and acquiring a more complete knowingness in *Ars Vivendi*.

So I think it worth to direct public attention to the dangers of a practice which threatens to develop into an epidemical kind of plague, and carry the deteriorating trails of a serpent over our household families, unless promptly scotched by benevolent firmness of a paternal Government.

Need I explain I am alluding to the nowadays passion for propelling oneself at a severe speed by dint of unstable and most precarious machinery? It is now the exception which breaks the rule to take the air in the streets without being startled by the unseemly spectacles of go-ahead citizens straddled upon such revolutionary contrivances, threading their way with breakneck velocity under the very noses of omnibus and other horses, and ringing the shrill welkin of a tintinnabulating gong!

Nay, even after the Curfew has taken its toll from the knell of parting day, and darkness reigns supreme, they will urge on their wild career, illuminated by the dim religious light of a small oil lamp!

I possess no knack of medical knowledge, but I boldly state my opinion that such daredevilry must necessarily inflict a deleterious result to the nervous organisms of these riders; and, who knows, of their posterity? For no one can expect to have hairbreadth escapes from the running gauntlet continuously, without suffering a shattering internal panic, while catastrophes of fatal injury to life and limb have become de rigueur.

*Experto crede*—for I can support my *obiter dictum* by the crushing weight of personal experience. A few mornings since I had the honour to escort Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW and a middle-aged select female boarder into the interior of Hyde Park. The day was fine, though frigid, and I was wearing my fur-lined overcoat, with boots of patent Japan leather, and a Bombay gold-embroidered cap, so that I was a mould of form and the howling nob.

Picture my amazement when, as I promenaded the path beside the waters of the Serpentine lake, I beheld a wheeled cavalcade of every conceivable age, sex, and appearance; senile gaffers and baby buntings; multitudinous women, some plump as a duckling, others thin as a paper-thread; aye, and even priests in sanctimonious black and milk-white cravats, rolling swiftly upon two wheels, and all agog to dash through thick and thin!

On seeing which, the matured lady boarder did exclaim upon the difficulties of the performance, and the vast crowd that had collected to view such a *tour de force*, but I, perceiving that those seated upon the machines used no exorbitant exertions, and, indeed, appeared to be wholly engrossed in social intercourse, responded that no skill was required to circulate these bicycles, which, owing to being surrounded with air-cushions, would proceed *proprio motu* and without meandering.

Thereupon Miss MANKLETOW expressed an ardent desire to behold

myself upon one of these same machines, and—as we were now close to the effigy of Hon'ble Duke of WELLINGTON disguised as an Achilles, near which were certain *bunniah*s trafficking with bicycles—I, wishing to pleasure my fair companion, approached one of these contractors and bargained with him for the sole user of his vehicle for the space of one calendar hour, to which he consented at the *honorarium* of one rupee four annas.

But, on receiving the bicycle from his hands, I at once perceived myself under a total impossibility of achieving its ascent—for no sooner had I protruded one leg over the saddle than the foremost wheel averted itself, and the entire machine bit the dust, which afforded lively and infinite entertainment to my feminine companions.

I, however, reproached the *bunniah* for furnishing a worn-out effete affair that was not in working order or a going concern, but he, by assuring me that it was all right, cajoled me into trying once more. So, divesting myself of my fur-lined overcoat, which I commanded a hobbardhoy of the sweeper class to hold, I again mounted upon the saddle, while the proprietor of the machine sustained it in a position of rectitude, and then, supporting me by the superfluity of my pantaloons, he propelled me from the rear, counselling me to press my feet vigorously upon the paddles. But it all proved as the labour of Sisyphus, for the seat was of sadly insufficient dimensions and adamant hardness, and whenever the bicycleman released his hold, I instantaneously endured the total upset!

Then again I reproved him for his *Punica fides*, informing him that I required a machine that would run with smooth progressiveness, precisely similar to those I beheld in motion around me. To which he replied that I must not expect to be able to ride *impromptu* as well as individuals who had only mastered the accomplishment by long continuity of practice and industry.

"Oh, man of wily tongue!" I addressed him. "Not thus will you bamboozle my supposed simplicity! For if the art were indeed so difficult as you pretend, how should it be acquired by so many timid and delicate females and mere nurse-lings? This machine of yours is nothing but an obsolete *hors de combat* with which it is not humanly possible to work the oracle!"

At which, waxing with indignation, he leaped upon it, and, to my surprise, did easily propel it in whatsoever direction he pleased, and its

motive power appeared to be similar in every respect to the rest; so, beguiled by his representations that, under his instructions, I should speedily become a *chef-d'œuvre*, I once more suffered myself to mount the machine; but, whether from superabundant energy of my foot-paddling, or the alarming fact that we were upon the descent of a precipitous slope, I was soon horrified at finding that my instructor was stripped out, and I abandoned to the lurch of my Caudine fork!

Oh, my goodness! My heart turns to water at the nude recollection of such an unparalleled predicament, for the now unrestrained bicycle *vires acquirit eundo*, and in seven-league boots! While I, wet as a clout with anxiety and perspiration, did grasp the handles like the horns of a dilemma, calling out in agonised accents to the bystanders,—“Help! I am running away with myself! Half a rupee for my life-preserver!”

But they were all as if to burst with laughter, and none had the ordinary heroism to intervene, and I with ever increasing rapidity was borne helplessly down the declivity towards the gates of Hyde Park Corner, when, by the benevolence of Providence, the anterior wheel ran under a railing, and I flew off like a tangent into the comparative security of a mud-barrow!

On my return and solicitous inquiry for my fur-lined overcoat, I had the further shock to discover that it was *solvitur ambulando*!

After such a shuddering experience and narrow squeak of my safety, I confidently appeal to the authorities to extinguish this highly dangerous and foolhardy sort of so-called amusement, or at the very least to issue paternal orders that, in future, no one shall be



"I instantaneously endured the total upset!"

permitted to ride upon any bicycle possessing less than three wheels, or guilty of a greater celerity than three (or four) miles per hour.

The fair Miss MANKLETOW amended this proposal by suggesting that the Public should be restricted at once to perambulators; but this is, perhaps, *majori cautela*, and an instance of the over-solicitude of the female intellect, for it is not feasible to treat an adult, who has assumed the *toga virilis* and tall hat, as it he was still mewling and puking in a tucker and bib.

## CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

[As our unfair Correspondent has positively declined to share such emoluments as the mention of certain trading firms may bring in (*quâ* advertisements), we have adopted a perfectly equitable course in suppressing all such names. N.B. Any inquiries on the subject must be addressed to Editor, marked "private."—Ed.]

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—You owe me a thousand *félicitations*: not on my birthday, for that you know only blooms with the early roses in June, but on an Event. I hasten to chronicle it with all speed in that perfumed violet fluid which Messrs. \* \* \* have rendered so necessary to all fair correspondents. In a word, as VICTOR HUGO puts it, I have had a personal interview with the Duchess of Haggerston!!!! Naturally *je m'en raffole*. Are you not surprised, sweet coz, and was I not right in claiming your compliments? It was dear old General WHISKER (about whom such funny after-dinner stories are told, so FRED FLANEUR assures me,) who arranged the meeting. The General is *au mieux* with her Grace, who, like a wise woman, does not care for the society of the "masherkins" (the dear Duchess's own expression) of the frivolous theatres. However, imagine little ME (after an hour's journey by train, when I did not catch cold, thanks to one of Madame \* \* \* 's new *Edredon* railway rugs) arriving in a cab at the frowning portals of Kagmagag Castle, a Norman structure which was taken by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR from the Saxon Princess ELFWYDLA, and given to the Duke's ancestor, who filled the post of *Tire-Bouchon de la Cour* on the field of Hastings.

My arrival was evidently expected, for I was immediately ushered through a vast hall, filled with battle-axes, by an enormously tall footman, who would make his fortune in the Life-Guards, into the Duchess's boudoir. The splendid fellow—such a gentleman—began me to be seated, assuring me that her Grace would join me in a few minutes, and having gracefully thrown some coals (the M-r-q-s of X's "Best Screened," I could see) on the fire, left me with a princely bow to the contemplation of this delicious retreat—a niche in fairyland, with its delicate *eau de nil* hangings, furniture *en suite*, and treasury of Sèvres and Dresden ornaments, interspersed with roses, camellias, orchids, palms, and tree ferns. Note-book in hand, I jotted down some of the more striking *objets d'art*, such as a gold Cupid with turquoise eyes; a malachite fountain discharging *extrait de réséda* (\* \* \* 's invention); a full-length portrait in oils of \* \* \*, the famous low comedian; framed photographs (signed) of the Crowned Heads of Europe; a capacious ebony and silver box filled with \* \* \* 's choicest cigarettes; a marble bust of Mlle. Z \* \*, the witty French *chanteuse*; a collection of richly illuminated Greek missals; a negro's skull arranged as a candlestick (I fancied I traced the skill of Messrs. \* \* \* in this), and a superb rug made, as I afterwards ascertained, from the tails of Siberian guinea-pigs, and valued at many



"Oh, I SY! WOT'S ORANGE FREE STATE MEAN, BILLY?"

"WHY, WHERE YER GITS YER ORANGES FOR NUFFIN, STOOPID!"

thousands of pounds. Perhaps you will smile at these *minutiae*, but surely the woman in possession had a right to take the inventory?

My pencilling (\* \* \* 's shorthand) was interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess herself. Ah! *mamie*, conceive a goddess, a Juno, with languishing blue eyes, gold-bronze locks, and the stature of Diana—a *svelte* divinity, who would have inspired the Muse of V \* \*, or the brush of P \* \* P \* \* R \* \*. Her Grace was in cycling costume, which enabled me the better to view the fascinating proportions of her *taille*. I noted that her tailor-made knickerbockers were of thick quilted navy-blue silk, and her shapely legs incased in a pair of \* \* \* 's Royal tartan hose. On her mouse-like Tr-lb-s were the pinked brogues for which \* \* \* is so famous. The Duchess, producing a *brûle-gueule* from her jacket pocket (the garment was cut *à la W-II-m W-II-ce*, with pebble buttons), lighted it with a real fusee, and observed in quite a business-like way: "Now I dare say that my time's as valuable as yours, Miss What's—your name. You want to know something about me. Here goes. Do I hunt? Yes, and race, fish, shoot, cycle, as you see, yacht, and play the banjo, the bagpipes, penny whistle and Jew's harp. I can't spell, and am ignorant of grammar, but I write for half-a-dozen periodicals—someone corrects my articles, I don't. I'm Dame-President of the Kag-

magag Daffodil League, a bit of a SARAH BERNHARDT in my way, and can give twenty in a hundred at billiards to most men. The New Woman doesn't concern me in the least, but I'm partial to distinguished old men. I like going the rounds and winning a good *coup* at *baccarat*. Monte Carlo's twice as good a place as this dingy old dust-pan of a Castle. If my ancestors had built it instead of the Duke's, I'd have sent all their ugly old mugs to the National Portrait Gallery. Any views as to the mission of our sex? Yes, to make the oof-bird fly. Literature? No time for books, prefer spicy, up-to-date journals. Now I've got a skittle match on, so you'll have to scoot. You'll find tea, or B.-and-S., if you prefer it, in the house-keeper's room. Ta! Ta!!"

Such, dear, were the *ipse dixit* words of this *grande châtelaine*. While I was discussing a cup of fragrant Bokoe (Messrs. \* \* \* 's importation) with the ducal *sénéchale*—a fine old lady of some eighty winters—she gave me a recipe which you should try. It is short and savoury. Braise six *fonds d'artichaux* in the gravy of three Surrey fowls; add the juice of four pomegranates, and three soft bloater roes, and serve with Parmesan cheese, French mustard and syrup of chicory. The latter can only be obtained from the \* \* \* Co., Ltd. Ever, dear,

Your loving cousin, KADJ.





## SUNDAY COLLECTION FOR THE S. P. G.

(Little Pedlington.)

After Morning Service.

"OH—FR—I'M COMING AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON, YOU KNOW."

After Afternoon Service.

"OH—ER—I WAS HERE THIS MORNING, YOU KNOW."

## 'ARRY ON AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—'Ow goes it, old Oyster?  
Shut up in your stuffy old shell,  
Out o' town, out of life, out of heverythink,  
fur from the Bank and Pell-Mell,  
You're a regular old *Rip van Winkle*, or  
winkle without the *Rip van*  
All 'ard-shell and 'orny blind hoptie. Lawks,  
'ow do you stand it, old man?

In town things skip lively, I tell you;  
political pots on the bile.  
"Oly calm?" Oh, my eye and a hand-  
box, the ghost of old BEAKY must smile!  
True the Rads and 'Ome Rulers are kiboshed,  
and clean off their crumpets with spite,  
But elsewhere it is like good old times of 'eads  
up, and "We don't want to fight."

With Rads it is always "tails down"!  
'Owsomever they're not in the 'unt.  
Thanks to Brummagem JOE, who has floored  
them, and seems coming slap to the  
front.  
I've given 'im beans in the bygoness, I'm  
nuts on that brave Doctor JIM,  
But JOE 'as 'is pints, I admit, and you  
cannot knock flies off of 'im.

"Pell-Mell and the Bank," I remarked,  
CHARLIE. Ah! *that's* the text for to-day;  
Toffs and Tin, CHARLIE, Fashion and Funds!  
They're the only two barneys as pay.  
Ask BARNEY BARNATO, ask RHODES, ask poor  
dooks, ask a rich lady Yank;  
And they'll tell you in Mammon's own Bible  
the text is Pell-Mell and the Bank.

That's wot old SOL SOLOMONS tells me.  
Queer codger, old SOL. Off 'is chump.

Sort of Sasherlist I. L. P. patriarch; learned  
on "boom" and on "slump."  
Like a grey JEREMIAH gone wrong, with a  
beard like Niagra froze 'ard,  
Or a door-mat as badly wants beating. But  
can't 'e spin yarns by the yard?

Rum thing, mate, your fair stony-broker who  
lives up a court, on the cadge,  
Bangs ROTHSCHILD in talking of millions.  
I'll wager a crown to a fadge  
SOL knows more about bimetalism than  
CHARLIN or BALFOUR hisself;  
And SOL says the Gods of our Period are  
Privilege, Pedigree, Pelf.

The Prince and the Priest, grumbles SOL,  
'ave give place to a new tyrant-curse,  
As villainous-'ard and more vulgar, and that  
is the Power o' the Purse.

Poor SOL! That's the bee in *his* bonnet.  
But swelp me JEMIMER, old man,  
If you can't get a slice of good old "Golden  
Calf," you must grub on cold scan.

So fur Silly SOLLY is right. 'Ow the doose  
can a cove out a dash,  
In Society—Church, State, or Sport—if 'e  
ain't got the 'andling of cash?  
It need not be 'is own—to begin with, the  
shareholders' shekels will do;  
But, CHARLIE, the duffingest game is 'ard  
work on a measly small screw.

Spekkylation's the oyster, my pippin, from  
which you may pick the big pearl.  
Life is all pitch-and-toss, when you think on  
it. Wot is it keeps up the whirl,  
Spins the artful ones up to the surface, sucks  
duffers and 'onest mugs down?  
Well, it isn't 'ard work and straight ways,  
you may bet Chartered shares to a crown.

I'm a thinking of going out, CHARLIE.  
That's wot set your pal on this lay.

"'ARRY's preaching," thinks you! Well,  
mate, preaching is not 'ARRY's mark—it  
don't pay.

But two quid a week and no perks is a getting  
a little mite slow;  
And J'hannesburg—if there's no fighting—  
would jest about suit me, I know.

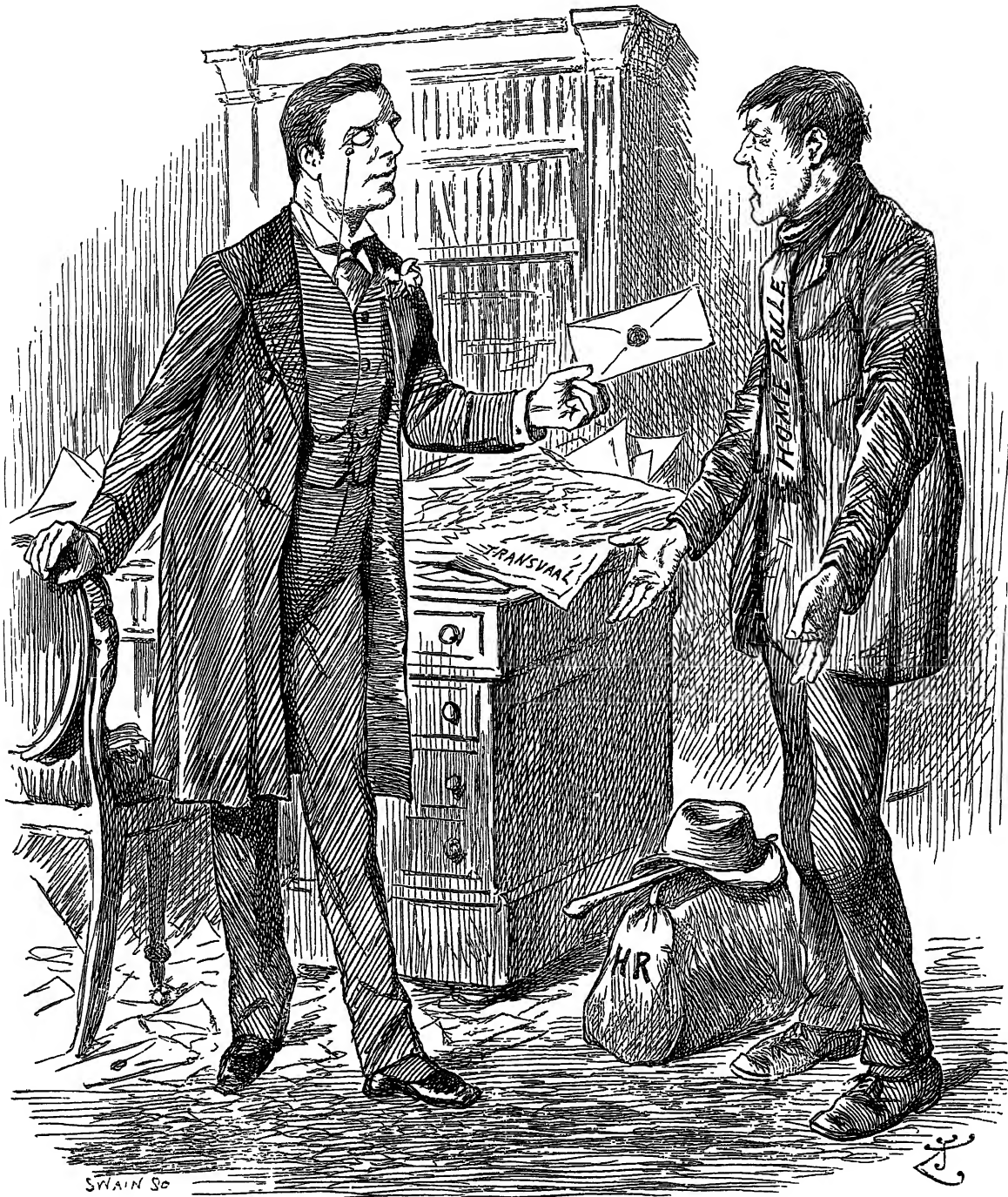
Only want to see JOSEPH more down on that  
artful old Dutchman, and then  
I'm an Outlander all round my 'at, CHARLIE,  
either with pick or with pen,  
Anythink but a rifle! It's clear that your  
Boer is a bullying brute,  
Who will whine, and won't mine, the old mug;  
but, by Jingo, 'e knows how to shoot.

This mixing up bizness and bullets is bosh, as  
those Cornishmen thought.  
If I'd been a soldier *by trade*, like a 'ero, no  
doubt, I'd 'ave fought;  
But lor! to be called from the counter to  
strap on a shot-belt and fight,  
May do all very well for Dutch burghers, but  
dashed if I think it seems right.

It's a pity that brave Doctor JIM didn't wipe  
those Dutch farmers clean out;  
As with proper support, and no JOE, 'e'd 'ave  
done, I 'ave not the least doubt.  
Oh! I'm not nuts on poetry myself, and I  
think "lines" is mostly tin-pot;  
But when I read AUSTIN—well, 'ARRY must  
own 'e felt 'appy and 'ot!

They wos worthy of good old MACDERMOTT,  
they wos, them there lines, and no kid.  
A Briton as goes in a buster, and don't care  
a blow wot 'e's *bid*,



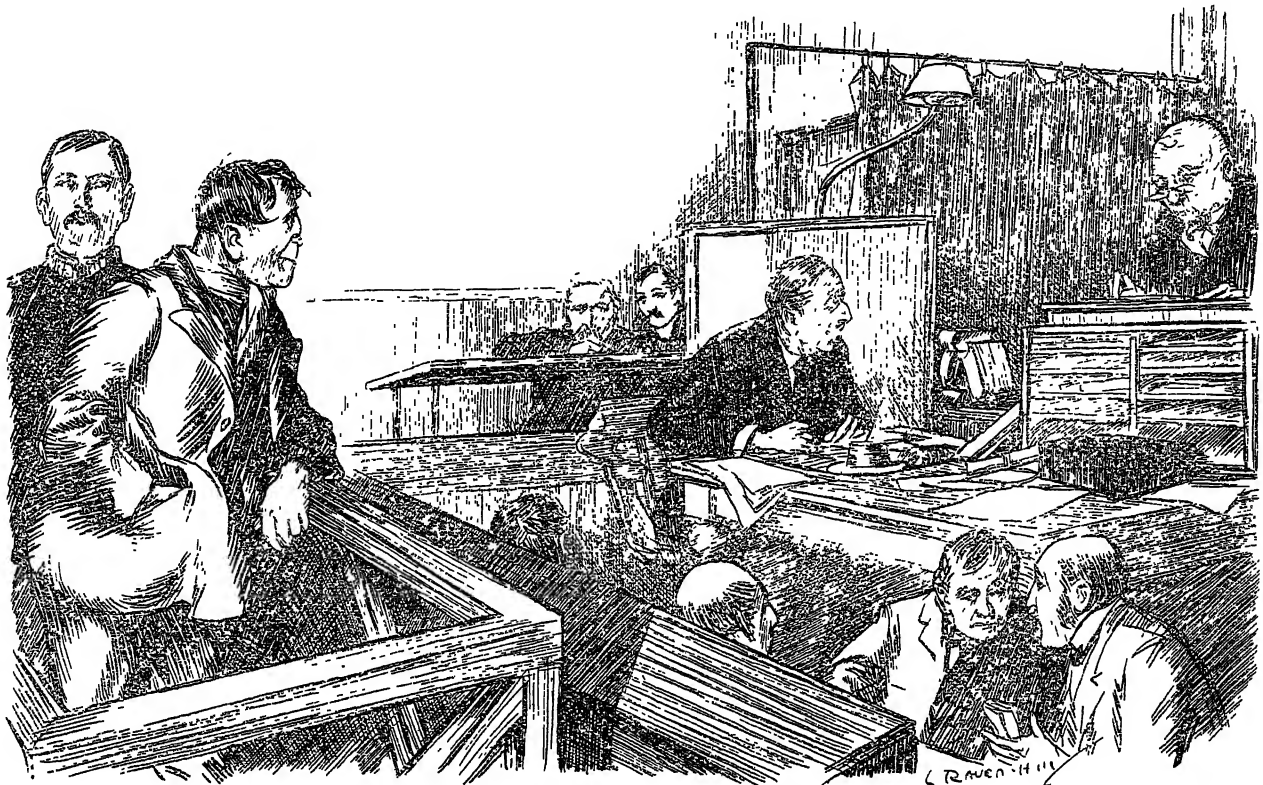


## A POOR RELATION.

HOME RULE (*disconsolately*). "WHAT'S TO BECOME OF *ME*?"

RT. HON. J. C. "WELL—THINGS HAVE GONE A BIT AGAINST YOU *HERE*, BUT THERE'S A NICE OPENING FOR YOU IN THE TRANSVAAL. PRESENT THIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO MY FRIEND MR. KRÜGER."





### QUITE UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

*Newly-appointed Magistrate.* "ANY PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS AGAINST THE PRISONER?"

I say is a shore-going NELSON, as laws and conventions will jump, And to call such a buster a mere *fillibuster* gives 'ARRY the 'ump.

"Raid" be jolly well jiggered, dear boy! England rust, and the rest as they can! That's my motter, my own "MONROE Doctrine," as ought to be stuck to, old man, Spite o' Dutchmen, and Yanks, German Hemprors, and all sech houtsiders. Great Scott! Old England, as SOLSBURY put it, can take on the whole blooming lot!

Yes, SOLSBURY's my man, bless 'is boko! If 'e'd do a turn at the 'Alls, And recite ALFRED AUSTIN's new pome, gad, we'd blow the roof bang off the walls! Brum JOE P—well, so-so!—BALFOUR P—tol-lol!—but SOLLY and ALFRED? Oh, lor! The hangore for "Marquidge and Minstrel" would give German BILLY wot for!

It's clear 'e's no class, that young Sossige, as ought to know better, yes, much, Than to chip at 'is Good Gracious Grandma, along of a hugly Old Dutch.

If 'ARRY goes out to the Transvaal 'e won't turn a Dutchman, no fear!

And 'e won't want no Germans to swamp 'im; 'e's 'ad fur too much of 'em 'ere!

I'll watch 'ow things pan out, my pippin; and if JOE's as good as 'is word,

And don't knuckle hunder to KRÜGER, like GLADSTONE,—as would be absurd,—

And if the Rand game don't mean rifles, as I've no hambition to carry, The Johannesburg Outlanders may 'ave the 'onour of welcomin' 'ARRY.

THE FIRST QUESTION.—The North Pole! Discovery!! Who was at the head of it? Liberal? Unionist? or Conservative?

### A NOTE FROM THE NORTH POLE.

*Arrival at Destination.*—Eureka! My excursion—undertaken in the interests of civilisation and the proprietors of the Patent Wardrobe Hat Company, Limited—has been successful! Have secured all vacant spaces on North Pole for advertising purposes. Already fixed up double-crown poster of the useful article for which I am travelling. The placard, showing the various compartments of the Patent Wardrobe Hat—here a space reserved for linen, there another for dress clothes, yonder a third for boots—is most effective. The picture is displayed under Union Jack. Expect to do big business in Greenland. Advertising will sell anything. Shall advertise North Pole itself for sale. Lots more where that came from. Supply can be kept up to demand.

*Particulars of a Newly-discovered Land-mark.*—After leaving the dreary waste—which I christened "New Berlin," out of compliment to the German EMPEROR—we came to some hot-water springs, admirably adapted to the requirements of first-class baths and wash-houses.\*

*Sad Sights.*—A dead wall. Poor thing! Enlivened it at once with pictorial advertisement. Applications for space to be made to me, per agent.

*Commercial Possibilities of the North Pole.*—"What shall we do now?" asked my companion, staring blankly at the other side of the North Pole not yet used for advertisement purposes. "Scratch a Pole," I replied, briskly. Which we did: carving our names on it, and appropriating it. (And here, let me say, in view of any association being launched, that I hold the concession, and

\* Have established Club here, with all modern appliances.

shall expect to be managing director.) So far as I am able to judge, the ice surrounding the Pole is rich in gold, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Tobacco could be profitably grown with the assistance of my new patent process. Oyster beds might be laid out, and the bivalves exported to England ready frozen. The spot, on account of its central position, is admirably suited to colonists, as it is equally accessible from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. As the soil has never been tilled, it is ripe for experiments in scientific farming. The climate is dry and bracing. There are natural advantages in the place that would be of the greatest possible service in establishing an ice manufactory on the largest scale imaginable. As there are no railways omnibuses, nor cabs, there are naturally openings for all these industries. Splendid site for golf-ground, and promising career open to young man with small capital ready to accept position as foreman of works, tax collector, county councillor, tramway director, balloonist, bank manager, adjutant of volunteers, county court registrar, inspector of hoardings, &c., &c.

N.B. Should the Tussaud Wax-work people want a model of it (the real pole cannot be moved, at present, without creating considerable disturbance), I shall be happy to make arrangements for supplying them with an exact reproduction, on certain fair terms.

In conclusion, I beg to state that should anyone doubt my assertions there is a very simple way of testing their accuracy. Those who do not believe what I say about the North Pole can judge for themselves by going there and seeing it! There is no charge for admission, and the direction for the road is "as straight as you can go, and then turn sharply to the left."



*Distinguished Art Connoisseur and Collector (who has obtained permission to see over "The Moat," Fenshire) stopping before a portrait in the hall. "AH! SIR JOSHUA, OF COURSE?"*  
*Lodge Keeper's Wife (bridling). "SIR JOSHUA, INDEED! THERE AIN'T NO JOSHUAS IN THE FAM'LY! THAT'S 'IS PRESENT LORDSHIP'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER, THE FOURTH HEARL O' FITZ-BATTLEAXE!"*

### FAME.

["The following special cable message appears in to-day's issue of the London edition of the *Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News*, a paper said to be conducted in the interests of the Boer Government:—"AUSTIN's poem caused much amusement."—"Daily Graphic, February 6.]

January 11.—Have surpassed myself. No more verses to flowers and such feeble things. "*Arma virumque cano*," That shall be my style for the future. This poem certainly does look uncommonly well in the largest type in the *Times*. SWINBURNE and the others don't get their poor efforts printed like that. Remember that RUDYARD KIPLING once had some verses published in the same type.

*Eheu! Hélas!* so he did. But nobody could understand them. Now I use, and, by using, glorify, ordinary words such as "addle their pates." What would my predecessor, A. T., have thought of that? But then he did not sound a clarion blast to rouse the patriotism of his country. I will be *fortiter*, no longer *suaviter*, in *modo*. Shall give up cultivating snowdrops. The onion is a nobler and stronger bulb.

January 15.—Immense enthusiasm at the Alhambra where my poem is recited. Not the Alhambra in Spain. The other one. This is indeed fame. A. T. never had anything recited at the Alhambra. Come to that, SWINBURNE and the others never had such luck either. Not even ERIC MACRAE! Won't

they all be green with envy? And won't the enemies of England tremble? Don't talk of a strong navy. What England wants is a strong laureate. And she's got him! By Jove! Time I brought in some Latin. Almost forgot it. Indispensable to my prose style.

*Nolumus pugnare,  
Sed, O Jingo, si facimus,  
Habemus homines, habemus laureatum,  
Habemus atque pecuniam.*

These lines are not intended to be scanned, but to be sung. Perhaps they will do for the Empire. Ah, noble name! London Empire suggests British Empire. *Civis Britannicus sum, ego laureatus*. Have dug up all my Dutch bulbs. Shall cultivate only roses, shamrocks, and thistles.

February 1.—Don't seem to read much about that poem in the newspapers. But at least it has checked the boldness of England's enemies. They are silenced. HOMER himself could have done no more. As for DANTE or SHAKESPEARE—However, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*." Roses are all very well, but shamrocks and thistles will make a poor show. Shall cover all available space with geraniums of the brightest scarlet, the military colour.

February 14.—Someone has sent me a cutting from the London edition of the *Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News* of last week, evidently as a valentine. At last I shall know the result of my poem. Of course the Boers are disheartened, hopeless, crushed. I and the Alhambra have done that. Begin to feel some pity for them, as for a snail smashed beneath my foot. But they are, poetically at least, England's enemies, and I am her Laureate. Miserable men! Let them perish in the ignominy to which I have deservedly consigned them. Now I will read this cutting. It says "AUSTIN's poem caused much amusement." What! They laughed? Oh heavens! *O dii immortales!* O ye gods! Perhaps others have laughed at it. Even my ungrateful countrymen! Even the frequenters of the music halls! Even, worst of all, SWINBURNE and the others! Begin to think I will never write any more patriotic poems. Only they do look so nice in that large type in the *Times*. For the present in seclusion I will cultivate the bashful violet, "*sub tegmine fagi*," or *quercus*, or *ulmi*, or anything else that will hide my confusion and my blushes.

### "BIRDIE."

WHAT does little Birdie say  
In her nest at break of day?  
"Five thousand pounds he's had to pay,  
The Gaiety will be more gay."

### 'ARRY AN' OOM PAUL.

First 'Arry.—I sy, i that chap KRUGER comes over, you'll give 'im a welcome, eh?

Second 'Arry.—'Course I will! As a true Britton I should 'old out my fin to 'im and sy, "Ol' man! give us your 'and!" ("Your Rand" was 'Arry's meanin'.)

### FROM H-LY TO S-X-T-N.

[Mr. HEALY has written to Mr. SEXTON asking him to take the Leadership of the Irish Party, and he (TIM H.) will efface himself or retire.]

I do not feel quite merry myself,  
So preach to you a text on;  
See here! I'll help to bury myself  
If you will be Chief Sexton.

HAD ENOUGH OF BEING "HECKLED."—An unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate being recommended a northern voyage for change of air, refused to land in Iceland because he had been informed he should there come across the original Heckla.



## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE WOUNDED GALLANT TO THE WILFUL PEDESTRIAN.

THE rain has never ceased to fall  
On roof and tree with weirdful wash;  
For "gamps and gaiters" there's a call,  
For waterproof and mackintosh.  
Your little *brodequin's* fain to hide  
Its shape within the grim golosh,  
Those armour-plated hoofs beside  
That on the sodden gravel squash.

I've done my best; I've pointed out  
The folly of this tearful trip,  
And shown how it must end in rout,  
Defeated by this doleful drip.  
And yet your friend *must* have his tramp  
Through weary wastes of woeful wet,  
Unmindful of the twinge of Cramp,  
Or Rheumatism's sharp regret.

There may be reason for this craze  
Of plodding 'neath a weeping sky!  
There may be hope within the haze  
That hides a sun of by-and-by!  
I ask'd you not to go—you went.  
With broken limb I bear the smart.  
Should you redeem the love you lent,  
You will not cause a broken heart.

If dragged, colourless to see,  
Back from this ramble you return,  
I will all self-denying be,  
Perchance your gratitude to earn.  
I could not without bitter pain  
Forswear the portrait that I drew;  
So, till you've made yourself again,  
I vow I will not look at you!

THE TURN OF THE "TIED."—The revolt of the publicans against the brewers. A new version of the old Queen's Theatre drama.

## "NANSEN."

(Old Chorus to "I would I were with Nancy," adapted.)

I WOULD I were with NANSEN,  
I do! I do!  
On the frozen shore  
For a minute or more  
I'd like to be with NANSEN!  
At the Pole!  
On the whole  
I'm glad I'm not with NANSEN!

THE BEST ARBITRATOR FOR THE VENEZUELA QUESTION.—MR. W. G. GRACE, the champion cricketer. He knows the duties of an umpire, and is sure to make "a boundary hit."

NEW NAME FOR HIM.—Done-Raven.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—Quite a crowd of new Members to take oath and seat on this our opening day. Some are fruits of General Election. Might have come up in July last, but for various reasons deferred the ceremony. Honest MICHAEL DAVITT was in Australia when two Irish constituencies competed for honour of his hand.

"Reminds me," said JAMES BRYCE, "of the seven cities struggling for honour of being the birthplace of him whom ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS once alluded to as 'our old friend HOMER.'"

Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athens, Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua."

Pretty to see the Bashful BARTLEY blushing his way towards the table. If he had his own will, would like quietly to slip in before House meets, kiss the book, and sign the Roll when no one was looking. It was this insurmountable shyness that kept him back from joining thro' sworn-in in July. Came down more than once with intention of getting the ordeal over. But something ever intervened—the twittering of a sparrow, the roll of a cab wheel, the July sunlight flickering across lettering on collar of policeman by Members' entrance. Small things unaccountable to ordinary adamant natures.

"BARTLEY," as Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES sometimes says, with a tremor in his voice, "is altogether misplaced. He ought to have come up as a cowslip, or looked from afar on a turbulent world through the blue eyes of a violet."

To-day he long hovered on outskirts of group pressing forward to take oath. They wanted to make room for him as an old Member. He shrank further and further under friendly shadow of gallery. Only for prompt action on part of Private HANBURY, who arrested his fleeting footstep, he would have gone back to Victoria Street and deposited himself in the Penny Savings Bank.

Very different the bearing and carriage of WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, M.A. Coming in at bye-election, he was introduced in due form by CARSON, Q.C., and WALBOND, both men of inches. Historian of Eighteenth Century towered above them as the Century itself o'ertops its younger brethren. Lofly stature, like reading and writing, comes by nature. What entranced the House was the the lithe, graceful,

forward movement, the light poising of his credentials between forefinger and thumb, the smile that beamed alike upon the just and the unjust, the mien as deferential to the messenger behind the Speaker's chair as to its august occupant.

SARK much affected. "Glad," he said, mopping his eyes, "to have lived to see this day. Do you remember what CHARLES DICKENS wrote of another 'very gentlemanly man,' who lived in the neighbourhood of Bleak House? 'He was not like youth; he was not like age; he was not like anything in the world but a model of Deportment.' LECKY comes here with the weight of reputation established outside which broke down JOHN STUART MILL, and has killed some other great men. That is bad enough. But the author of *The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* will have to live up to his first walk down the floor of the House. He'll find that the hardest task of all."

Business done.—Address moved.

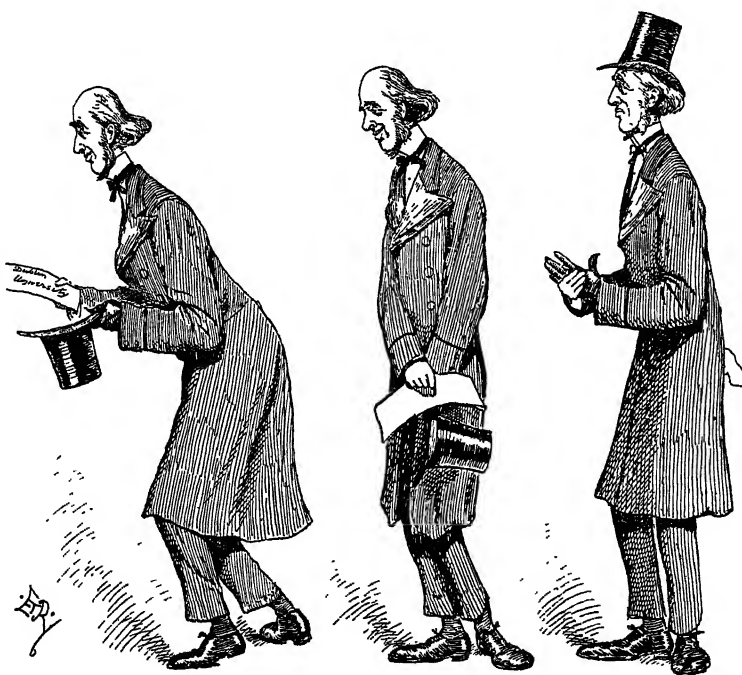
Thursday.—Troublous times just now for our TINY TIM. As everyone knows, our TIM's natural impulse, like that of his prototype in the *Christmas Carol*, is to utter and live up to the pious exclamation, "God bless us everyone."

"Somehow," it is written in the *Christmas Carol*, "Tiny Tim gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard."

Exigencies of hour compel our TIM to sit alone, usually at corner seat of third bench below gangway. His benevolent aspirations, his universal blessing, have not precisely the effect that might be expected. Not to put too fine a point upon it, his relations with his compatriots are a little strained. JOHN DILLON does not love JOHN REDMOND; JOHN REDMOND, his heart bleeding with sympathy for Ireland, would like to punch JOHN DILLON's head. They are united in detestation of TINY TIM. Thus he sits apart and thinks strange, sad things.

For a while yesterday his heart glowed within him. DILLON had moved an amendment to Address, censuring Government for omitting Home Rule Bill from modest list of measures announced in Queen's Speech. Home Rule, as the world knows, is the desire of the heart of every true Irishman. For it patriots have given up everything, to go and live in London, joining what is modestly described as its best club. Personal differences have unhappily arisen. TIM deploras them with almost passionate regret.

"Why, cannot, we," he



Some LECKY-daisical attitudes!



said, only this afternoon, "dwell together in unity, bearing and forbearing?"

When he saw JOHN REDMOND rise to second JOHN DILLON'S amendment his heart swelled within him. Tears dimmed his spectacles; a gasp of grateful emotion was audible, even across the House. Here was the seed he had planted growing up in the stoniest of places. For Ireland's sake, JOHN REDMOND was ready to sink personal considerations, and play record fiddle to JOHN DILLON. Even whilst TIM was wiping his glasses, as a preliminary to mastering his emotion, JOHN REDMOND shattered all his pleased hopes. DILLON, he said in harsh voice, had by a manoeuvre dislodged him from his place of precedence. He had intended to move a Home Rule Amendment, and so show Ireland who was her true friend. DILLON had craftily got in ahead of him, and not only forestalled his amendment, but threatened to burke his speech.

Only one way to avoid latter sacrifice. He would second amendment, and so reel off speech. First, however, he would, like the Baboo, expose JOHN DILLON'S *cui bono* in all its hideous nakedness. This he did, and incidentally went on to show how peaceful, prosperous, and contented Ireland would be if its home government were entrusted to him and his loved colleagues.

TINY TIM'S depression at this turn of affairs equalled only by the generous exultation with which he had observed what he had thought was the burning of private feuds on the altar of the country. Now he sat thoughtful, isolated in his corner seat, "thinking the strangest things you ever heard." The House was, however, privileged to hear them. The sight of PRINCE ARTHUR on his legs discoursing about Ireland ever makes TIM articulate. Still more exhilarating is the spectacle of DON JOSÉ, quiet, strong, master of himself and his subject. To-night, whilst these two spoke, TIM dropped a running and occasionally embarrassing commentary. Once PRINCE ARTHUR had launched into lofty passages descriptive of benefits conferred by Parliament on Ireland.

"We give to the Irish race living within our jurisdiction every privilege we ask for ourselves. We give them not merely their share, but more than their share—"

Here the voice of TINY TIM shrilly piped, "Of coercion."

"—of representation in this House," PRINCE ARTHUR proceeded, preferring to conclude his own sentence. But TIM was in first, and would have upset the equanimity and spoiled the speech of a less practised debater.

Some comfort found in these little explosions. Ever remains the abiding sorrow of seeing Ireland suffer whilst patriots pull each other's hair.



HARDLY DE-CHORUS!

"If the Boers of the Transvaal had raised the 68th Psalm in celebration of their victory, I, for one, would have been ready to join in the chorus (*sic!*)."—Mr. Leonard Courtney, Feb. 13.

used to work together in happy Birmingham. Glad enough of my advice in those days. Would have been better off if he had sought it in these. It doesn't require man of my professional eminence and experience to perceive the fatal flaw underlying his despatching that dose of Home Rule for Transvaal. Suppose a London doctor were, uninvited, to send to one of my patients at Edgbaston a phial of medicine marked 'To be taken internally.' Would he swallow it? Certainly not. He'd reply, 'You be blowed. You're not my doctor.' Transvaal case and DON JOSÉ'S Home Rule panacea on all fours with this. Natural consequences have followed. DON JOSÉ a clever man; but he will see he would do well when making new friends not to ignore his old counsellors."

*Business done.*—Much talk round Address.

"They have their quarrel," says TIM sadly, "and England has our estate."

*Business done.*—First division in new Parliament. Home Rule Amendment negatived by 276 votes against 160.

*Friday.*—Still twanging Irish harp when not beating the Transvaal drum. To-night both on. COURTNEY volunteered little vocal music by way of change. "If the Transvaal Boers," he said, "had raised the sixty-eighth Psalm in celebration of their victory, I, for one, would have been ready to join in the chorus."

Not usually a chorus attached to a Psalm, but that a detail. Selah.

When KRÜGER comes over, he and COURTNEY should give us a stave. If JOUBERT accompanies the President, make it a trio.

Not sure that KRÜGER'S coming. DON JOSÉ got his back up by undertaking to govern Transvaal as well as the Cabinet. "In earlier life," says Sir

WALTER FOSTER, Bart, M.D., "DON JOSÉ and I

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(A Vision of the Near Future.)

THE proceedings at yesterday's congregation were of an unusually protracted nature, as nearly all the lady M.A.'s now in residence addressed the Senate at some length. Miss BELLE, of Girton, suggested that a change should be made in the colour of the university hoods. Fur, she remarked, was altogether unsuitable and unfashionable in the summer months, and white silk by no means suited everyone. She would suggest that entire freedom should be given to graduates—or, at least, to lady-graduates—to select the colours and materials that would harmonise best with their dresses. It was ultimately decided that a Syndicate should obtain patterns from Messrs. LIBERTY, and report to the Senate on the subject.

Miss HOMESPUK brought forward a "grace" for the appointment of an University Professor of Needlework, at a salary of £1000. It has been urged, she said, that the result of the higher education of women was to unfit them for domestic duties. In order to refute

this, it would be an excellent plan to endow a Professorship for teaching this most useful accomplishment. She was aware that the post would be an onerous one, and she therefore proposed to occupy it herself. The grace, however, was "non-placeted" by 345 votes to 1.

One of the Fellows of Girton called the attention of the Senate to a gross neglect of his duty on the part of one of the Proctors. An undergraduate of her college had caused great disturbance by holding extremely rowdy "Cocoas" in her room; and when rebuked for her misconduct, had called the speaker "an old cat." She had referred the matter to the Proctor, requesting him to fine the delinquent heavily; but he had taken absolutely no notice of her letter. The reason of this misplaced leniency she had just discovered; the Proctor, she blushed to say, was engaged to the young lady in question. (*Cries of "Shame!" and great uproar.*)

The Proctor explained that, together with all his colleagues, he wished to resign his office. His work had been difficult enough before, but now that ladies had become members of the University, it was impossible to perform it. To have to deal with crowds

of abominable girls ("Oh!"), who only giggled when he asked their name and college, was absolutely maddening. (*Derisive cheers.*)

The Senior Dean of Newnham pointed out that all the best buildings in the University were, quite unjustly, allotted to the men. This anomaly must be removed. She would allow the Trinity men to remain undisturbed for the present. (*Applause from Dr. BUTLER.*) But Newnham must have a worthier abode than its present one. On the whole, she thought that Clare College would suit them very nicely. She, therefore, proposed that the Newnham students should be transferred to Clare, and that the Clare men should live in Newnham for the future.

The Tutor of Clare remarked that the Dean of Newnham might try to evict him and his College as soon as they pleased. He would only add that they had a fire-engine of considerable power, and— (*Uproar.*)

As it was nearly tea-time, the Senate shortly afterwards adjourned.

WHERE WRIGHT WAS NOT MIGHT.—In the trial of the Haggerston Election Petition.

## THE QUICK-STEP OF THE LAW IN THE COMING BY-AND-BY.

["The Counsel of the Plaintiff was about to tell his Lordship the history of the case, when the Judge said he was familiar with the whole of it."]

*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Usual accessories. Judge on the Bench. Barristers facing him. Solicitors in the Well, seated next Litigants. Jury in their box, and Witnesses in waiting.

*Leader for the Plaintiff.* And now, my Lord, if your Lordship pleases, I will give you a brief history—

*Judge (interrupting).* No, thanks. I know all about it.

*Leader for the Plaintiff.* Well, I will proceed to examine my client, who has already been sworn.

*Judge.* Thanks. Quite unnecessary. I will examine him myself. [*Does so.*]

*Leader for the Plaintiff.* I will now proceed to call other witnesses.

*Judge (interrupting).* Better leave them to me. I will dispose of them in next to no time. [*Does so.*]

*Leader for the Defendant.* And now, my Lord, I will open the case for—

*Judge.* Quite unnecessary. I know all you propose to say.

*Leader for the Defendant.* Then I will call my witnesses.

*Judge.* I shall follow the practice I have established on the other side, and look after them myself. [*Does so.*]

*Leader for the Defendant.* With your Lordship's permission, I will sum up the case in defence of my client.

*Judge.* Thanks, no. I can do that for you.

*Leader for the Plaintiff.* And I for my client, if your Lordship pleases, will—



## SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

"OH YES, I KNOW I MUST EAT IF I WANT TO GROW HEALTHY, AND BIG, AND STRONG. NOW I SUPPOSE YOU WERE ABLE TO LEAVE OFF EATING LONG AGO, AUNT PHILLIDA!"

*Judge (interrupting).* Sum up the whole case? Thanks, no. I can do it for you as easily as for your learned friend. [*Does so.*]

*Foreman of the Jury.* And now, my Lord, are we to give our verdict? *Judge.* Well, you can if you like; but I really think you had better leave it to me, as I know much more about it than you do.

*Foreman of the Jury.* As your Lordship pleases.

*Judge.* That's right. Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages fifty pounds, and costs.

*Leaders (protesting).* Really, really, my Lord, we are not accustomed to—

*Judge (interrupting).* But I am! Call the next case.

[*Hurried business, and quick Curtain.*]

NONE BUT THE SLAVE DESERVES THE FARE.—At the meeting of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, Mr. FORBES, the chairman, complained that prosperous tradesmen used workmen's trains and paid only one penny instead of twice or thrice as much. Of course, these well-to-do merchants ought to be "punched" at the barriers, and the *bonâ fide* working men stamped M. D. R. or Men Deserving Relief.

A REALLY WONDERFUL FIG.—The Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that *Monsieur Cochon*, a highly intelligent pig in the *Mardi gras* cavalcade, "had a quizzical expression on its snout as it looked down on the crowd from the *charcuterie* car." Of course, *Monsieur Cochon* must have turned up his nose at the spectators in order to get any expression out of it.

## "GLORIOUS, BY JINGO!"

SCENE—The Metropolis of a Mighty Empire. Enter First and Second Citizen.

*First Citizen.* Glorious news, isn't it?

*Second Citizen.* Magnificent! Never heard anything to equal it in my life!

*First Cit.* Going to have the biggest fleet ever seen—costing millions!

*Second Cit.* Yes; and an army that will go anywhere, and do anything—costing so much more.

*First Cit.* And the volunteers to have as much cash as they like!

*Second Cit.* And the militia and yeomanry to have more than they care for!

*First Cit.* Why, we shall make the whole world envy us with our new forts, and new guns, and new coaling-stations!

*Second Cit.* Yes; we shall put ourselves outside competition!

*First Cit.* And absolutely negative criticism!

*Second Cit.* Fire guns all day costing about £200 a discharge!

*First Cit.* And send out any number of squadrons under full steam at so much per ton for coals!

*Second Cit.* Fortunately, we are going to have a big surplus!

*First Cit.* Not that that will go very far! No, we must just absorb it with a view to increased expenditure!

*Second Cit.* Quite so. What I say is confound the expense!

*First Cit.* To which I respond, down with the Income Tax!

*Second Cit.* What if we have to pay tennepence in the pound?

*First Cit.* Or even—if it comes to that—even two hundred and forty.

*Second Cit.* So rule Britannia!

*First Cit.* And there's no dearer place than home!

[*They stimulate one another with a forced cheer, and exeunt recklessly.*]

PROBABLE.—On his way to the pole Dr. NANSEN may have come across the traces of other expeditions.

## QUEER QUERIES.

RABBITIC.—What is the best way of putting a muzzle on a very athletic and rather bad-tempered bull-dog? I have tried to do it while he was (apparently) fast asleep, and narrowly escaped from the apartment with my life. Chloroform is of no use, as the brute will not allow it to be placed anywhere near his nose, and a strong solution of it inserted in the garden syringe and squirted over him through a window only makes him savage. Shall be glad of any hints—also to know cost of a journey to PASTEUR'S establishment in Paris.—LOVER OF DOGS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Owing to some small domestic misunderstandings, my wife has obtained (1) a protection order against me, (2) a judicial separation, (3) maintenance at two pounds a week, (4) and custody of a favourite parrot. I feel doubtful whether under the new Act I have the right to go on living in my own house. Will somebody kindly explain the Act, and also tell me how I am to give two pounds a week out of an income of thirty shillings?—ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—A house-agent has let my furnished house for me, and now has the assurance to claim a commission! Am I bound to pay this monstrous demand? I am glad and proud to say that I have not signed any agreement to pay it. The man says he has taken a great deal of trouble over the letting, and no doubt he has. But having signed nothing, surely I am not legally liable?—GENEROUS SOUL.

MORE HISTORICAL DOUBTS.—We have a beastly history lesson twice a week, and I want to know, please, who was "the Electric SOPHIA," and why was she called by that name? I asked my master, who only laughed, and said he "supposed it was because she had a magnetic personality," but I don't know what on earth he meant. She comes in every lesson, and all the form laughs at me when I mention her. So please let me know about her soon.

JONES MINIMUS.

MOTTO FOR AN IMPECUNIOUS FOOTBALL CLUB.—"More kicks than halfpence."



"NURSE BRUIN."

'WHAT A SPIRIT HE HAS! DEAR LITTLE CHAP! INTERFERE WITH HIM, INDEED; NOT WHILE HIS OLD NANA IS HERE.'



## A RESULT OF THE OPEN SEASON.

*Biker (to his hunting friend).* "I SAY, OLD CHAP, THAT NAG OF YOURS LOOKS RATHER DEFLATED—LET ME LEND YOU MY PUMP."

## PUNCH'S PLEA FOR THE WHITE-PLUMED HERONS.

*(An Appeal to all English Ladies with Pitiful Hearts.)*

"BUTCHERED to make a Roman holiday,  
That roused hard anger in indignant metre.  
Butchered to make a lady's bonnet gay!—  
Sounds that much sweeter?"

Little white heron, with the shoulder plume  
Which stirs the milliner's remorseless pas-  
sion,  
You guess not how your finery seals your  
doom

At beck of Fashion.

The little egret's nuptial plumes are sought  
Above all other feathers by EVE's daughter,  
And hence the heronry with woe is fraught,  
A scene of slaughter.

Poor, pretty, bridal-plumed, nest-loyal birds,  
At breeding-time alone you grow gre-  
garious.

The hunter comes, and scenes too sad for words  
Grieve e'en the hilarious.

The mothers hovering near their helpless  
brood,  
Are shot in hundreds; 'tis such easy killing!  
The plumelets are plucked out, since they are  
good

For many a shilling.

The young birds starve, whilst, festering in  
white heaps,  
Their deplumed parents lie in scores about  
them.

When men say at the thought their chill  
blood creeps,  
Will ladies doubt them?

Male thralls of Mammon do the murderous  
deed,  
But if the slaves of Mode could feel com-  
passion,  
Young herons need not starve, nor old ones  
bleed.  
To—follow Fashion!

The heronries are fast destroyed, 'tis said,  
The pretty egrets fast exterminated.  
It seems a pity! Betwixt Mode and Trade  
Are the birds fated?

Nay, lovely woman, prithee just say "Nay"  
In mere humanity and love of beauty!  
Punch loves the sex, and to his pets would  
pray,  
"Dears—do your duty!"

CAREFUL REVISION.—In Chicago, the Board  
of Education has adopted a "revised version"  
of the Bible. Some of the Psalms of David  
wanted, they thought, cutting; so they cut  
them. They've cut "*A little bit here, and  
a little bit there.*" "*Here a bit, and there  
a bit, and everywhere a bit,*" as the old  
song has it. But, when editing and revising  
the Bible, why not omit the two versions of  
the Decalogue? *That* omission would suit  
a vast number of worthy people.

NEW MOTTO FOR THE MUSSULMAN.—There  
is no good in the European Concert, and the  
Sultan's its profit!

CANNING'S COUPLET REMODELLED.  
In matters of contest the charm of the Dutch  
Is forgiving a little, and asking not much.

## THE MILLINER MUSE.

*(A Recipe.)*

CUT prose, just like mohair or silk, into  
snippets,  
And end them with tags, like boot-laces;  
Bespangle with tropes, like glass-beads on  
girls' "tippets,"  
To please the new Muses and Graces:  
Finish off with smart tassels,—called com-  
monly rhymes,—  
For antiphonetical tinkling;  
And, with shoddy that sparkles and nonsense  
that chimes,  
You'll be hailed a new bard in a twinkling.

## PATRIOTIC TOAST.

*British Tar sings:—*

BRITANNIA still sea-rule enjoys,  
Despite rude Ger-ma-ny!  
Here's to her Flying Squadron, boys!  
And may it never—fly!

THE CURSE OF CHEAPNESS.—These are  
terribly subversive times! What price any-  
thing?—or anybody? "Penny Poets" were  
bad enough, though they have sometimes  
been quoted as low as "tuppenny-half-  
penny," to be sure. But now some radical  
revolutionary advertises a "Shilling Peer-  
age"! This is the most daring attack upon  
the House of Lords we have yet heard of.  
The next novelty we suppose will be  
"Sixpenny Sovereigns" or "Farthing  
Crowns."



### "Taking the Sh(r)ine out of Him."

["I suppose I must begin what I have to say by laying a chaplet . . . on the opulent shrine of the Colonial Secretary."—*Vide Lord Rosebery's Speech in House of Lords, February 11.*]

*The Right Hon. J-s-ph  
Ch-mb-rl-n loq.:*—

ALTHOUGH I'm a thundering kind of a chap I agree not with "canonisation":

Were I only a saint I'd be not worth a rap

In this cycle of civilisation. That's why I don't care for that metaphor rare—

No, I can't like that "opulent shrine" a bit.

But cut out the "r" and you'll find me "all there,"

For I think I can "opulent shine" a bit!

"UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE." (*Extract from letter written by Undergraduate Member of Literary Society to learned friend.*)—I hear that I am going to be asked by the committee to read an essay on "Keats." Can you tell me . . . what are "Keats"? Yours ever, SAMMY.

NOT TO BE TOO RIGG-OROUSLY TAKEN.—Of course (*a propos* of some recent letters in the *Times*), the reverend gentleman is not a "Vessel of Wrath," but, being a vessel, his detractors might say of him, in nautical fashion, that "he is rather a queer Rigg."



### HE HAD SUCCEEDED.

A. "OH, I SAY, THAT SKETCH YOU DID OF ME IN THE *DAILY NEATOR* MADE ME LOOK THE SORT OF CONCEITED ASS ONE WOULD LIKE TO KICK!"  
B. "YOU THINK SO? AND I WAS AFRAID I HAD QUITE FAILED TO CATCH THE CHARACTER!"

### HAPPY PAIR.

["A marriage was 'solemnised,' by special licence, before Sheriff Brown, but the 'happy pair' had a long wait in the Sheriff Court until his lordship disposed of a 'criminal case'!"]  
—*The Aberdeen Daily Free Press.*

*Eheu, fugaces!* Now Hymen's kept waiting, The conjugal knot can't be tied.

"Antic the law" must, by dint of debating, A criminal case first decide.

*L'Envoi.*

How queer a commencement! Yet, "happy pair," pause,

And ponder the terrible thought:—

Some day before J(e)une, in a different cause, Again you may wait for the Court!

A TEETOTALER'S SPIRIT.—During recent breach-of-promise trial, plaintiff, a barmaid, examined by member of legal, not drinking, Bar, said that defendant "never drank spirits at all." "Then," asked the Judge, "what did he drink?" "Scotch whisky," promptly answered Barmaid. So this is good news for teetotalers. "Scotch whisky is not reckoned among spirits." But isn't it rather a cruel revelation to the whisky drinker?

THE POET LAUREATE'S LINES.—"Alf Measures."

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

#### A HOLIDAY HORROR

I AM about to narrate one of the most afflicting tragedies that have ever come to my knowledge, a tragedy that is in very truth a tragedy, for it moves pity and terror, purges the emotions by them—and that I have always understood to be the genuine mark of a tragedy. It happened during the last Christmas holidays, but a very natural desire on the part of those concerned that their reputations might not suffer, kept the story from their intimates and from the world. It was revealed to me under a pledge of profound secrecy. As, however, no good purpose can be served by keeping this pledge, I have no scruples whatever about breaking it. Indeed, I have always been of the opinion that such pledges were exacted merely in order that they might be promptly broken. If, for instance, a secret is revealed to me in an ordinary commonplace way with no special attempt to enhance mystery by binding me to a complete silence, I go on my way and forget all about it the next minute. But if on the other hand I am bound to silence by strange oaths, if I am assured that the character of orphans, or the peace of mind of widows depends upon my observing secrecy—why then the load becomes too heavy to be borne, my shoulders resent the unaccustomed weight, and I go about groaning until I can obtain ease by sharing it with others. This I shall now do.

WHEN REGGIE BARKWORTH came home for his Christmas holidays, he was received in the parental mansion in London with the usual demonstrations of chastened joy. REGGIE is at present serving his country on board H.M.S. *Briannia*, qualifying for the Admiral's uniform, with which the imagination of his fond mother has already invested him. He is a boy of high spirits, full of mischief and pranks as a boy should be, and the question of entertaining him, keeping him occupied, and diverting his energies from monkey-tricks, assumes a considerable importance in an otherwise quiet household. I need not go through the list of all the pantomimes, entertainments, and amusements, to which REGGIE was consigned in the charge of his various relatives, each of whom was told off in turn

for a spell of Reggie-duty. Sometimes, however, the stock of guardians ran dry for the moment, and REGGIE had to be sent off alone, or in the company of any shipmates whom he might have gathered round him. On an occasion of this sort, he sallied forth one fatal day, with four others like unto himself, and visited a certain Hall of Amusement. He had received the usual injunctions as to the punctuality of his home-coming, and a reasonable amount of money, strictly apportioned to his needs, had been allotted to him. In due time these five budding sailors invaded the Hall. After feasting on many marvels, listening to songs, observing dances in a properly critical spirit, and gazing with breathless interest at spangled acrobats, they found themselves in a recess dedicated to the performances of an army of industrious fleas, in charge of a skilled and voluble educator. The entertainment was in full swing, but the spectators were not very numerous, and the youngsters were therefore able to obtain front places at the table on which the tricks were proceeding.

"THIS here," said the educator, a melancholy man, seemingly overweighted with his responsibilities; "this here in the front is *Caradoc*, the champion flea of the world. I ketchted him young, off of a dual establishment in the Midlands, and spent a year learnin' him all his accomplishments. He is a flea of very determined character, strictly honnerble in all his dealin's; but he has a warm heart, and shows remarkable affection. *Caradoc*"—this to the flea—"do not champ your bit so; I can't have you a pavin' the ground like this; beyave yourself like an aristocrat, and be quiet till I tell you to move. Ladies and gentlemen, *Caradoc* will now draw the state coach four times round the arena. Then, raisin' hisself on his hind legs, he will bow three times, salutin' the company. On the box of the coach you will observe *Charleymang* and *Wellington*, two fleas specially selected for their knowledge of 'osses and power of drivin' safe through a crowd of traffic. The flea inside the coach, sittin' in state, is the *Queen of the Sandwich Islands*. She is a lazy flea, but very stiff about etiquette; will have the other fleas a bowin' down before her, and never turnin' their backs. Now, *Caradoc*, you can start. Let the ladies and gentlemen see your fine action. Look



here, my young fellow"—this was to REGGIE—"don't you come a pushin' like that, or you'll upset that 'ere bottle, and there's a matter of five 'undred fleas in that bottle, all in strict training, and kep' from their natural food, so as to make 'em savage. Good gracious! do be careful. There, didn't I tell you—"

THE expected had taken place. REGGIE and his companions, in their anxiety to observe the evolutions of *Caradoc*, *Charley-mang*, *Wellington*, and the *Queen of the Sandwich Islands*, had advanced too closely to the table, and with a careless sweep of his arm REGGIE had upset the bottle, the top of which, I may state, was only covered with a card. Five hundred hungry, savage fleas, all in strict training, saw their chance of liberty, and most of them profited by it. Never has there been such a hopping, such a scattering right and left of agonized spectators. "There," said the educator, as he surveyed the ruin of his hopes, "you've done it this time, my boy. Them five 'undred fleas are half-eddicated. Many's the day I spent over them, but it's all wasted now, and I'm in the Bankruptcy Court. Why, I refused a thousand pound for that there bottle of fleas only last week."

By this time the bottle had been restored to its upright position and securely covered, but it held only a very small proportion of its original contents. The rest had vanished like a beautiful dream. REGGIE, a boy of a kindly disposition, was overwhelmed with grief at the result of his thoughtlessness. "Look here," he said, "I've only got a shilling, but if that's any use to you you shall have it." "A shillin'," said the educator in a tone of scorn, "what's a shillin'? But there, I'll take it on account, and you can pay me the other nine-'undred-and-ninety-nine pounds, nineteen shillin's by instalments. I desay I can ketch some more as time goes on. If I do, I'll credit you with them." The bargain was struck, and REGGIE went home.

OF course the matter did not end here. On the following day REGGIE returned to the *Britannia* swollen to twice his natural size. The room he had occupied at home was fumigated, but to no avail. It was occupied last week by a beautiful young lady who had come to stay for a dance. Her shrieks during the night were heartrending, and her appearance the next day so painful that she had to be wrapped in cotton-wool and sent back in the charge of a nurse to the country vicarage which is her home. From the *Britannia* come rumours of a restless spirit on the part of the cadets which is causing serious anxiety to the authorities. London is at this moment unconsciously under the domination of several hundreds of fleas, just sufficiently educated to know their own terrible powers, but not to restrain them within the limits of propriety and good-feeling. I can see only one remedy, that the County Council should issue a muzzling order for fleas.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGES OPEN TO WOMEN OF ALL DEGREES.—Let us make a selection. There's Magdalen, Oxford, likewise Cambridge. At the former, a girl undergraduate may become a "Demy" if she doesn't object to swearing, and is not of opinion that the "Demy" won't become *her*. There's Clare College—pretty name Clare. Likewise, there's St. Catherine's. Lady Bachelors to remain celibates, and the M.A.'s to wear the quiof of St. Catherine. At the college the study of music would largely engage the attention of the students, and once every term there would be a "Cat's Concert" in Hall. The Game of Pass for the corners would be a favourite one with the undergraduate girls.



PHIL MAY  
96

First Newspaper Boy. "HULLO, BILL! WHO'S 'E?"

Second Newspaper Boy. "I SUPPOSE 'E'S THE NORTH POLE AS 'AS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED!"

#### L.S.D.

Chancellor of the Exchequer to John Bull:—

I BEG to remark, dear respected J. B.,  
If you wish to retain your command of the sea,  
You must give me command of your L.S.D.

John Bull to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

I shan't make a fuss o'er pounds, shillings, and pence,  
If you give me defence without waste or pretence.  
Let's have a strong Navy, and—hang the expense!  
The L.S.D. I want is my Land's Safe Defence!

#### Drawing the Line.

(Written after reading the views of Baron Von Marschall concerning "Our Railways," &c., in the *Transvaal*.)

TO MONROE DOCTRINE JOHN BULL may be schooled,  
But, spite of all that German Baron's jaw,  
He'll show the Teuton he is not yet ruled  
By "MARSHALL" Law!"

THE BARE FACT.—The recent great rise in Consols "may be ascribed," the *Times* observed, "in great measure to the existence of a bear account, called into being by the possibilities of disturbance opened up by events in various parts of the world." Then it's mainly on the "Russian Bear account" that Consols have gone up.



### WHAT OUR TENOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Fair Accompanist (cheerfully).* "NOW YOU GO ON, AND NEVER MIND ME! I'LL CATCH YOU UP BY-AND-BY!"

### PUNCH TO THE NEW PRESIDENT.

["I thank you, good Sir JOHN!"—*Second Part King Henry the Fourth*, Act II., Sc. 1.]

"SIR JOHN, I am thy *Punchius*, and thy friend!"

And this comes, greeting.  
I've watched thy splendid course from end to end.

The years, swift fleeting,  
Lent each a new, bright honour to a name  
All England's proud of.

Worthy aspirants to artistic fame  
There is good crowd of;  
But our Sir JOHN is greatest of them all,  
By head and shoulders.  
That LEIGHTON's mantle on Sir JOHN should fall  
Glads all beholders.

To fifty years of well-fulfilled renown,  
And popularity,  
This seems the well-earned guerdon and fit crown.

The widest charity  
Holds not all Presidents in Art supreme,  
As in urbanity.

But MILLAIS' Art is young ambition's dream;  
His strong-soul'd sanity,  
And breezy *bonhomie*, make such a blend  
As all virility

Yearns to. Consummate artist, cheery friend,  
'Tis no servility  
To bow before such manhood and such power,

Such fine, frank royalty,  
Of nature high, and genius in full flower,  
In loving loyalty.

From P. R. B. to P. R. A. ! That tale  
Is worth the telling;  
But one who has done everything—save fail—

In all excelling,  
Will fill Art's highest ceremonial seat  
With lordship easy.

His speech, than LEIGHTON's less serenely sweet,

But bright and breezy,  
Wins with its wholesome frankness. May it long—

And clearer ever—  
Sound at that banquet-board where great and strong, <sup>WEED</sup>

Noble and clever,  
Meet under Art's high hospitable dome.

Most pleasant duty  
For those who, though they roam, own England Home

And bow to Beauty!  
He whose remains WREN's wondrous fane

now covers  
Highest would rank you,

And cry, with GOWER, and *Punch*, and all Art's lovers,

"Sir JOHN, I thank you!"

### THE SONG OF THE SULTAN.

["The Turk never changes."—*Prince Lobanoff*.]

BISMILLAH! All the Giaour race  
Are mutable as mist.  
They know not the set Sphinxian face,  
Or the firm clenched fist.

Infidel hogs, false, faithless dogs,  
From Moscow to Berlin,  
They're shifting as Serbonian bogs.

Unsettled even in sin.  
The opprobrium of the so-called "Powers"

Is mu-ta-bil-i-ty;  
But I'm not like the accursed Giaours;  
You'll find no change in me!

Sons of burnt fathers, that is how  
I get the pull of *them*;  
I of the imperturbable brow,  
And the unruffled phlegm.

I ravish, slay—it is my way—  
I always did, and will;  
But then as slaughterer I can stay,  
I kill—and kill—and kill!

They know not their own minds a mite,  
They cannot long agree;  
But murder is my sole delight;  
You'll find no change in me!

They grunt and groan, I sit alone,  
And slaughter on—by proxy.  
Of mercy they make maudlin moan,  
And Christian orthodoxy.

But as they are of many minds,  
And I remain of one,  
I give them promises, mere blinds,  
And still keep up the fun.

I still play off Prince LOBANOFF  
Against Lord SALS-BU-BEE,  
At all their shifting schemes I scoff;  
They'll find no change in me!

That Russian Prince makes England wince,  
And SALS-BU-BEE, no doubt,  
Makes a wry face, as at a quince,  
At Russia's cynic flout.

But Russia really knows me best,  
I do not change, *she* does.  
'Tis changeless East 'gainst changeful West,  
I wade in blood—they buzz!

I like that LOBANOFF; although  
Were he but at my knee,  
I'd have his head off, at a blow;  
He'd find no change in me!

A REAL UNION OF HEARTS.—MR. LECKY, M.P., and Mr. PLUNKETT, M.P., on the question of mercy, which should not be distrained.



“MONEY NO OBJECT!”

VULCAN. “THIS’LL RUN INTO MONEY MA-AM!”

BRITANNIA. “NEVER MIND ABOUT *THAT* AS LONG AS I CONTINUE TO RULE THE WAVES!!”





## KERR VOULEZ-VOUS CHEZ TERRY?

THE present lessee of TERRY'S Theatre is fortunate in his latest production, *Jedbury Junior*. Brightly written is the dialogue, well sketched the characters, and clear the farcical plot of *Jedbury Junior*, written by MADELINE LUETTE RYLEY. Mr. KERR is excellent in it, giving all the lightheartedness and pathos to the character of young *Jedbury* that it requires; and this is equally true of Miss MAUDE MILLETT as the heroine *Dora*. There are two novelties in the piece; one a character played by Mr. G. E. BELLAMY, who makes a decided hit by appearing throughout the piece without having a single word to say except just before the fall of the curtain, when he blurts out "Hooray!" and then, like "the brief candle," is "heard no more." The success of *The Silence of Dean Maitland* is as nothing to that of Mr. Bellamy's *Gubb*. The other novelty is the obsequious but honestly devoted butler, *Whimper*, an old family servant, who acts as the medium of communication between Mr. and Mrs. *Jedbury* (the father and mother of the hero, well represented by Mr. BEAUCHAMP and Miss EMILY CROSS), who have quarrelled, and who only address one another through the butler, using him as if he were a telephone. In this part of *Whimper*, Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR deserves all praise; it is a careful study of a quite possible, though, of course, eccentric character, and it is redeemed from absurdity by the little touch of genuine sentiment which the old servant exhibits when he has to, in effect, turn *Jedbury Junior* out of *Jedbury Senior's* house. Mr. J. L. MACRAY, as *Major Hadway*, is in perfect keeping with his artistic make-up. Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR tones himself down to *Tom Bellaby*, and renders valuable assistance. Is it an oversight on the part of the author that *Bellaby* comes in hot haste, and with the utmost earnestness, to borrow a fiver of his friend, but forgets all about it after the first two minutes of conversation, and goes off without ever recurring to the subject? Miss EVA MOORE is charming as *Nelly Jedbury*, and Mr. BEECHER hard as nails in the character of Mr. Simpson, the thieving manager of *Jedbury & Co.'s* "Bombay House," whose method of fraud is so crude and simple as to afford every ground of hope for his going through life, in a highly satisfactory manner, as a stupid forger and absolutely transparent swindler.

"The Medium," or  
Telephonic Butler.

Mr. L. POWER'S *Job* is, in every way, a clever and original performance. The "confidential valet," who will ultimately grow into a family butler of the *Whimper* sort, is a very old friend in farce and comedy, and is a character that, if brought into a piece, has to be very carefully treated by the dramatist, and with still greater care by the actor. DICKENS hit off the essentially stagey aspect of such a character when he made Mr. Lennox describe the kind of part that *Nicholas Nickleby* had to write for him. The comic confidential servant, and the irascible old father, always ready to "cut off his heir with a shilling," are old friends, but possible bores. When we see either of them on the stage we say "connu!" But in this play, though the stern, stony-hearted, but subsequently relenting father, belongs to the old school of irascible parents, yet the sympathetic butler and the friendly valet are ancient friends in new aspects, and the authoress is to be congratulated on the exponents of these two parts. *Jedbury Junior* has in it plenty of the right material for the achievement of popularity, and Mr. KERR ought to do well with it for some time to come.



Motto for the latest edition of *Master Silence*, "Facta non verba."

## PARADOXICAL.

(By a Prussian.)

KRUPP's hundred-tonners topped the run,  
We thought, but WILHELM's wiser;  
They're beaten by the Ten-ton gun,—  
According to our KAISER.

EVERYTHING'S IN A NAME.—A man named BLIGHT has just been sent to prison for defrauding the Board of Agriculture.

## TO BEATRICE.

ON FEBRUARY THE TWENTY-NINTH.

FAIR BEATRICE,—*this* is not your name, I know  
(I couldn't print it, sweet one, in a journal),

But that 'tis *you* whom I address below,  
Perhaps you'll learn from evidence internal.

Read, then, between the lines—'tis now a year [matters;  
Since last I rhymed to you on sundry  
You lived then in a diff'rent hemisphere—  
A distance which attachment rather  
shatters.

You're back again, our letters cross no more! [playmate";  
I'm now promoted to be "friend and  
Of times that I've "proposed" I've kept  
no score,  
But as a minimum I think I'd name  
eight!

Well, now 'tis Leap Year, surely 'tis *your* turn  
To take a hand at this exhausting pastime;  
That you should beat my score I do not yearn—  
You'd win at once! Try, then, the first and last time!

Look in your calendar—next Saturday  
You'll see 's the twenty-ninth—'twill not be reckoned  
Again for eight years; don't, then, wait, I pray!  
Your question can be popped in half a second!



## COSIER COTS.

[Mr. ERNEST HART in *The Queen* makes various revolutionary proposals on "how to go to bed."]

TIME for bed. Glad I've followed HART's hints. Quite look forward to my comfortable room. Also to getting there—having provided oil-stoves in all passages and staircases. What's the good—as HART says—of being warm in your bedroom, if you are to catch cold on the way?

Find I have to put out the oil-stoves as I pass (as servants have retired long ago). Rather a nuisance, this. One won't expire for quite two minutes. What a draughty corner it's in, too! Don't believe the beast is out yet. Maker assured me these patent centuple kerosine stoves never smelt of oil. Wish maker could smell them now. Chilled.

Bedroom, anyhow, looking cosy. That idea of the "bookshelf, with a few favourite authors close to bedside," admirable. And HART quite right in calling nightgown the "clothing of the primeval savage," and recommending pyjamas.

Have got the "two levers, one for controlling fire, other for controlling light." In bed. Jolly light from the electric lamp. Hullo! What's it doing? Must really "control" it—seems going out... All right now. Take down *Guy Mannering*—hang the bedstead. HART says old bed is a "ridiculous contrivance." This one seems to be trying to chuck me out on to floor every minute. Perhaps it's the "movable head-board"... Out of bed. Have controlled head-board. In again... Odd—seem to have been reading for an hour. How time does slip away when you're really enjoying yourself! It's one o'clock in the morning. Must finish this chapter. Ah! Next chapter is the exciting one—two more. What's that curious scraping noise outside? Or is it downstairs? Can it be burglars?

My pyjama suit just the thing, Mr. HART says, for "night alarms." Nuisance to have to get up, though. Why can't there be a third lever, to control burglars? Put nose out of door—by Jove, how cold it is! That dratted oil-stove still smouldering—and smelling!

Noise seems to have stopped. Still, can't go to sleep just yet. Take down *Pickwick*. ... Not as funny as I used to think it. ... Two o'clock! ... After all, isn't use of a bedroom to go to sleep in? Lie down; what a bore that one can't have electric light half off; room in darkness, except for gas-stove. Suddenly remember to have heard that gas-stove left burning in bedroom sure to suffocate one! But if I turn it out, where's the use of having it? Wish Mr. HART were here to advise. No, on the whole, glad he isn't. Turn off gas—rather heroic of me. Have, of course, discarded "the mass of blankets and sheets" which Mr. HART condemns. Not "tucked in" at all, either; how can I be, as that sort of thing seems to constitute "huge set of swaddling clothes, such as only savages now employ even for children?" The light eider-down, however, lets in fearful lot of draught... Up again, shivering. Three o'clock! Turn on gas in stove again. Lever won't work, or gas won't light. Hang HART!

4 A.M. Just got a lot of good old-fashioned blankets and sheets from next room. Fearfully chilled, but have some prospect of a few hours' decently warm sleep.



## PROSPECTS OF THE LEAP YEAR CLUB.

["A 'Leap Year Club' has been formed by a number of young ladies"—*Daily Graphic*.]

## CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—For *mauvaise plaisanterie* commend me to a Man in Authority. I need say no more. You know the cruel practical, too practical, joke played upon me last week, when all the names of those who benefit Commerce and Art, and therefore the General Public, were ruthlessly excised by a Hand but too well acquainted with the scissors, and *asterisks* were substituted for their honoured appellations. Again, I say, *cherchons l'homme!* under such circumstances, and when found, make a note of him. He is found, he is noted, and he will be yet more noted. Meantime, let his pitiable trick recoil on his own head. I hereby initiate an entirely new Missing Word Competition, viz., I offer a prize—my poems, *Twitterings of a Tom-Tit*, with autograph—to the ready-witted person of either sex who shall correctly fill in the spaces made by the literary censor (*plus Muscovite qu'un Russe*), and send the result to *Him!* I was about to tell you of a lovely *confection* of milk-tea lace and dust-bin *crêpon*, which I have just seen at Madame —, but, no, I will not even breathe her name in ink. Let her die like CHATTERTON, unknown to fame, and the product of her genius perish with her; both struck down by the bolt of Him who Must be Obeyed! I have no heart to write more, but here is a new dish of my own creation. I call it *Kari au Rédacteur impayable*. Stew a calf's brain in melted butter seasoned with garlic, pimento, and allspice. Then add a tablespoonful of curry powder, which should be bought not a hundred yards from the upper end of Bunker's Hill Square. Stir over a quick fire, then add a tumbler of brandy, ditto of Welsh whiskey, some araca nut and sliced capsicums. This is an excellent night-cap. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADP.

P.S. I am sending a letter to The Man, marked not "private," but "public"! Only wait!

## A ROUND-ELAY OF DISTRESS.

["Mr. ROUND, M.P., the famous Eton and Oxford cricketer, has had his arm broken by collision with a bicyclist in Kensington Palace Gardens."] This cricketer, for skill renown'd,

'Gainst any pace would take his stand;  
But ROUND has, to his sorrow, found  
That cycling fast is underhand.

SUMMARY OF THE NEW MAINTENANCE ACT.—"All for Her."

## WHAT MR. H—Y PERHAPS EXPECTED.

MY DEAR TIM,—With tears of joy gushing from my overladen eyeballs, I hasten to accept your generous offer of the Chairmanship of the National Party. It will afford me the greatest satisfaction to be able not only to pour some soothing whiskey into our somewhat troubled waters, but also to heap up unlimited burning peat on your proverbially thin scalp. Turning to-day to a merry-thoughtful newspaper, with which I know you are connected, I find myself described (1) as an unmitigated rogue; (2) as a thief; (3) as a lickspittle adherent of Dublin Castle; (4) as a law-abiding landlord; and (5) as a political GUY FAWKES, anxious to blow up Committee Room No. 15. In each of these well-turned jests, dear TIM, I recognise your masterful way of saying what you didn't mean. 'Tis the old story of firing blank cartridges from behind a hedge, to amuse the "bhoys"—the best, most loyal, and most devoted of followers. Do you remember, TIM, that character drawn by either LEVER or LOVER: the literary man, who'd praise somebody to-day in one paper, so that he might abuse himself to-morrow in another? Faith! You might have served for the model. You're as brimful of fun as was *Handy Andy*. Good luck to you, my boy! May we have roaring times together! *Cead mille faillthe!*

Ever yours, affectionately,

T. S.

## Cockawhoop Criticism.

WHEN Art-criticism's cocky, spleenful, rude, and mulish, It may think it's PENNELL-wise, but it is found foolish. Donkeys bray, but clever sketchers really ought to know That—as Mr. MORLEY mentions—lions do not crow! Nay, a reasonable rooster, or a game-cock brave, Would scarce care to cockadoodle on a great man's grave.

COMPARATIVE MERITS.—What collection of books is better than a Free Library?—Why, certainly, the *Frere* Library, that once belonged to JOHN TUDOR FRERE, and which has been recently disposed of and dispersed by Messrs. SOTHEBY & Co.

MANAGERIAL PROVERB AS TO OPERATIC DOVES.—You may go in for the "biling" of the doves as much as you like, but it is quite another thing to rely upon their making a *coup*.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 17.—Since Mr. CALDWELL retired from the calico-printing business and took to Imperial politics he has suffered some surprises and survived many disappointments.



BY SPECIAL LICENCE.

T-by, the Dog that Can't and Won't be Muzzled.

sitting, full of inconsiderable speeches about immaterial things. The case of the dynamite prisoners restated by JOHN REDMOND; ATHERLEY-JONES on Venezuela; WEDDERBURN on Chitral. Each came on in turn; talked at length; shovelled out of the way: midnight at hand before Crofter's Amendment was reached.

With assistance of *pince-nez* and tragic tones WEIR floundered through succession of incoherent remarks. Then CALDWELL rose; began to reel off speech with smoothness and rapidity of the engines calico-printing in the paternal establishment in far off Milton-on-Campsie. Before forty yards had been neatly finished there was a hitch in the machinery. Thought at first it was a pebble from the indignant Dee protestant against its neighbourhood being desecrated by a calico-printing industry. Turned out to be all due to PRINCE ARTHUR. He had been in his place through night; had made several speeches; kept watchful eye over varied course of business. Now, at sight of CALDWELL with bundle of notes suggestive of small bale of calico ready for the printer, he incontinently fled.

CALDWELL gasped for breath; rubbed his eyes; regarded with startled gaze the empty seat. Was it possible the Leader of the House, having in near view prospect of discourse from him, should have left? No doubt about fact. PRINCE ARTHUR had gone, appreciably reducing number of audience. The LORD ADVOCATE moved into his place, with evident intention of replying. Too much this for human nature, howsoever trained in adversity. Mastering his emotion, CALDWELL lifted up his voice, and denounced the guiltily absent Minister who, he added, in sorrow rather than in anger, had "apparently deputed the task of reply to a junior member of the Government." House so affected that everyone glad when midnight struck a note of sympathy, and a veil dropped over painful scene.

"And they will have it," said SARK as we wended our melancholy way homeward, "that the Scotch people have no sense of humour. Is there any other of the three nations capable of the practical joke of supplying the House of Commons with opportunity of hearing in succession JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR and JEMMY CALDWELL? The humour, I admit, is subtle. Prolongation of its flashing is prone to depression. But there it is; superb in its way, quite unique. All that is required for perfect success is capacity of appreciation on the part of the audience."

Business done.—Still talking round the Address.

Tuesday.—JEMMY LOWTHER, saddling and bridling his old roadster "Protection," trotted up and down the yard just now. JEMMY rides well; has as good a seat on horseback as he had on judicial bench when he presided in wig and gown at Jockey Club inquiry.

"Seems to me," said JOHN MOWBRAY, one of the few Members of the present House who knew JEMMY in days of (Parliamentary) sin, "a great pity J. L. cannot take his seat in the House as he appeared on that memorable occasion. There are times when, contemplating the decadence of a country given up to Free Trade, his face takes on

a look of awesome gravity. But the wig and gown are adjuncts of inestimable value. JEMMY, so arrayed, seated at the corner of the front bench below the Gangway in full view of Irish Members, would have distinctly salutary effect. Of course it cannot be: must make the best of him as he is."

Performance of to-night not inspiring. House already in this, its earliest, lustiest infancy, oppressed by deadly weight of Ministerial majority exceeding three fifties. Irish Members subdivided till there seems nothing left but TIM HEALY. Scotch Members all gone to pieces; cannot be brought up to the scratch, even though CALDWELL and WEIR, claymore and *pince-nez* in hand, essay to lead them on. Welsh Members have re-elected OSBORNE MORGAN as Chairman of their Parliamentary organisation. That looks blood-thirsty. But to-night's uprising on Education Question proved a *fiasco*. English Liberals chiefly anxious to arrange dinner pairs. Of the freelancers, even CAP'TEN TOMMY BOWLES beginning to look wistfully towards Greenwich Hospital. Been making furtive inquiries from JOKIM as to terms of board and lodgings for an old salt who has lost an arm and found a voice in the service of his country.

"Quite a hypothetical case, you know," he said to JOKIM, fastening a hook in his buttonhole ("As if it were a newly-developed orchid," JOKIM said, when telling the story). "But suppose there was a case of a man who had sailed on many seas, including Norfolk Broads; had boarded more ships than lie at this moment in the Pool of London; had attempted to teach MUNDELLA navigation when he was President of the Board of Trade; had seen himself passed over when allowance of Ministerial grog was served round; and when approaching middle age found himself stranded in shoal water in a dull House of Commons—suppose, I say, there was such a case, would he be put up comfortably, of course at country's expense, at Greenwich, there to spend his last watch meditating on party ingratitude?"

In such circumstances, at ten o'clock at night, when dolorous Debate on Address flickering out, JEMMY took his melancholy trot. Wasn't allowed even to put up burdle in form of amendment. Managed to give one kick out at the MARKISS, who, amongst other things, has been saying that in France, where Protection reigns in extremest force, agriculture is worse off than in England. "A more unfounded statement never made by mortal man," exclaimed JEMMY.

"I might have put it shorter than that," he said, as he got down and led the old horse limping back to its loose box in the BENTINCK stables. "Might, indeed, have got it all in three words, including an article. But they're so particular here."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Thursday.—RITCHIE brought in Light Railways Bill; first consignment a million sterling drawn from Imperial Treasury to be



THE "CHRISTIAN BROTHERS!"  
; Messrs. D-I-I-n and H-I-y.

distributed among agricultural parishes. All the county Members rose up and called RITCHIE blessed. BRYCE dissembled his love, remembering that when last year he brought in similar measure it was kicked down stairs. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he smiled sardonically when he heard RITCHIE describe how the million was to be dispensed in gifts or in loans.

"My million, dear TOBY, or at least one of my many millions. Do you remember how, during the Gordon Riots, the mob

streamed down to the 'Maypole Inn' at Chigwell, tied *John Willet*, the landlord, in a chair, whence he could, more or less comfortably, certainly with full command of the situation, watch the rascals helping themselves to all the good things he had stored up through a life of long industry? I don't mean to liken Her Majesty's Ministers to a riotous, looting mob, still less would I suggest that between myself and the landlord of the 'Maypole Inn' is there any resemblance, personal or otherwise. Nevertheless, as I sit here watching *RITCHIE* hand out a million for Light Railways; *JOKIM* preparing to spend many millions on strengthening the Navy; expecting soon to have *GORST*, who dearly loves a parson, forking out more millions for the parsons' schools, I am able to enter into the feelings of *John Willet* with keener appreciation and fuller sympathy than when, in my mind's eye, I first saw him bound in the chair of his once snug bar-parlour. All my millions, *TOBY*. Hoards for which I toiled, rich webs I spun.

*Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves;  
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;  
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;  
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.*

"Well, you know what happened to *BATHYLLUS*," I said, moved at his honest emotion.

"Yes; but his discomfiture was sudden and swift. We'll probably have to wait six years before the *BATHYLLUS*-*BALFOUR* family are brought to book; and where shall we all be then?"

*Business done.*—Quite a lot. Ministers bringing in Bills with both hands.

*Friday.*—*STANLEY LEIGHTON*, The Man from Shropshire, in fine form to-night. Rushed in in usual abrupt, excited fashion, crying not "My Lord! My Lord!" but "Mr. SPEAKER!" Question was, grant for Welsh Museum. Difficulty is Wales has no town which all are content to regard as their capital.

"Very well," said The Man from Shropshire, his logical mind piercing film of doubt and difficulty; "you have no capital in Wales. Then take *Shrōwsbury*."

Members not indisposed to accept this solution of difficulty. First wanted to know where *Shrōwsbury* is. Whisper went round that *LEIGHTON* meant *Shrewsbury*; the other pronunciation specimen of the fine ancient Britain tongue he had lauded. Crowning recommendation of *Shrōwsbury* is that someone, at some time, had there been hanged, drawn, and quartered. What more could anyone want in way of recommendation of locality for museum?



A SHAKESPERIAN ILLUSTRATION.

*Julius Caesar (Lord S-l-sb-ry) suspiciously, to Antony (B-if-r).* "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.... Would he were fatter!"

The Man from Shropshire sat down triumphant. Seemed to be all settled, when *GORST* explained that he had no money available for scheme. So something else will have to be done with *Shrōwsbury*.

*Business done.*—None; but much talk.

## A COOL AND COLLECTED CALENDAR.

(Suggested by the Calm Conduct of an Unemotional People.)

*Monday.*—Morning papers announce misunderstanding with U.S.A. General astonishment. Evening journals indignant. Every Londoner in a condition of wild excitement.

*Tuesday.*—Morning papers devote leaders to "the serious news from U.S.A." Reports from the provinces of greatly increased recruiting. Evening journals call for national support. Entire British race (those beyond the sea by wire) express their intention of rallying round the dear old flag.

*Wednesday.*—Morning papers print a telegram "made in Germany." Misunderstanding with U.S.A. entirely forgotten in the amazement caused by the latest outrage. Evening journals suggest armament *en masse*. Proposal received with delirious delight by Britons inhabiting both hemispheres.

*Thursday.*—Morning papers enlarge on the International Insult. Cockneys and provincials vie with one another in examples of self-sacrifice. The army should be recruited with the entire population up to the age of eighty. Evening journals propose increased expenditure on the Navy. The inhabitants of Great Britain demand, with one voice, twenty shillings in the pound for income-tax.

*Friday.*—Morning papers give accounts of cruel sufferings of an alien people. Latest international insult entirely overlooked in

the clamour for immediate mediation. Evening journals review foreign policy of the Government. Universal demand for the despatch of a couple of armies and all the fleet on "special service."

*Saturday.*—Morning papers narrate terrible accident abroad. Everything forgotten in the zeal for collecting subscriptions. Evening journals give "latest details." Any amount of charitable chatter before all concerned go home to enjoy the morrow's rest.

### Judicious Mixture.

[*EARL GREY* is to succeed *DR. JIM* as Administrator of the South African Chartered Company's territory.]

THE introduction of a little *Grey* will tone down the rather Black Look of South African Affairs.

WHEN JUDGES THEMSELVES ARE TRIED.—During the hearing of an election petition which promises to be still hale and hearty at the beginning of the next century.

SPORT MOST APPROPRIATE TO THE LOCALITY.—Shooting pigeons at Monte Carlo.

A BOERISH PROVERB.—When the *Johannesburgher's* in the *Wit-lander's* out.

A SHORT "VALE."—*ARTON*, art off?

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

### THE BILLIARDIST EN FAMILLE.

I'LL give you twenty! There! you make  
A rather lucky fifteen break,  
And now miss cue for want of chalk.  
I follow on. You clearly see  
That unexpected kiss robb'd me,  
And sent you into baulk.

You've got the points you asked, and yet  
My calculations you upset

By getting up to put me down.  
I don't complain, I don't rebel  
If at the sport of "*Blanche Chapelle*"  
You seek to win renown.

Ha! ha! I have you! Quick! the rest!  
That was a stroke! the prettiest  
Of hazards, giving me a chance.  
And there again with certain pride  
I demonstrate the power of side,  
And *macé* as in France.

You're right! The middle pockets draw.  
See, you're a gainer by the flaw!  
Under the cushion red should be.  
That's what I call a master-shot!

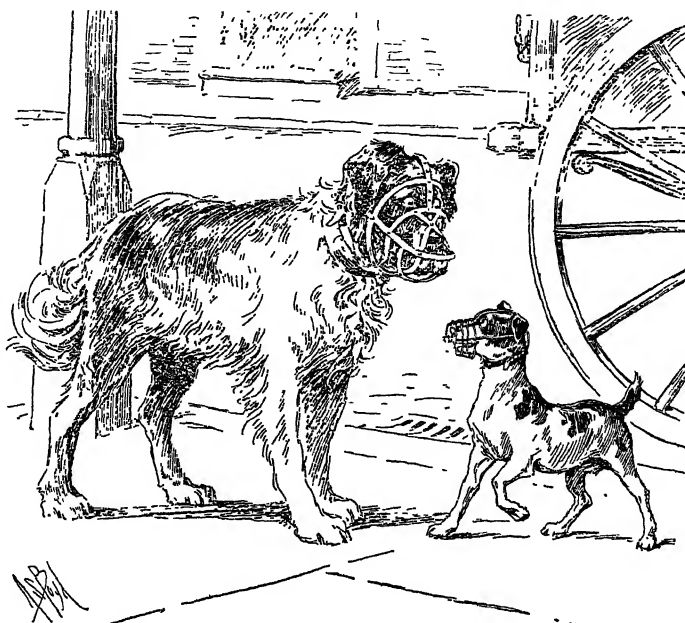
I've broken down when on the spot!  
What? ninety-six to fifty-three?

No fluke? Then I apologise.  
You've won the game. A great surprise.  
You're warmer, dear, than any blister.  
I'm very rude? Your temper smother!  
I can't be Someone Else's brother,  
Nor you, alack! that Someone's sister!



## A NEW FRENCH EXERCISE.

THEY say (*on dit*) that we shall have an income-tax (tax on incomes) in France. The Government desires the tax. Does the people desire the tax? The people does not desire it. The people remain, but the Governments do not remain. By whom was this piece of paper brought to my house? The piece of paper was brought by the policeman (*gendarme*). See! It contains many questions. It appears that if I fail to answer the questions they will send me to prison. It is a veritable tyranny that they establish! Beautiful France is no longer a democratic country. Still, it's necessary that we should all obey the laws. Take, my son, some ink (*de l'encre*), some pens, some paper, and write down what (that which) I dictate to you. Have you told them that the profits of my occupation of *charcutier* are none at all? Then send the paper back to the wretched Government. What? Has the policeman called again?



## SPRING BOW-WOWS.

Leander. "WHY, DOCK MY STUMP, IF IT AIN'T 'ERO! I SHOULD NEVER 'AVE KNOWN YEE, WITH THAT 'ERE MUZZLE ON!"

Yes, the policeman has called again, and has brought with him the gaoler, the prison chaplain, and the examining magistrate. The honour of such a visit is too unexpected. You may tell the gaoler, the prison chaplain, and the examining magistrate that I am suffering from illness. The examining magistrate is desolated to hear it. They have actually entered my room! My wife, my mother-in-law, my grandfather, the cousin of my wife's sister, and my six children, have burst into tears. How (he is) polite this magistrate (is)! Say then (*donec*) I am not obliged to go to prison, or to pay? No, because parents with six children are exempt from the tax. Are all laws bad? No, there are some laws which are bad, and other laws which are good. The law about large families and the income-tax is a good law. Though I do not pay the tax, my neighbours (*voisins*) will have to pay it. Beautiful France is a more democratic country than I thought (it).

## TITTLEBAT TOMKINS.

IF Mr. BUCHANAN and Miss JAY had produced their play of *The Shopwalker* about forty years ago, with ROBSON in it, and had entitled it *Tittlebat Titmouse*, adding that it was adapted from WARREN's *Ten Thousand a Year*, it might have achieved success, had it not been anticipated by PEAKE's drama of *Ten Thousand a*

*Year*, which was produced at the Adelphi in 1842, with WRIGHT as the comic hero and PAUL BEDFORD as *Huckaback*, the friend who gives him the first information of his accession to fortune. The "J and B" treatment of this old subject does not exhibit the latest modern dramatic improvements. It gives *Tittlebat Thomas Titmouse Tomkins* a mother, who is a character similar to Mrs. Brag in THODORE HOOK's *Jack Brag*, and also a good, true-hearted girl like *Mary Anne Hoggins*, who was devoted to the immortal *James*, created by THACKERAY. So that *The Shopwalker* is a hotch-potch of old-fashioned materials,



His Last Act, "Knee Sutor," &c.

without any particularly redeeming feature in the way of dialogue. It has a long scene or two that could be cut down with advantage; but,—and this is the saving clause,—it is capitably acted by everybody in the cast.

For example, no one could be better than Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH as the virtuous and rather 'anghty young lover, with little to do, and not much of any value to say; and who, other than Mr. WARDEN, could better represent the not absolutely colourless, because bilious-looking, but always aristocratic Earl? Miss VICTOR, admirable as *Widow Brag Tomkins*, makes a brick or two out of the meagre amount of straw which falls to her share. Mr. DAVID JAMES, representing a lawyer's villainous clerk, of Scotch extraction, has the best of the game; and Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, after he has made a good start in the earlier

part of the first Act, has, for the remainder of the piece, up-hill work, about the result of which he must have felt rather uncomfortable during rehearsals. However, being manager, actor, and *Shopwalker* he has presumably selected this play as "one of the best," if not the best in his *répertoire*, unless he has a surprise for us up his sleeve. Miss NINA BOUTICAULT is delightful, even in this sketchy part of *Mabel*; but 'tis a pathetic sight to witness the struggles of Miss MAY PALFREY, vainly attempting to interest an audience in the authors' story of her overwhelming woes. Mr. VOLPÉ, as *Hubbard, Father Hubbard*, not *Mother* of that ilk, is as good as he can be; and to say this of him in such a part is high praise. In the bill it is described as "a new and original comedy," which are epithets generally difficult to verify of anything dramatic nowadays, and in this instance absolutely impossible.

## SONG FOR BARON POLLOCK.

(Some way after Sir Charles Sedley.)

AIR — "Phyllis is my only Joy."

WILLIS does me much annoy,  
Doggedest of all Q.C.'s,  
Clients who his skill employ  
He can never fail to please.  
If with a frown,  
I set him down,  
WILLIS, smiling,  
JELF be-riling,  
Pops up perkier than before!

Though, alas! too late I find  
Nothing puts him in a fix;  
Yet I try to make him mind;  
I am up to all his tricks;  
Which though I see  
Yet baffle me.  
He affronting,  
I low grunting,—  
Election cases are a bore!

## "NOM D'UNE PIPE!"

"Quoth Jack Tar, 'Blow me tight, here's a sip of my sort;  
Without 'paying the piper,' a pipe full of port!"

DESPITE the forensic skill of Mr. A. G. STEEL—perhaps "batter" known as a batter than a barrister—the proprietors of a "pipe of port," which had been shipped from Oporto, and which on arrival at Liverpool was "found practically empty," were unsuccessful in obtaining damages against the shipowners. For there was no "satisfactory explanation or evidence" forthcoming as to the cause of the mysterious disappearance of the "old tawny." Evidently some "sucking Nelson" on the "port watch" was at the cask during the voyage, or else the "pipe" evaporated—smoked *itself* out, in fact.

STRANGE FACT.—Sir FRANCIS EVANS, who has just been returned for Southampton as a Separatist, is Chairman of the Union Company.



### TURK THE SUBLIME!

*Suldam (201).* "NOW, MR. BULL, YOU HAVE BEEN MISS EGYPT'S GUARDIAN LONG ENOUGH, SO I INVITE YOU TO CONSIDER WHETHER THE TIME HAS NOT NOW ARRIVED FOR HER RETURN TO THE ARMS OF HER LOVING UNCLE."

*Living Venetian. 1896.*



Huntsman (seeking a beaten fox), "NOW THEN, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF HIM?"

Cockney Sportsman (immensely pleased with himself), "WELL, RATHER! WHY, I'VE JUST DRIVEN HIM INTO THIS DRAIN FOR YOU!"

### WHEN BAR MEETS BAR.

(Entirely New and Original Suggestion for a Farce to be produced at a Matinée.)

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Judge presiding. Witness in the Box. Counsel examining and cross-examining.

First Counsel. I did not quite catch that last answer.

Witness. I said I drank three pots of beer. (Laughter.) Yes, I drank three or four. (Roars.)

First Counsel. And not for the first time, I'll be bound. (Renewed laughter.)

Second Counsel. I must really complain of my friend's conduct. I am surprised at his levity.

First Counsel. I will not be insulted! You are surprised at everything. We all know you.

Second Counsel. I am honoured—for it is more than anyone will say of you.

First Counsel. My Lord, I really must appeal to your Lordship. This is not the first time that my friend has grossly affronted me.

Second Counsel. I claim the protection of the Bench also. It is simply unbearable. My friend loses no opportunity of holding me up to contempt.

Judge. I have known you both for many years, and I am sure you are each of you incapable of harbouring anything other than harmonious feelings towards one another.

Witness. You seem to be forgetting me. (Laughter.) I shouldn't mention it, only I promised to take my old woman for a walk this afternoon. (Roars.)

Judge. You said you had taken four pots of beer?

Witness. So would you if you had the chance. (Laughter.)

Judge. It is fortunate then that I was here—in another place. (Loud laughter.)

Witness. That's a matter of opinion. I prefer the "Pig and Whistle," myself. (Screams.)

First Counsel. You make a pig of yourself while you wet your whistle. (Yells.)

Judge (rising). This seems an appropriate moment for adjourning until to-morrow.

[Curtain falls—for a time—upon the costs.]

### THE REAL EASTERN QUESTION.

(By a Prosaic Sufferer from the Season.)

WHAT WILLIAM WATSON calls "The Purple East,"—

And why—I know not; but in simple prose  
Its wind, that's neither good for man or beast,  
Brings that particular colour—to my nose!  
If the great bard will pardon the suggestion,  
How to avoid it is my Eastern Question.  
And he would do wide good, depend upon it,  
If he will teach us that in one more sonnet.  
Here's "winter lingering in the lap of spring";  
And of the purple east to go and sing  
Is most superfluous in a patriot muse  
When Britons generally have got the blues.  
How can one listen to Armenia's woes  
When the east wind is tweaking one's poor nose?  
And that, however bards may chant or chirple,  
Is the sole way in which the east seems purple!

"OH! WOULD I WERE A BARD."—Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has gone to the Canary Isles. No doubt he will sing more like a bird than ever on his return.

### JIM AND JILLS.

["About 130 letters . . . awaited Dr. JAMESON . . . many of them containing offers of marriage."—"Westminster Gazette," Feb. 27.]

THEY all run after Dr. JIM,  
And yet they can't all marry him,

One Dr. JIM;

The tall, the short, the stout, the slim,  
The oldish maidens, somewhat grim,  
(Poor Dr. JIM!)

The young ones, sweet and neat and trim,

The youthful widows, slyly prim,  
(Eh, Dr. JIM?)

Soft eyes, which tears make sometimes dim,

Sweet lips, to charm the seraphim,  
(Oh! Dr. JIM!)

It is perhaps a passing whim,  
Like ripple lost on river's brim,

For Dr. JIM;

They cannot tear him limb from limb,  
That each may have a piece of him,

Their Dr. JIM.

### Better than Leather.

["The London police-constables have by a large majority preferred to receive a money allowance in lieu of the boots hitherto supplied to them."]

SAGACIOUS Bobby, on the tramp,  
(Whatever be the style of weather,)  
You've learnt on beats of direful damp  
There's something that outrivals leather.  
For you no boots of doubtful form,  
But that which will brave any storm;  
It compensates for mud and splash,  
And makes no errand bootless—cash!

## THE SENSATION OF THE MOMENT.

(A Story wafted from Berlin.)

WHAT was the matter? No one could give the reason. It was astonishing, and caused a feeling of uneasiness that could not be overcome. The CHANCELLOR shook his head. So did the PREMIER. Then the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS confided his apprehension to the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. The chiefs of the Army were in dire distress and regretted the absence of their comrades in the Navy. Even the sentries walking outside the portals of the palace were apprehensive. What did it all mean? That was the question asked in whispers in the editors' rooms and repeated in the class-rooms of the academies. The students forgot to fight their duels, the professors to study philosophy. The entire population gave up their beer. Then the doctors woke up. There would be certainly work for them if the strain continued. The public were unaccustomed to the situation.

It was then the correspondent of a foreign newspaper thought it time to ask for further and better particulars.

He soon found a crowd surrounding the study of the Inscrutable One. They were listening eagerly, and keenly on the watch. "What is it all about?" asked the representative of the Press.

Then came the reply which explained everything.

"The KAISER has kept quiet without doing anything startling for the last five minutes!"

## MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



No. I.—THE J-M-S-N-R-E-D-S COMBINATION.

## ON THE CARPET (TURKISH).

(To the Editor of Punch.)

DEAR SIR,—As I have nothing very much to do just now, and have some note-paper on the desk before me, it has occurred to me to make you a proposal. As you know, I have been writing letters broadcast. I prefer stamps to post-cards, and in this respect differ from that "unspeakable" but right hon. gentleman Mr. GLADSTONE. I differ from him in other respects, but that is a matter of detail.

Now, it has occurred to me that many of your cartoons and articles are very unsatisfactory—from my point of view. The result is that your admirable paper has no sale in my country. You may suggest that the cause of this failure in circulation is attributable to the fact that it is not allowed to cross the frontier. Very likely you are right, so I beg you to "regularise" the situation. This could be easily done. All I would ask is that you should vacate your chair, and allow me to take your place. Then I should be able to do something for you. It would be simplicity itself, especially on your side. You see from this suggestion that I am a bit of a wag myself.

But let us be serious and business-like. I make the concrete proposal that I should become your Editor.

Pray accept my distinguished consideration, and believe me (if you can) to be

Your greatly maligned model,  
THE SULTAN.

## GABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

No. XIV.—By "Hansom Jack."

[*Gentleman Joe's* invitation to his brethren to be present at the cabmen's *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's is nothing if not thorough. Not 'fellow-cabbies' merely, but 'their wives and babies' also, are invited to celebrate *Gentleman Joe's* first birthday.]—*Daily News*.]

GENTLEMAN JOE is—a gentleman! Yes, and I reckon and guess, though we ain't toffs or bankers, There's more o' that sort to be found, if they're sought, amongst wot I may call London's "Gentleman Rankers."

Grammar and gab don't make gents on a cab any more than they do in a ball-room or pulpit; [day 'e'll 'ave a rare full pit. But *Gentleman Joe* is a gent, and I'll bet that upon 'is first birth-

I know some dirty pertraters, I do, who disgrace a cab-rank as they would church or chapel. [Mother Eve picked that apple.

Guess the Old Serpent 'as 'ad 'is fair pick, 'igh and low, ever since We've got our JABEZ BALFOURSES and PIGGOTS, our fiddlers and diddlers, our crawlers and cadges.

But wot price outsiders, wherever their pitch, under scarlet and epplaets, or drab capes and badges?

Lent's on, a slack time, but the weather is prime, and the winter's bin wonderful open and easy,

No fog and no snow, not worth mentioning,—no, but east-winds always make me feel snappy and sneezy;

And similarly with my betters, I s'pose; leastways fares about now run most orkud and nippy;

They shuts down the glass, and they shuts up their pockets, and tells me, 'most 'arsh, to shut up, and look slippy.

The pennorth o' voilets tied on to my whip, as the first sign o' spring all-a-blowing-a-growing,

Don't melt 'em a mossel. Wot price button 'olers when in your left ear a nor'-easter's a-blowing?

Nobs with numb fingers don't drop on odd tanners when fumblin' with thick fur-topped gloves in a pocket.

"Rayther long shillin'!" said insinivating-like, don't nail 'em now; they are off like a rocket!

On togs and on temper our climate will tell. JUMPY JIM, a four-wheeler of thirty-year service—

'Ardly anyone knows the full ent of 'is 'ib, any more than they do that 'is right name is JARVIS—

Looks just a big pile of assorted Ole Clo', ready packed for the rag-man and buyer of lumber. [and wrops without number.

All you see is the top of a mulberry nose 'twixt a shiny sou'-wester

"Spring, Spring, hae-yutiful Spring!" pipes JUMPY, 'is voice like a feller saw-rasping;

"Wish rhymy mugs could try spring on my box with old *Jenny* a-wheeze like 'er marster a-garsping.

Potry's like parsons, all flowery-ware, and no square solid facks as a cove can freeze on to.

Me go see *Gentleman Joe*? Twig thes togs! There *wos* gentlemen, onst; I dunno where they're gone to.

"You're fmd of the flowery in gab or in garden-stuff, sing-song and patter, or smart button-oler.

Flower's won't feed yer, JACK. Give me good cabbage. It's all iky sniff wiv smart slops and brown bowler.

So trot to yer Prince o' Wyles *mattnay*, JACK, and see snide ARTHUR ROBERTS a-doin' the dandy, [bacey and brandy."

I'd rather tuok my old duds on a settle, and d' a nice skulk over Ah, poor old JUMPY, 'e's gone a bit balmy with troubles and tippling.

'E's arf off 'is crumpet, [like 'is style you can lump it.

And if you remonstrate friendly like, snubs you, and sez if you don't "Rum's my religion and bacey's my Bible," 'e sneers, "and they

don't ask no pew rents at my church. Sacks and dry stor is old JEM's Sunday-best, and in them no one

wants 'im at low church or 'igh church. "Druv a old mivvy to chapel larst Sunday, two mile and ten yard, and she tipped me—a shillin'!

[degyrded old willin, Arsked 'er for jist two 'd' more, for a tot o' rum 'ot, and she sez, 'You

You dirty old drunkard, 'ow dare you? On Sunday, too, when we should all go to church.' If I do mum,

I sez, most respekful, you'll find me a seat nigh to you, I've no doubt; but then, who will drive you, mum?

"She sniffed and flounced in, leaving me all-a-shiver houtside. Now old JUMPY is jest a mite dingy;

But she, in 'er warm silks and furs, on the Sabbath, must treat a poor sinner, like me, mean and stingy,

And fly in a tantrum acoos I were thusty and chilled. Now, I arsk yer, wot sort of a sperit

Wos she in for wurshup? If that's Sunday-best-go-to-meetin', I'll stick to my pub—and prefer it!"

Wot could I say? "Fellow-cabbies" sometimes is not *Gentleman Joes*, but a tidy ways off it. [tried, with a good deal o' profit.

Still, ARTHUR's plan, class to class, man to man, might be oftener *Swish!* There, by Jove, go my voilets a flying! Picked up by a

grub of a gal too, Flash JENNY!

She's pinning them into 'er shabby old shawl, with a smile! Well, all right, I don't grudge 'er that penny!



## SPORTIVE SONGS.

A COWARD CYCLIST TO HIS COMPANION  
IN ELOPEMENT.

My nimble steed gives gallant stride,  
Your Safety's fresh and oiled:  
For love and liberty we ride,  
With courage never foiled;  
Within my pocket lies the brief,  
Episcopally sealed,  
That makes our hope, a firm belief  
In Paradise revealed.

Mark! how we scud along the track  
With unabated dash!  
What matter if the night be black?—  
It shows the lantern's flash!  
What matter if the wind be cold?—  
It only warms my heart.  
See! By that milestone we are told  
We have a ten-mile start!

Your father is a grave J. P.,  
And rules with iron sway;  
Your uncle is a grim C. C.—  
They shall not stop our way!  
They may not catch the fleetest pair  
That ever "bikes" bestrode.  
I'd like to know the man who'd dare  
Dispute our right of road!

Ha! Ha! The wheels are whirling  
round!  
The goal's no longer far!  
Ha! Ha! The end will soon be found!  
I laugh like *Lochinvar*!  
What ho? A locomotor's sound!  
Your father's latest fad?  
Together we must not be found.  
Farewell to you and dad!

Too bad! 'Tis bad!  
Did you say "cad"?  
Well, still I must to treadles trust.  
Farewell to you and dad!

## BY THE BEACH.

## I.

OUR winter season at Little Puddleton (perfect southern climate) is in full swing. The JONESSES are down from Balham, the SMITHS from Tooting, the other SMITHS from Bayswater, and the ROBINSONS from Walham Green. The SMITHS know the other SMITHS, and the JONESSES, too: in fact, young SMITH is said to be rather gone on the eldest JONES girl, and the two have been noticed more than once in the moonlight (lovely moonlight nights here, not a bit cold), whispering sweet nothings on the pier. The JONESSES are a numerous family. When fresh visitors arrive at Little Puddleton, the first thing they do is to try to count them. Estimates vary, and old friends have been known to quarrel over their results, but on one point all agree—it is a perfect marvel how all those children can be packed away at night into those poky little lodgings.

Ma JONES is a large, worried-looking lady, who is always forgetting something. Generally it is the dinner. On these occasions there is a rush to the confectioner's, and the family dine immoderately on puffs and pastry. After that come the bilious attacks, and ADA, the eldest, spends the night administering pills.

Pa JONES, for the most part, takes matters quietly. At times, however, and without any apparent cause, he bursts into a spasm of excitement; and ever and anon, when you least expect it, his agonised voice is heard—"GEORGE! GEORGE! Do not climb on that bathing-machine, Sir! I've seen so many bad accidents happen!—HARRY! HARRY! Come down from that breakwater! That's



Johnny (who has to face a bad Monday, to Manager at Messrs. R-thsch-ld's). "AH! I—WANT TO—AH!—SEE YOU ABOUT AN OVERDRAFT."  
Manager. "HOW MUCH DO YOU REQUIRE?"  
Johnny. "AH!—HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT?"

just the way people get drowned, you block-head!"

Young SMITH, ADA's young man, is a very beautiful creature. He wears a blue serge suit with brass buttons, a yachting hat, and a telescope. On very calm days he sometimes takes a shilling sail in *The Sunbeam*: on other occasions he paces the pier, or looks through his glass at a herring-boat and asks the coastguard what he makes of her. If no sail be in sight he turns his telescope upon the Parade and criticises the girls. "Taut little craft, that, by Jove! beating up for the shelter, but don't much like the look of the hulk lumbering in her wake. Phew! saucy little barge scudding down there! Half a mind to run alongside and board her. And that's her consort, flying the blue blouse! A regular clipper, bejove!"

ADA thinks him not only very beautiful but astoundingly clever. She admires him immensely; not, however, so much as he admires himself. He has proved a perfect gold mine to the beach photographer: he has been taken over and over again: sighting a sail through the telescope; with the telescope under his arm; with the telescope extended; with the telescope shut up; with the telescope standing in the foreground; with the telescope lying at his side—in short, with the telescope in every pose into which the beach photographer could persuade it.

And once, to ADA's great delight, young SMITH invited her to be taken with him. It was quite an event on the beach, and all Little Puddleton crowded round to see. They made a charming group; the photographer himself said so, and who should know so

well as he? ADA is standing with her back against *The Sunbeam*; young SMITH is bending over and explaining the uses of the telescope which he holds out for her inspection. ADA's head is thrown back as she looks at her lover: her lips are parted in a happy smile, and she listens to the words of wisdom with wonder and interest. Altogether a beautiful picture. "He looks so noble!" thinks ADA; and the photographer hands it round amongst the spectators as a triumph of his art. "It oughter 'ave a frime, Mister," says he. "A pink piper mount don't do it no justice, yer see." "A frame let it have," replies young SMITH, with a lordly wave of the hand. The crowd applaud. "Ah!" cried the photographer, "them's the sort for me! Gimme a free 'and like that and I'll show yer what Hart kin do!"

It is very beautiful. ADA agrees with the photographer, and even young SMITH admits that it is not half bad, by Jove! "You'd better keep it," he adds, in an off-hand way, as if it were a mere nothing. "May I?" says ADA, blushing with delight. "May I really have it?" ADA is radiant all that day; she cherishes the tin-type in her bosom, and I fancy you would be pretty safe in making a bet that when she retires to rest at night she dreams with it under her pillow.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE AT BRIGHTON BY ITS TWO REPRESENTATIVE NOBLEMEN.—The Chain Peer, in full armour, and the West Peer, in his best west coat, were, of course, among the first to welcome H.R.H. to Brighton.



### WHAT OUR POET (THE NEWLY-MARRIED ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"I'VE JUST RECEIVED THE PROOFS OF MY COLLECTED POEMS, DEAREST. SIT DOWN IN THE ARMCHAIR, AND MAKE YOURSELF THOROUGHLY COMFORTABLE, AND I'LL READ THEM TO YOU."

"OH! THAT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL, DARLING! ONLY, YOU SIT IN THE ARMCHAIR, AND I'LL SIT ON THIS LITTLE WOODEN STOOL WITHOUT A BACK TO IT—LEST I SHOULD SUDDENLY FEEL SLEEPY, YOU KNOW."

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

#### OLD SERVANTS.

IF I ever start a hobby—and a hobby-less old age would seem to offer a melancholy prospect—I think I shall set up as a collector of old servants. Old servants—the genuine variety, I mean—are rare, and rarity is in the collector's eyes the highest recommendation. In the feverish hurry of modern existence there is apparently no room for the servant who is not merely old in years, but old also in regard to the period of service during which he has been attached to one family. Here and there, for the most part in quiet country places, specimens are still to be found. They are easily recognisable. The skilled collector cannot be deceived as to a Chippendale table, a piece of old Leeds pottery, or a Stradivarius violin. Similarly, I shall lay my hands unerringly on the old servant wherever I find him, and shall employ all the diabolical cunning and persistency of enthusiasts in the effort to gain possession of my specimen and add him (or her) to my album or my gallery.

I AM occasionally privileged to hear from a lady of my acquaintance about her maid, a real old servant if ever there was one. Far back in the mists of a remote antiquity are concealed the beginnings of her service. Originally, I incline to believe, she was a nurse-maid. She then passed into the housemaid's department, continued as a parlour-maid, and then married. After a short spell of married happiness her husband died, and she returned to her ancient service, under the name of Mrs. WATSON, in the capacity of lady's maid. Ten years passed and she married again, her second husband being a Pole named BOBRINSKY. He, too, went the way of all Poles, and she returned again—this time, as it appears, for good and all—and now remains in unquestioned authority in the establishment of her old mistress. For some reason the second marriage is ignored; and although she has every right to be called Mrs. BOBRINSKY, she is never addressed as anything but Mrs. WATSON, or WATSON for short.

"WATSON," writes my friend, "is a great stand-by and help in the house, and is sewing and cutting out and planning to her heart's content. I wish you could have heard her remarks this morning about BOBRINSKY's funeral, and undertakers in general. I must try

and remember some of them for you. Time, 8.30 A.M. Scene, my bedroom. I am in bed, taking breakfast. WATSON is seated at the bottom of the bed taking hers. We have it together, so that she can wield the tea-pot and help generally; and you will quite understand that, in order to show a proper respect, she takes hers on the most uncomfortable seat and in the most uncomfortable way ingenuity can devise. I happened to be reading something out of the morning paper about a funeral.

"WATSON, interrupting, 'Lor! I wouldn't 'ave married a undertaker for all you could a' given me. No, not if 'is 'air was 'ung with di'monds, I wouldn't. I've 'ad enough of 'em; first when the little un went, and the silly bit of poetry printed on the memorial card, pore little dear, about setting on 'is father's knee no more, and 'im over seven and never 'ad set on 'is father's knee since 'e was three.' 'But who wrote the verses, WATSON?' I ventured to remark. WATSON: 'Why, of course, the undertaker, 'e 'ad 'em done by some cheap poet. There's lots of 'em always ready for a ob and they was all the same for all the children in our district, so stupid, but BOBRINSKY bein' a foreigner and knowin' no better, 'e rather liked them, and 'im and me 'ad a few words over it. But no more of them verses for me, said I, and when BOBRINSKY went, I told 'em, just a Plain—as plain as could be!'

"THEY said they should advise feathers as more respectful, and would only rise it up to thirty shillings more, but I told 'em I wouldn't 'ave a feather, not one, as I knoo BOBRINSKY would 'ate them plooms a noddin' over 'is 'ead. A plain urse and one, said I, is all I want. But all the same it came in eleven pound six, and my brother, 'e got ELLEN, 'is wife done for six pound ten. That shows you 'ow they'll take a single woman in. I 'ad nobody to 'elp me about it all, but my brother 'e made a bargain about ELLEN, and got 'er done at trade price, bein' in trade 'isself, you see, penny ices and periodicals, but still pays 'is way. She was a great trouble to my brother, was ELLEN, and a good job too when she went, which of course she was paralyzed in 'er chair and used to gibber at 'im when 'e asked 'er a question. But them undertakers, lor, I 'ave a 'orror of 'em—a swindling lot!'" If any more examples of Mrs. WATSON's wisdom should happen to come in my way I will not fail to make them known to my readers, and on the general subject of old servants there may be much more to be said on another occasion.



## TWO OF A TRADE.

FIRST HEADSMAN (*exhibiting his "Parliamentary Guillotine" invention*). "WELL—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"  
SECOND HEADSMAN (*meditatively*). "UM—YES—I CAN CONCEIVE A SITUATION WHEN IT MIGHT BE EXTREMELY USEFUL!"







### THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

INTERESTING RESULT ATTAINED, WITH AID OF RÖNTGEN RAYS, BY A FIRST-FLOOR LODGER WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING HIS SITTING-ROOM DOOR.

### AT SCHOOL.

["The German EMPEROR is having a telephone put up between Berlin, Potsdam, and Ploen, so that he and the EMPRESS will be able to talk to heir sons when they are away from them at school."—*Sunday Times*.]

SCENE—Ploen. Professor and young princes reading VIRGIL, "*Æneid*," Book V., line 47.

Crown-Prince (construing). . . "bones of my divine father—"  
[Telephone.]

Emperor. Well, boys, what are you doing this morning?

Crown-Prince. Going to do the boat-race. Rare sport!

Emperor. Boat-race, indeed! I won't have any of your nonsense. You know perfectly well that it doesn't come off till March 28. By the way, I must not forget that telegram to the Oxford crew if they win; and I won't have you going to boat-races when you should be at your studies. Do you hear me?

Crown-Prince. All right, Sir. But it's the boat-race in VIRGIL, don't you know. Trojan regatta and sports in Sicily—

[EMPEROR retires from telephone. Construing proceeds. Presently bell rings again.]

Emperor. Are you there?

Crown-Prince. "Salve, sancte parens, iterum!"

Emperor. Himmel, I will not endure these impertinences. If your professors cannot check your flippancy, I will have them all proceeded against forthwith for *lèse-majesté*. Acquaint them with my resolve.

Crown-Prince. It's all right, Sir. Comes in the text, line 80. Look it out for yourself and you'll see.

Emperor. Oh, very well. That's different, but don't let it occur again. I was going to say that to-day, being the anniversary of the battle of Donnerwetterenbourg, you would do well to address a patriotic speech to local recruits. If no recruits, raise a regiment instantly.

Crown-Prince. Right you are. I know. *Regis voluntas suprema lex*, and all that sort of thing. Getting on nicely with my Latin, you see. . . . [Lesson proceeds for a few minutes. Telephone bell.

Empress. Are you there, *cüel* FRITZ? Did you take your proper dose of tonic after breakfast this morning?

Second Prince. Oh yes, rather! Three doses. (*Aside, to Professor and Crown-Prince.*) Bother that telephone.

Empress. Are you sure that you have on your extra warm woollen underclothing?

Second Prince. Should think I had, and two pairs of socks!

Empress. Good boy!

[More VIRGIL. Most exciting part of race interrupted by telephone.]

Emperor. I forgot to say that I wish you, when addressing the recruits, to wear your uniform as Honorary Colonel of the Royal and Imperial Corps of Express District Bicycle-Messengers.

Crown-Prince. I won't forget. But I really must have some new uniforms soon. The people here know all mine by heart now.

Emperor. I will at once design you half a dozen or so myself. By the way, don't forget to say something about the Navy. We must have a German Navy three times as powerful as the combined fleets of—

Professor (reading aloud from text). "Quamquam o! sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti!"

Crown-Prince. Very well, I'll remember. But we really must get on with the VIRGIL now. Just got to a good part.

Emperor. Your love of study is gratifying to me; but do not forget that I expect you to also include swimming, fencing, bicycling, boxing, football and cricket, skating and tennis, rowing, yachting, hockey and chess in your daily curriculum.

Crown-Prince. Oh, do shut up! (*Leaves telephone.*) I say, Professor, look here! This telephone's a beastly nuisance, don't you know. What do you say, FRITZ, eh? I vote we go and cut the wire!

[Unanimous adjournment for that purpose.]

### CUCKOO!

["The cuckoo has been distinctly heard in the neighbourhood of Hatfield."—*Daily Press*.]

In the neighbourhood of Hatfield now the cuckoo has been heard,

Which establishes a record for this very early bird:

Yet the sceptics are declaring that the statement is absurd,  
And a "cuckoo"!

Once we thought the bird o' freedom—that's the eagle swift of flight—  
With his talons and his beak against the lion wished to fight;  
But 'twas found to be another fowl, yclept the *Jingo Kite*,  
Or the "cuckoo."

If a ruler is as restless as the blatant Kaiser BILL,  
With his telegrams and twaddle, with his painting-brush and quill,  
Wiser folks can only smile and say, "Poor thing, it can't keep still.  
*Silly cuckoo!*"

Now, behold, the bard official twangs his lute bo'h loud and long,  
But the instrument is crack'd, or else the strings have gone all wrong:  
For 'tis positive that ev'ryone would rather hear the song  
Of a cuckoo.

When the bobby on his beat in wintry night 'mid storm and hail  
Halts and turns his searching bull's-eye light below the area rail,  
It is NOT to brave the burglar, but to get a glass of ale  
From the cook-oo.

In the Arctic Expedition NANSEN bold, with trusty band,  
By discovering the Pole has glory shed upon his land;  
And the voice he heard the very first—"from telegrams to hand"—  
Was the cuckoo!

THE COMPLETE ANGOT-LEE.—Two sheriffs, who raided St. John's Market, the Liverpoolian Billingsgate, in order to effect a "distress" upon a certain fish-wife, had a very warm reception at the hands of the *marchande de marée*. The debtor, or rather debtress, seems to have been what the *Liverpool Courier*, with breezy originality, calls "the pet of the market, like Charité, the *Offenbachian* heroine in *La fille de Madame Angot*!" (We always had a vague idea that this opera was from LECOCQ's pen, and that *Clairette* was heroine thereof.) Anyway, the lady in question was "ably supported," her fellow-tradeswomen rising up in arms for her against the invading sheriffs who—"telle était la mère Angot"—would have met with an untimely fate had it not been for the arrival of a posse of police to the rescue. A Hibernian spectator of the fray is said to have remarked, "Avick! shure an' it reminds me of an eviction!"

WHAT SIR A. MACKENZIE OMITTED TO SAY IN HIS REMARKS ON "MUSICAL PITCH."—That "this was a sort of pitch which you could touch, and yet could come out with clean hands."

CLASSIC COMMINGLING.—Dr. "JIM" is *Leander* and *Hero* rolled into one.



PARLIAMENTARY CYCLISTS.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNUCOPIA.

(Conducted by Auntie Chickabiddy.)

## OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

Class 3.

BUNTING BUBBLES.  
(Aged 6.)Prize.—The Poet Laureate's *England's Darling*.

Class 1.

CORA BENANGEL.  
(Aged 13.)Prize.—ADAM SMITH'S *Political Economy*.

Class 2.

DORA DIMPLE.  
(Aged 9.)Prize.—YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

DEAR DARLINGS,—The above are the portraits of your little friends who have been clever enough to carry off the prizes in the three classes devoted to English Composition. I give their essays below so that you may see for yourselves that CORA, DORA, and BUNTING have fairly won the diplomas which accompany the valuable books. The judges were the Dowager Countess of SUFFINGTON, Lady THEOPHRASTA CHARLEMAGNE-TUBBS, and the Hon. Mrs. CAMELSUMP. Ask Papa, Mamma, or governess to show you these ladies' names in *Burke's* or *Walford's Peerage*; either work you will learn to love and appreciate when you are older. I have not been out lately on account of a severe cold, so you cannot expect much news, but this *must* interest you. My beautiful Kamtohatka pussy, *Buz-Wuz*, has made me a present of five lovely wee-wee kittens. I am going to sell them to my friends for the small sum of £2 a-piece in order that I may help a poor lady, who does not wish her name to be known. So if any of your relatives would like them they should write at once, for I want the poor lady to go to the South of France as soon as possible. Charity begins at home, but often ends abroad. My doctor says that I ought to seek the bright sun and fair flowers of the Riviera, so, perhaps I, too, may have to tear myself away from dear, dismal England. But I shall be back, if I do make the journey, in time to arrange your Easter Fancy-dress Dance, invitation cards for which can now be had, price half-a-guinea each. As the number of guests must be limited, it would be as well to apply at once for the cards. The refreshments will include tea, coffee, lemonade, sandwiches, cake, oranges, apples, and, perhaps, ices, and I hope to engage the Green Bohemian Band. The Grand Duchess of GRÜNTERSHEIM (look up this country in the map) has graciously promised to be present. So we must look forward to a gay and select meeting. Always, darlings, Your true friend,

AUNTIE CHICKABIDDY.

P.S. Here are the successful essays:—

## CLASS I.

*Subject: The Rise and Fall of Napoleon the Great.*

DEAR AUNTIE,—NAPOLEON was a bad man, but he crossed the Alps by the use of vinegar. He fought everybody, including the King of ENGLAND and the Emperor of RUSSIA. It was on his famous retreat from St. Petersburg that he skated over the Danube on the ice. Afterwards he lost the battle of Sedan, and died in the Isle of Elba, of a broken heart. He invented boots like his rivals, the Duke of WELLINGTON and Colonel BLUCHER. I hope this will win the prize.

Yours, most affectionately,

CORA.

## CLASS II.

*Subject: Vegetarianism.*

DEAREST AUNTIE,—The cow is a vegetarian, and so was NEBU-CHADNEZZAR (I didn't spell this word myself), and so are my rabbits and CHARLEY's guinea pigs. So is grandma, who likes sparrow-grass, and always chews the cud. If a lion was one, he would eat vegetable marrow-bones. Our pony loves apples and sugar. So do I.

Your loving

DORA.

## CLASS III.

*Subject: Babies.*

DARLING AUNTIE,—I used to like babies when I was one. Now I don't. They cry all day.

Your own little

BUNTING.

UNCONFIRMED REPORT.—That President CLEVELAND was, on the anniversary of WASHINGTON's birthday, presented by his countrymen with a facsimile of little GEORGE's axe. *Oliver Twist's* "ax" is more in GROVER's line.

## PROTEST BY A PRECISIAN.

(After reading an Article on "Amateur Sport," *Cup and League Football*.)

O SPORTIVE Muse,  
We can't refuse, [to twist;  
For you our English tongue  
But we do squirm  
At that vile term,  
A "semi-finalist"! I  
It is too bad!  
The stalwart lad [mate round,"  
Left in "the ante-penulti-

We're game to praise,  
Although that phrase  
Hath a pedantic sound.  
But "semi-finalist"! Alas!  
That "well of English unde-  
filed"! I  
Such bastard lingo who can  
pass  
And not feel riled?

## A PROBLEM.

WHY is a traveller by the L. C. and D. Railway, who cannot afford first-class fare, and who refuses to travel third, likely to do the journey from Victoria to Ramsgate by the Granville Express in less than a seven thousandth part of the two hours usually occupied?  
—Solution: Because, starting from Victoria, he arrives at Ramsgate in a second.

TO VALETUDINARIANS. ADVICE FOR MARCH 10.

Go to Bow Street if ailing in health or in limb,  
For you'll find Surgeon BRIDGE there, and eke Doctor JIM.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 24.*—A pleased smile illumined PRINCE ARTHUR's countenance to-night when Private HANBURY was brought up to the triangle and received three dozen. DON JOSÉ smiled responsive. "Most useful fellow," said PRINCE ARTHUR; "does his work capitably in Downing Street; says nothing with becoming grace on the Treasury Bench; and now, when you and I might expect to be hauled up with embarrassing reminiscences of what we said and did when a much milder gag than ours was proposed by Mr. G. in order to carry his Home-Rule Bill, HANBURY is dragged out, takes his punishment, and we escape."

A good deal in this.

"Remembering, and it seems but yesterday, all that was said and done in Session of 1893, in denunciation of time-closure invoked temporarily in face of avowed obstruction, after prolonged endeavour to make way under ordinary sail, it takes away one's breath to hear PRINCE ARTHUR blandly propose a severer form of gag, not applicable to a Bill in exceptional circumstances, but automatically choking discussion on the Estimates, not for one Session but for all time."

Thus SARK, his honest face flushed with surprise, his tender bosom heaving with emotion. But SARK is comparatively young; superlatively honest; a sort of Parliamentary *ingénu*. To older Parliamentary Hands the situation is charmingly interesting. They have seen many things on the same lines. No place in the world where conversions are more rapid and complete than in the House of Commons. The Right Hon. Member for Tarshish rides out one day a Coercionist. His horse stumbles; he remounts a Home Ruler, and gallops over everything in his new career. Or the other way about; or the same thing on half a dozen leading questions of the day. If the individual is prominent, spiteful things are said; speeches delivered in his earlier mood are resurrected; he is palped with passages. But not in modern times has the somersault, taken by a whole Treasury Bench and the bulk of a great Party, been so sudden, or done within the bounds of so narrow a stretch of carpet.

Cap'n TOMMY BOWLES, faithful among the faithless found, will have none of the business. No Parliamentary *Benedick* he. When PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ said they would die rather than consent to the gag, they did not believe they would live to force it on to the House of Commons. Cap'n TOMMY, with them in 1893 when they walked the strait path, parts from them in 1896, when they go astray. The CAP'N is, after all, almost human, and his voice falters, his eye is clouded with unwonted moisture as it falls on the figure of his apostate friend, now seated on Treasury Bench. Memories of early happy days soften the indignant rigour of his regard. He remembers how, a Parliamentary infant, he sat on the knee of Private HANBURY, was suckled on the Estimates, weaned upon motions for the reduction of Ministers' salaries. And now his nurse, his mentor, just for a handful of silver, just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, has joined the brigand band he taught the lisping TOMMY to shy stones at. The only comfort the deserted, desolate human wreck has is in the reflection that if some of Private HANBURY's earliest efforts had succeeded he would now be drawing only half his Ministerial salary.

*Business done.*—PRINCE ARTHUR brings in the gag; lays it on the

table; asks House to open its mouth and shut its eyes and see what he and DON JOSÉ will give it.

*Tuesday.*—When, just before midnight, after seven hours' debate on and round the gagging resolutions, VICARY GIBBS was observed



"OVER THE BORDER WITH MORLEY."

Sir W-ll-m explains the mysteries of "cess and stent."

rising to his feet, a shudder ran through hitherto languid House. Old Members recalled how, on a famous night in July in the Session of 1893, VICARY's hand set a light to the smouldering fires of resentment, causing them to blaze forth with uncontrollable force, unparalleled ferocity. New Members had read all about it. Here was (but for a minor detail) a repetition of the causes that led up to the famous free fight which earned for Colonel SAUNDERSON favourable mention in the despatches. The gag, more severe and more systematic than that whose operation was the signal for the historic scuffle, was again proposed.

The minor detail, of course, is that the very men who, in the Home-Rule Session, indignantly denounced, resolutely resisted, the iniquitous attempt to tamper with freedom of debate, to-day occupy the Treasury Bench. That, of course, has little bearing on the incident of the moment. However it be with them, to a man of VICARY's independence, Trojan and Tyrian are the same. Not for him to affirm that that in PRINCE ARTHUR's but a choleric word which in Mr. G. was flat blasphemy. He will do the right thing whate'er befall.

Members momentarily withdrawing their gaze from the prematurely brindled hair of the still young advocate of freedom of speech, looked round for HAYES FISHER. Was he ready to play again his patriotic part? When, on that fateful night, LOGAN, sauntering past the Front Opposition bench, seated himself partly on CARSON, Q C, and partly on the bench, HAYES FISHER, safe in entrenchment on the bench behind, punched him on the nape of the neck. Real merit is always modest. When called to account HAYES FISHER, whilst blushing admitting his intrepid action, insisted upon assigning the whole initiative of the row to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. G. is far removed from the scene to-night, restful by the blue water that laps the shore at Cannes. If HAYES FISHER means business, and, in obedience to instinct of a noble nature, insists on apportioning elsewhere the meed of praise, he must pick out some one else.

But HAYES FISHER is not here. As for VICARY, he is nearly three years older, and has evidently done with war and its alarms. His helm is now a hive for bees. They buzz reproach round the head of PRINCE ARTHUR, inasmuch as he "has put a very heavy strain on faithful and loyal followers." But it is a mild reproof, grandmotherly compared with the fierce trumpet-tones of defiance that rang through the same Chamber on the same provocation three years ago. Colonel SAUNDERSON having, when VICARY rose, grasped the street-door key, without which, since his experience of that July night, he never approaches Parliamentary debate, let it drop again in the recesses of his pocket. It will not be wanted to-night to cool abraded cheeks, smitten in hand-to-hand fight in resistance of that unholy, un-English institution, the gag.

*Business done.*—Gagging Resolution discussed.

*Thursday.*—Nothing so pleasing during course of debate on our Procedure than readiness of the new Members to come forward and settle knotty points. Subject full of intricacies. Oldest Parliamentary Hands (with exception, of course, of the CAP'EN) occasionally floored by it. Once to-night, just when PRINCE ARTHUR seemed to be entering port with his precious cargo in prime condition, shipwreck was imminent. Something like hopeless muddle ensued; bewildered Members clamoured feebly for adjournment, that being, apparently, the only safe thing. Through the storm the new Members sat serene and confident, radiant with joyous consciousness of that ability which is prior to knowledge. If there is one thing in the world they really know nothing about, it is the bearings of Parliamentary procedure. Therefore they can discuss it.

DRAGE did, with effect accidentally marred by presence of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Him he turned out of Derby at General Election. Rolled him out of borough like an empty beer-barrel. Emerging to-night from No. 1, Cloister, Temple, E.C. ("DRAGE just the man to select a cloister for residence," says SARK), he thought he would tell House more than he knew about Procedure. Just as he was beginning his eye fell upon figure of the SQUIRE. With the fine instinct of new Member as to what exactly suits taste of House, DRAGE, having spare oyster shell in his pocket, thought it would be nice to shy it at the Figure. Nothing House of Commons so thoroughly appreciates as spectacle of new Member, of young-mannish appearance, making his maiden speech, saying something grossly impertinent about the Leader of the Opposition. Pleasure enhanced by knowledge of fact that in an electoral contest of recent date the old Member had been unseated by the new. "A monumental instance of inconsistency throughout his political life," was the reflection that occurred to Mr. DRAGE as he regarded the SQUIRE.

Effect of carefully conned sentence a little disappointing. House growled its discontent. DRAGE surprised; began to wish he was safely back in the Cloister, E.C. Thought he heard Dr. CLARK smile. Turned upon him with cloistered severity. Rebuked him in the name of private Members.

"I made no observation," said Dr. CLARK, justly amazed at his own forbearance.

"Ha!" cried DRAGE, frowning: "it is perhaps as well that the hon. Member did not."

"Now that at least is good," said the appreciative SARK. "It comes nearer to a repartee by the *Hatter* than anything heard out of *Wonderland*."

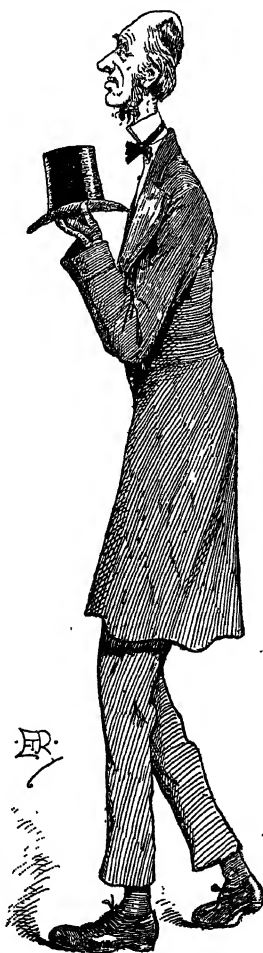
Applause grew so persistent and promiscuous that the new Member abruptly resumed his seat, having omitted to say what he had risen to propound on the subject of New Procedure Rules.

*Business done.*—Procedure Rules agreed to, with proviso that Select Committee shall be appointed to determine exactly what we and they mean.

*Friday.*—Romped through the supplementary estimates. At half-past seven, when last was voted, J. W. LOWTHER, breathless with rapidity of putting successive questions in record time, led out of chair and laid on his back in cool passage.

Seemed as if under new condition of things business of sitting would be wound up in time to go to dinner. But, Supply disposed of, HAVELOCK WILSON hove alongside with his Merchant Seamen Bill. Not much liked in Ministerial circles. But would look bad to throw it out on second reading. So second reading agreed to, on consideration that nothing more shall be heard of Bill until Committee on Manning of Merchant Ships has reported. "Then," said RITCHIE, "we'll see."

*Business done.*—Supplementary Estimates agreed to. PRINCE ARTHUR says he didn't promise Select Committee to inquire into New Procedure Rule and tell House, which has just passed it, exactly what it meant in so doing. What he did promise was something quite different. "E dunno where we are," said Cap'en TOMMY, scratching the crown of his head with the point of his hook as is his habit in moments of abstraction.



Mr. Leggy, M.P.



## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE GENEROUS WHIST-PLAYER TO THE ERUDITE MAIDEN.

We cut for partners. You and I  
Were destined to be *vis-à-vis*.  
You said the foe we might defy,  
You were so glad to fight with me!  
For grandmamma had shown you all  
The scientific skill she knew,  
Had taught you how for trumps to call,  
And how to score with chances few.  
With eager zest the game commenced,  
Our adversaries three tricks made.  
Now, really, I was not incensed  
When you played club instead of spade;  
Nor was I angry when you placed  
That fatal king upon my queen.  
Of course, I saw the card was faced,  
Another deal there should have been.  
'Twas scarcely wise the fourth time  
round  
The ace of diamonds to lead;  
But then it often has been found  
That theory is worse than deed.  
A bumper rubber! Yet your smile  
Was not less joyous than before,  
"With hearts for trumps, just wait a  
while!"  
You cried, as we began once more.  
'Twas in the middle of the game,  
In dire distress, I breathed a wish  
That grandmamma, of matchless fame,  
Had read a little Cavendish.  
'Twas quite by accident I spoke—  
My stupid tongue I can't restrain!  
So do blame me for your revoke!  
And let us partners be again!

## ROYALTY BICYCLING.

H.R.H. The Prince of WALES has taken to bicycling. After the usual spill or two, which all first-rate riders whether on horses or wheels must experience, His Royal Highness is becoming such an expert that a change of title is seriously contemplated. If the alteration can be made without harm to the British Constitution (an excellent one enjoyed by the enjoys), then H.R.H. will be known as "The Prince of Wheels."

DR. FISHER, Suffragan Bishop of Southampton, is evidently exceptionally and deservedly popular. According to the *Westminster*, "he has enormous influence with jockeys in Yorkshire" and "at Newmarket." "FISHER" is an appropriate name for a Bishop, as "*Piscator hominum*"; and it is so proved by his already having caught the jockeys, and all "on his own hook." May he follow in the footsteps of the great Bishop FISHER; only, may he never "lose his head," as that good ecclesiastic did,—except for conscience sake.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS SUPERSEDED BY THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.—The examiners will simply have to use the latest photographic apparatus to see if a candidate has any brains or not. Of course, the examination will be *in camera*.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY."—"Sit you down. . . I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you."—*Hamlet*, Act III., Sc. 4.

OPENING SCENE OF NEW NAUTICAL ARCTIC DRAMA.—"Curtain rises, North Pole discovered."

## MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



No. II.—TRUMPS—KING OF HEARTS OF OAK.

## PROPOSED REGULATIONS FOR HYDE PARK.

(Compiled to please the *Wheeling Minority*.)

1. The gates shall be open from daybreak to sundown, for the benefit of the cyclists.
2. Carriages drawn by, and riders mounted on, horses will be only admitted at convenient hours, for the benefit of the cyclists.
3. Volunteer corps will not be allowed to take up positions, for the benefit of the cyclists.
4. Public meetings will not be held in the customary spots, for the benefit of the cyclists.
5. Flower-beds will be removed and the sites levelled, for the benefit of the cyclists.
6. Military bands will be discontinued, for the benefit of the cyclists.
7. Schools will not be permitted to take exercise in processions of twos and twos, for the benefit of the cyclists.
- 8 and last. The park shall be closed in the face of the general public, for the benefit of the cyclists.

Mem. by a Man.

(After reading Lord Wolseley's Speech.)

DESPITE New Woman nonsense, crass, immense,  
If still the Briton is to rule the brine,  
'Tis very clear our "First Line of Defence"  
Must still be mascu-line!

HAPPY AND IMPERIAL AFTER-THOUGHT.—"By some most unaccountable oversight I omitted to send my customary congratulations to the Shooan Chief on his recent victory. May I ask you, my dear and most excellent Mr. P-nch, to make known publicly how much I regret this strange but absolutely unintentional omission? Yours, W-LL-M (IMPERATOR)."

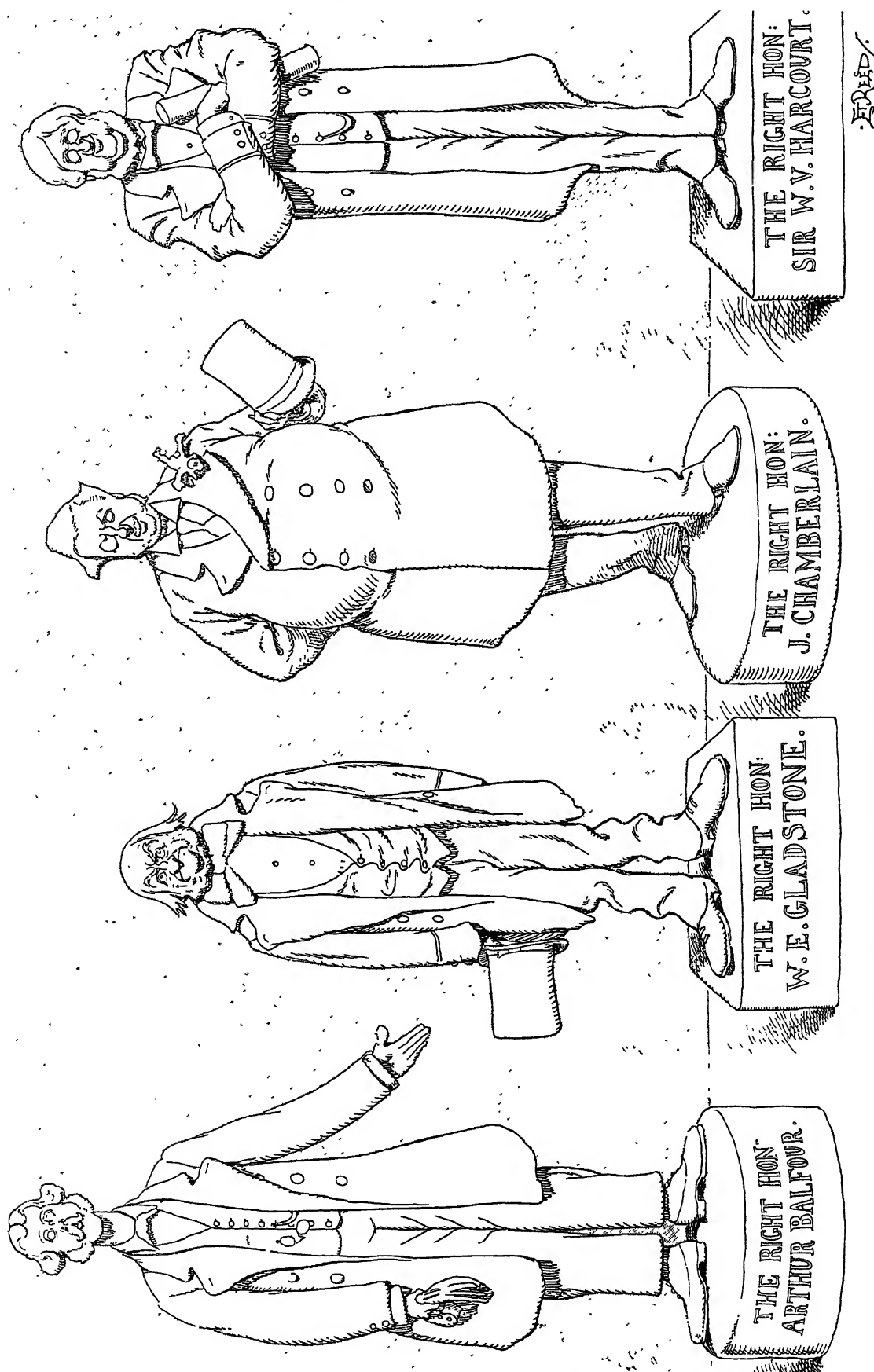
LATEST CRICKET.—What were the English Team in Australia "out for"? They were out for—a holiday.

THE RICHEST TRIAL GOING.—The St. George's Election Petition is said to have cost four guineas a minute. *Si non e vero e BENN trovato*.

## THE CHAUNT OF THE BODLEY HEAD.

(After *Praed*.)

I THINK what modern mortals crave,  
With feverish endeavour,  
Is work erotically brave,  
Satanically clever:  
I think no book should now be long,  
And therefore I determine  
That paradox must mark the song,  
And epigram the sermon.  
I think the business of the wise  
Is with old rules to quarrel,  
Defiant of the decencies,  
Oblivious of the moral;  
The rule of Art the Autocrat  
No ethic impulse troubles,—  
While priest says this, and pedant that,  
Art—blows mephitic bubbles.  
I think they should be brightly blown,  
Though full of poisonous vapour,  
Sin's iridescent sheen alone  
Outshines dull Virtue's taper.  
Old Honesty temptation flies,  
And bids the devil behind him;  
But we log-roll the Sire of Lies,  
And Beardsleyesquely bind him.  
I think to grub like ghouls in graves  
For gruesome allegories,  
Creative talent while it saves,  
Gives vogue to vapid stories.  
Old-fashioned critics carp and fume,  
Neurotic nonsense banning;  
But while the bookstalls give us room,  
Fresh bogies pay for planning.  
I think the DICKENSES and HOODS,  
Their stories and their verses,  
Too cheerful far for modern moods,  
Which run on crimes and curses,  
I think Modernity must frown  
On *Nell*, or *We Are Seven*;  
For nothing now will take the town  
That smacks of home or heaven.  
I think Love's like a problem-play  
Where Pan and POOLE are blended;  
Or like a foul November day,  
Whose fog in sludge is ended.  
Good fun in coster, cad, or rough,  
In slums and "fourpenny dosses";  
But, bound in marriage bonds, stale stuff,  
Which natural instinct crosses.  
I think that sex, old he and she,  
Want some new common measure,  
That love, like union, should be free,  
Its only object pleasure.  
One man one wife might well content  
The drudge, the saint, the friar,  
Were wedlock more a sacrament  
And woman less a liar.  
I think that Wit should woo St. Giles,  
And not St. George, or Stephen.  
That Rahab and her subtle wiles  
Make Fancy's truest heaven.  
The pink and pure no more delight  
Your genius-gifted fellow,  
Now genuine Art is black and white,  
And Literature all yellow.  
The world for geniuses has sighed,  
And I, in sheaves, have found them;  
I've printed them with margins wide,  
And arabesquely bound them.  
Some who once worshipped, in remorse  
Their idols now seem burning;  
But I keep on my even course,  
A lane that has no turning.  
MOTTO FOR MR. LECKY AND OTHERS.—  
They who play at (TOMMY) BOWLES must  
expect rubbers.  
THE BEST OF SMUGGLED GOODS.—  
JAMESON'S spirits.



### WHAT PARLIAMENTARY SCULPTURE IS COMING TO!

STATUES FOR THE OUTER LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO HARMONISE IN DIGNITY OF TREATMENT AND ACCURACY OF PORTRAITURE WITH THE NEW EFFIGY OF JOHN BRIGHT.

### THE METROPOLITAN STATUES SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

["MR. AKERS-DOUGLAS, replying to Mr. LABOUCHERE as to whether his attention had been called to a statue 'purporting to be of the late Mr. JOHN BRIGHT in the Central Lobby, and whether it is to remain there,' said that it was erected under arrangements made with his predecessors. He admitted that there were very varied views as to its artistic merits."]

THIS company has been formed for the purpose of supplying public statues and monuments on the hire system. In consequence of the numerous complaints against existing statues, there is reason to believe that temporary memorials, if obtainable, would be universally erected. The promoters expect that the company will be immediately appointed Sole Purveyors of Statues to the Houses of Parliament. It is needless to draw attention to the many advantages which would have accrued to the pockets of the subscribers, to the uninterrupted progress of traffic, and to the public comfort and convenience generally—not to mention the cause of Art—if the majority of statues and memorials in London had been obtained on this system, and had been subsequently removed. The apparently permanent erections and statues in various recent exhibitions have shown that the use of real bronze or marble is an old fashioned and exploded fallacy.



*Guaranteed Portrait Department.*—On payment of ten per cent. extra on the hiring of the person represented, will be supplied with the statue.

*Circulating Statuary Department.*—Statues lent out in the same manner as books from Messrs. MUNIE'S. For terms of subscription, apply to the Secretary. Statues cannot be changed more frequently than once a week.

*Memorials Department.*—Larger erections, containing several statues or groups, supplied at the shortest notice. A large selection of horses, griffins, and other animals. The hitherto disregarded anatomy and action of these fabulous monsters will be carefully attended to.

*Fountains Department.*—The new patent fountains, with imitation jets of water, will be a special feature. This new invention obviates the wetting of passers-by, the fear of which has hitherto prevented the use of a large jet, and has necessitated a meagre squirt or dribble of water, of mean and ridiculous appearance. The new jets, of a patent metallic compound, gleam in the sunlight, and are varied at intervals in rise and fall by an arrangement of springs in the fountain. They are at present manufactured in Germany by the *Wissenschaftliche Kunstgesellschaft*, the Scientific Art Company, of Berlin. Real water for drinking purposes, rarely required, can, if wished, be supplied from a tap.

*Second-hand Department.*—A large number of returned statues, misfits, and other slightly damaged stock, will be offered for sale at immense reductions. Suitable for provincial towns, tea-gardens, newly-erected villa residences, &c., &c. Warranted to stand the weather if properly varnished once a year. Great reduction on taking a quantity.

*Preliminary Notice of Sale.*—A job lot of real bronze and marble statues, removed from Westminster, Trafalgar Square, the City, &c., will shortly be offered at ridiculously low prices. Also an aluminium angel (tarnished), and a griffin. Both with very spirited action. Suitable for exportation to Central Africa.

### FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

(As they ought to be Reported.)

KING PREMPEH and Suite are making a lengthened stay at Elmina Castle.

Ex-Prime Minister RAINILATRIVONY is expected at Geryville, Algeria, from Madagascar.

AFABI PASHA continues to enjoy the salubrious climate of Ceylon.

Dr. LEANDER JAMESON, Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY, the Hon. H. F. WHITE, the Hon. R. WHITE, Mr. C. P. FOLEY, and friends, have arrived in town, after a short tour in the Transvaal.

Major LOTHAIRE has been summoned to Léopoldville, Congo Free State, on urgent personal business.

The King of BURMAH and family are still on a visit to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY HAS NOW REACHED A MOST PROSPEROUS PERIOD.—It is enjoying its Millaisium.

### HOME! DULL HOME!

(Up-to-date Version of a very Out-of-date Song.)

"We English are learning how to live, and even to take our pleasures less sadly. . . . Another decade or so may see us a pleasure-loving nation. Yes, we are on the up-grade! The younger generation of husbands and wives will not live 'to keep house.' . . . The feminine glory of domesticity is dying, if not already dead."—"Concerning Dress" in the *Westminster Budget*."

'Mid Rinks and Ice Palaces now let us roam!  
Be it ever so risky it's better than home.  
A spell as of lead seems to deaden us there,  
Let's mix in the world and cavort everywhere.  
Home! home! dull, dull home!  
A slow place is home! A slow place is home!

To learn how to live we must quit the fireside,  
The up-grade of life is on Fashion's full tide.  
Your stay-at-home dowdy is now out of date,  
To keep up to time, you must bike and must skate.  
Home! home! dull, dull home!  
Be it ever so stylish, a slow place is home!

"Keep house," in a suburb? What prison were that!  
No, no, we'll hang out on a snazzy West-End flat.  
Sky-scraping, perchance, but with that we'll make shift,  
For we're raised in the world by the aid of a lift.  
Home! home! Who cares for home!  
Be it ever so lofty, a flat may be home!

The sweet domesticities women now flout,  
The Darby and Joan style of thing is played out.  
"The social pulse quickens," as everyone feels,  
And the world, like our women, now goes upon wheels.  
Home? home? Man's not a gnome,  
To dwell in a du'l hole because it's called home!

The unselfish stay-at-home girl has no chance;  
She must tennis and flirt, she must bike, skate, and dance.  
In tammy and jupe, or in rational dress,  
She must flourish around if she'd score a success.  
Home? home? Abroad she must roam,  
Or be doomed all her days to that dull place called home!

If married and mother she yet plays her part;  
With six charming children she still must look "smart."  
For, judging by facts, what Society likes  
Is a maid who is bold, and a matron who bikes.  
Home? home? Froth, flash, and foam,  
Our women now crave, and they're scarce found at home!

A prisoner at home, woman grizzles in pain—  
"Oh! give me my knickers and cycle again;  
The high-collared JOHNNIES who come at my call,  
Give me them, with the fizz of mind dearer than all!"  
Home? home? Dull, dull home!  
Till a woman turns sixty a slow place is home!



BILLIARDS UP-TO-DATE.—A match—7500 up—is being played at Manchester between Mrs. RICHARDS and J. MACK. This is the first time, says the *Liverpool Daily Post*, that a lady player has appeared in public. But there is no reason why the fair sex should not succeed in this new sphere of action. For ladies are not lacking in cue-riosity, and thoroughly understand the art of "nursing." The Lady Professional Billiard Player is in training to lead troops, as she at least will never faint at the sound of a cannon!

WELL PROTECTED.—Both Houses of Parliament are provided with an inexhaustible stock of great bores, small bores, and old-fashioned smooth bores. With their aid either Chamber can be cleared in less than three minutes.

WHY is the Primrose League particularly interested in President KRÜGER'S visit?—Because he is Premier of a Pretorian Parliament.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. VI.

*Dealing with his Adventures at Olympia.*

THE dialogical form is now become an indispensable *factotum* in periodical literature, and so, like a *brebis de Panurge*, I shall follow the fashion occasionally,—though with rather more obedience to a literary elegant style of phraseology than my predecessors in *Punch* have thought worth to practise. Time: the other morning. Scene: the breakfast-table at Porticobello House, Ladbroke Grove. Myself and other select boarders engaged in masticating fowl eggs with their concomitant bacon, while intelligently discussing topical subjects (for we carry out the poetical recipe of "Plain thinking and high living").

*Miss Jessimina (at the table-head).* The papers seem eloquent in laudation of the Sporting and Military Show at Olympia. How I should like to go if I had anyone to take me!

*Mr. Wyke (stingily).* And I would be enraptured at so tip-top an opportunity, but for circumstance of being stonily broken.

*[Helps himself to the surviving fowl egg.]*

*Mr. Cosseter (in sepulchral tone).* Alack! that doctorial prescriptions do nill for me such nocturnal jinks; otherwise—

*[He treats himself to a digestible pill.]*

*Myself (taking a leap into the darkness and deadly breaches).* Since other gentlemen are not more obsequious in gallantry, I hereby tender myself for honour of accompanist and *vade mecum*.

*Miss Jess. (lowering the silken curtains of her almond-like orbs).* Oh, really, PRINCE! So very unexpected! I must obtain the expert opinion of my Mamma.

Mistress MANKLETOW did approve the jaunt on condition of our being saddled by a select lady boarder of the name of SPINK as a *tertium quid* to play at propriety; at which I was internally disgusted, fearing she would play the old gooseberry with our *tête-à-tête*.

Having arrived at Olympia, we perambulated the bazaar prior to the commencement of the shows, and here (after parting with rs. 8½ for three seats on the balcony) I did bleed more freely still, for Miss JESSIMINA expressed a passionate longing to possess my profile, snipped out of paper by the scissors of a Silhouette, for which I mulcted one shilling sterling.

And, after all, although it proved the *alter ego* and speaking likeness of my embossed Bombay cap and golden spectacles, she found the fault that it rendered my complexion of a too excessive murksomeness; not reflecting (with feminine imperceptivity) that, the material being black as a Stygian, this criticism applied to the portraiture of all alike!

Farther on I presented her and the female gooseberry with a pocket-handkerchief a-piece, interwoven by a mechanism with their baptismal appellation (another rupee!).

Then we arrived at a cage containing an automatic Devil revealing the future for a penny in the slit, and Miss JESSIMINA worked the oracle with a coin advanced by myself, and the demon, after flashing his optics and consulting sundry playing-cards, did presently produce a small paper which she opened eagerly.

*Miss Jess. (after perusal).* Only fancy! It says I'm "to marry a dark man, and go for a long journey, and be very rich." What ridiculous nonsense! do you not think so, PRINCE?

*Myself (with a tender sauciness).* Poet SHAKESPEARE asserts there are more things in Heaven and earth than the Horatian philosophy. I am not a superstitious—and yet this mechanical demon may have seen correctly through the brick wall of Futurity. Have you not a worshipful adorer who might be described as dark, and to whose native land it is a long journey?

*Miss Jess. (with the complexion of a tomato).* It's time we took our seats for the performance. And you are not to be a silly!

It is notorious that the English female vocabulary contains no more caressing and flattering epithet than this of "a silly," so that I repaired to my seat immoderately encouraged by such gracious appreciation. Of the show, I can testify that it was truly magnificent, though the introductory portion was somewhat spoilt by the too great prevalence of the bicycle, which is daily increasing its ubiquity, nor do I see the rationality of engaging a *sais* in topped boots to attend upon each machine, under the transparent pretentiousness of its belonging to the equine genus, since it can never become the similitude of a horse in mettlesome vivacity.

My companions marvelled greatly at the severe curvature of the extremities of the cycle-track, which were shaped like the interior of a huge bowl, and while I was demonstrating to them how, from scientific considerations and owing to the centrifugal forces of gravitation, it was not possible for any rider to become a loser of his equilibrium—lo and behold! two of the competitors made the *facilis descensus*, and were intermingled in the weltering hotchpot of a calamity.

But on being disentangled they did limp away, and it is allowable to hope that they suffered no serious dismantling of their vital organs. Still, I cannot approve of these bicycle contentions, which are veritable provocative flights at the providential features.

It is *nem. con.* and undeniable that it was a wise move to transfer the race for the Derby Ribbon from the remoteness of Newmarket Downs to a spot where it can be competed *de die in diem* and under a cover. And I was overjoyed to perceive Hon'ble Sir HENRY LIVING, who was pointed out to me, returned from United States of New York, and driving a small open vehicle in company of *Charley's Aunt* and a youth attired as a mariner. But the pity of it, Horatio! that he had selected a steed of such snailish propensity as only to be budged by the pricks of a parasol! Moreover, I venture to hint that it was *infra dig.* for so respectable a Thespian to chase *Charley's Aunt* around the circumference of the velodrome, and the spectacle of such incongruous sprightliness may detriment his fame as a tragic.

The concluding entertainment was a military battle with the Chitralis; and how to express the swelling of my heart with the martial sentiment of courage at beholding the warriors on the march, and taking tender farewells of their ladyloves and *nançées*, who were *Niobe* all tears on the shoulders of their nearest relations!

And pride further expanded my bosom to witness the construction of an impromptu bridge in a storm of snow across the bottomless pit of an abyss, and the gallantry with which British troops volleyed and

thundered to the dismay of their barbarian adversaries!

Such exhibitions do greatly assist in promoting patriotism, and implant the courageous impulse in many an unwarlike breast, as I can vouch from personal experience.

After the termination I conducted my *protégées* to the Palmarium, where we sat under a shrub imbibing lemon crushes, brought by a neat-handed Phyllis in the uniform of a housemaid intermixed with a hospital nurse. Here occurred a most discomposing *contretemps*, for presently Miss JESSIMINA uttered the complaint that two strangers were regarding herself and Miss SPINK with the brazen eyes of a sheep, and even making personal comments on my nationality, which rendered me like toad under a harrow with burning indignation.

At length, being utterly beside myself with rage, I summoned one of the Phyllises and requested her to take steps to abate the nuisance, being met with a smiling "*Nolo Episcopari*." So, entreating my companions not to give way to panic and leave their cause in my hands, I went in search of a policeman.

Unfortunately some time flew before I could find one at liberty to understand my crucial position, nor could I obtain from him a legal opinion as to whether I could administer a cuff or a slap in the ear to my insulters without incurring risk of retaliation in kind.

And, on returning to the spot with a large, stout constable, I had



"With a large, stout constable."



the mortification to discover that the two impolite strangers had departed, and that Misses MANKLETOW and SPINK were similarly imperceptible.

However, after prolonged search and mental anxiety, I returned alone, and was rewarded by finding my fair friends arrived in safety; and hearing that the two strangers had explained, in the gentlemanly terms of an apology, that they had mistaken them for acquaintances.

Consequently I am thankful that I did not execute my design of assault and battery, more especially as I am the happy receiver of many handsome compliments on all sides upon the tactfulness and *savoir faire* with which I extricated myself from my shocking fix.

At which my countenance beams with the shiny resplendency of self-satisfaction.

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MORE ABOUT OLD SERVANTS.

I LEFT off last week having said but little on the general character of old and faithful servants—the epithets in this connection are practically synonymous. Feudalism as a vital force has vanished from the land, but in the relation of an old servant to the family he has served something of feudalism still lingers, something that enables one to understand the deep devotion of mediæval retainers to their house and the fatherly interest of the lord in his dependants. It is curious how, as the years go by, the ancient butler or body-servant assimilates the characteristics of the master he admires; imitates, let us say, his little bursts of temper, his manner of bearing himself, his walk, the fashion of his ties, and his way of wearing his hat, and offers to a different circle a reproduction, as close as circumstances will permit, of the general air of his beloved master. One venerable servitor of this kind it was my lot to know, and I shall never forget the old man's grief and vexation when his master, who had long worn his collars turned down, was suddenly converted to the stick-up variety. It was as though the face of the world had been completely changed, so difficult did he find it to accommodate himself to his master's new appearance.

"Of course," he observed, "Mr. B. looks well in that kind of collar—he'd look well in anything; but there was a something about the old ones which I can't get in this new lot. It isn't for me to make a remark, but there, Sir, don't you think them turn-downs gave him a more noble look, 'aughtier as you may say, and more of the master. I'm certain it's not so easy to respect a stick-up." "JACKSON," I retorted, "I'm willing to stake my fortune you'll be in stick-ups yourself before a month is past." "Me, Sir? Never!" But in a fortnight the old fellow was in stick-ups, and went about his work as if he had never worn any other kind. He used to be very severe, I remember, with the younger members of the family, and used to hurl at them curious and terrible compound oaths which he had contrived, so he said, to manufacture during his foreign wanderings in attendance upon his master. "Sakrabilliapolakadonia, Master FREDDY, will you stop making that noise outside your father's libery door," or "Jessessamanessy, Master DICK, if I ketch you stealing another of your father's cambric handkerchers you and me will have to part; there's no two words about that." These are two of the awful phrases I have heard him use. The youngsters, I am sorry to say, used to laugh at him, and take a fiendish delight in irritating him almost beyond endurance.

THE old servant, however, is to be known not merely by his venerable and awe-inspiring appearance. That, of course, is one mark, but it is not invariably found. The most certain indications are, first, an absolute devotion to his master and mistress; second, a fatherly interest in the younger members of the family; and third, a claim, which is never contested, to be consulted in all family arrangements, and to have his views treated with deferential respect. The devotion does not exclude criticism, the fatherly interest often entails disapproval of pranks to which boys and girls all the world over are prone. But as against the rest of the world the family is, in the eyes of the old servant, composed of immaculate paragons, and woe betide the rash outsider who ventures to hint a fault in any one of them. And the boys and girls, though they may grow up and pass out into the world and become in their turn fathers and mothers, are, to the old servant, children to the end of the chapter, children who have to be protected against themselves, and whose wayward dispositions must always involve them in scrapes, out of which only an old servant's



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

loyal ingenuity can extricate them. And how cheerfully the old fellow's face glows, how warm is his faithful welcome when the captain returns from India, or the daughter of the house comes back for a time to the parental nest with a new little fledgeling in her arms. Old servants and dogs—these are the only classes in which you find unquestioning faith and an attachment, rooted deep down in their very being, which nothing can alter or destroy.

As I write there arrives a further communication relative to Mrs. WATSON, of whose table-talk I gave a specimen last week. Here is another:—

"We 'ad a garden, BOBRINSKY and me, size of a pocket-'anky-chif, at Tottenham, where my brother 'e used to come of a Sunday mornin' with a pennywuth o' mixed seeds in 'is pockets, all sorts; and after cleanin' the boots for me, which BOBRINSKY bein' a Pole and proud never would do, but my brother o' course 'ad been a dragoon and learnt to be 'andy, 'e used to plarnt them seeds all over the place, and sich a crush when they all begun a comin' up, and no room for 'em—it was 'ere am I and where are you—but my brother 'e said when some of 'em died down the others would be a springin' up, and we should always 'ave a show that way and 'e'd chance it; but not knowin' the proper seasons for plarntin' there was a rare muddle, and the little 'un 'e kep' tearin' of 'em up to see where the roots was. Still it was pretty cheery, and BOBRINSKY 'e rigged up a plank or two, with a nice piece of tarpaulin' over the top, and read 'is noospaper there of a Sunday mornin', and said it rather reminded 'im of Poland. BOBRINSKY, pore fellow, 'e died soon arter we left Tottenham of a ploral noomonia, which is when you 'ave it in both lungs they call it ploral. But there, single noomonia is bad enough I say."

UTAH has just been admitted into the American Union. It surely will be known as the Matrimonial State.



### "CHERCHER LA FEMME."

"I SEE YOU CHARGE ME ELEVENPENCE FOR YOUR MUTTON, MR. BARTON. WHY IS IT MR. READ IN THE HIGH STREET LETS ME HAVE IT FOR TENPENCE?"

"I'M SURE, M'M, I COULDN'T SAY—UNLESS IT'S HE'S TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU, M'M!"

### "CLIENTS FEEL CHEAP TO-DAY."

THE "World's Great Marriage Mart!" Its fate  
Shows it a trap for he's;  
"Good figures" figured in the bait,—  
And also in the fees!

A "better half" it might sometimes  
Provide for chaps with pelf;  
But always grabbed—chief of its crimes—  
The best half for itself.

The "turnover" nine thou., we learned,  
Which yearly did increase;  
But now its managers are turned  
Over to the police!

With Eve in tow, and dupes to bleed,  
It swam along quite gaily;  
Till the "Old Adam" of its greed  
Ended in the Old Bailey.

"THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS," was the heading of an article in the *St. James's Gazette*. "Dear me!" observed an enlightened reader, "what holidays these officials do have! How long has the Board been away?"

MR. SAMUEL STORRY DECLINES A TESTIMONIAL.—He thanks Mr. CALVERT and the Liberal Association, but as to a testimonial, he says, "Not for me; that's quite another Story!"

### THE IRON AGE.

From "The World," June, 1900.

THE first meet of the Out-of-Hand Club last week was a great success, no fewer than sixteen ant mobile coaches assembling at the Magazine. Lord PENNINGTON'S turn-out, as usual, was the object of general admiration; the brass-work of his engine was in perfect order, and he handled the lever with all his accustomed skill. That post of honour, the stoker's seat, was occupied by Lady VERA PLANTAGENET. Sir THOMAS JONES'S petroleum-car was also worthy of notice, although some of the critics thought that the odour of the oil was a little excessive. Punctually at three o'clock, to the cheery blast of the steam-whistles, the procession started for Greenwich. Unfortunately Mr. REDDINGTON'S accumulators refused to act, so that his electric coach was left standing, and had ultimately to be towed home by a traction-engine. Close to Greenwich, too, another casualty occurred, as Lord COBBLE'S car suddenly bolted down-hill. We believe that a few pedestrians were killed, but fortunately no real harm was done.

WE regret to have to record the death, under melancholy circumstances, of the Duke of PUDDLETON. His Grace was extremely anxious to take part in the Division of last Tuesday on the Infants' Suffrage Bill. He drove to the House of Lords in his steam-carriage, and, fearing that he would not arrive in time to vote, he rashly sat upon the safety-valve. He was said by the passers-by to have been travelling fully at the rate of a mile a minute when the boiler exploded. We hear that such fragments of his Grace as were afterwards collected are to be interred to-morrow.

To those ladies of weak nerves who are unable to ride a bicycle, and find the ordinary ant mobile machine too skittish, we may confidently recommend Messrs. DOB'S new miniature steam-rollers, each of which is warranted quiet to ride and drive. Several of these dainty engines, tastefully painted in art colours, have lately been seen in the Park.

A COMPLAINT comes from the Household Cavalry that it is extremely difficult to ride their new bicycle-changers in the regulation top-boots. Hitherto their protests have met with no attention at the hands of the War Office, and we suppose that the usual red-tape difficulties will be urged against any change. Yet the War Office can be radical enough on occasion. It is actually proposed to repaint in a darker colour the famous white machines of the Scots Greys, on the plea that the present hue would be too conspicuous on the battle-field!

WE omitted to mention at the time the last meet of the Petchley, which took place some weeks ago. The scent was exceedingly well laid, the paper being sufficiently thick to prevent any check all through the run. Amongst the first to reach home was that well-known rider Miss BUSTER, who was mounted on a "Scorcher" racer, which carried her admirably. There is some talk of continuing paper-chasing in the shires all the year round for the future.

LOVERS of natural history will be glad to hear that a specimen of that almost extinct quadruped, the horse, was captured in Devonshire last week. Seven gamekeepers had attempted to shoot it, but fortunately without success. It was taken alive, and removed to the Zoological gardens. Doubtless its presence there will attract crowds of visitors during the next few weeks.



“WELL MATCHED.”

OOM PAUL (to “Pushful Joe.”)—“LOOK HERE! PUSH-STROKE BARRED YOU KNOW!!”





## 'FOR THE CROWN'; OR, MICHAEL AND HIS BAD ANGEL.

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL, MISS EMERY, Mr. DALTON, Mr. IAN and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, appear triumphantly in case *For the Crown*



"A WRIGGLER TWISTER!"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the new Serpentine Squirm.

at Lyceum. The scenic artists Brother RYAN and Sister HANN have excelled themselves. CRAVEN's picture of Trajan's Arch most picturesque. Admirable is equestrian statue of Warrior King of Widdin, erected to celebrate a battle and a Widdin on the same day, modelled by Mr. LUCCHESI (an' sure the figure does look aisy on his horse), which leaves all previous stage statues far behind, including our old friend the Statue of the Commandatore in *Don Giovanni*.

The worst of a stage statue is that so much is expected of it. If it doesn't descend, or nod, or show itself to be "something striking," the audience is apt to be disappointed. Fortunately in *For the Crown*, the interest felt in the fate of *Constantine-Forbes-Brancomir-Robertson* and of *Mrs. Patrick-Militza-Campbell* is so absorbing that the statue hasn't a chance against them. True that FORBES ROBERTSON does place his face, profile-wise, against the pedestal, as if giving the statue "a bit of his cheek," but as the statue, though very much "up in the stirrups," remains unmoved, the public interest in the effigy soon dies out.

Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL, who was a lost angel to FORBES ROBERTSON and ENRY HAUTON JONES as *Michael's* Angel in the short-lived clerical drama, now reappears as a warning angel, not, however, to *Michael* (his full title is *Prince Michael Brancomir*), but to *Constantine* his son. In this piece the good angel is Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL, and the bad angel, Miss EMERY. After a most trying scene, splendidly acted by Messrs. DALTON and ROBERTSON, *Constantine* slays his father *Michael*, who has been trying to "save his beacon," which *Constantine-Robertson* immediately kindles, and in a second, before you can say knife, all the fat is in the fire!

Stephen, the Warrior-King-Bishop, an amiable representative of the Church Militant, is impressively rendered by Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.



Forbes Robertson. "The play wants lightening. Here goes! Ha! ha! a Blaze of Triumph!"

*Princess Bazilide*—rather an unfortunate name to pronounce, since it sounds as if any actor, who has to speak of or to her, was



*Lady Winifred-Emery-Macbeth, Junior* (to her husband). "Fancy! To be a king! to have your hair cut!! and to wear a nice new royal dressing-gown!!! Infirm of purpose! How can you hesitate?"

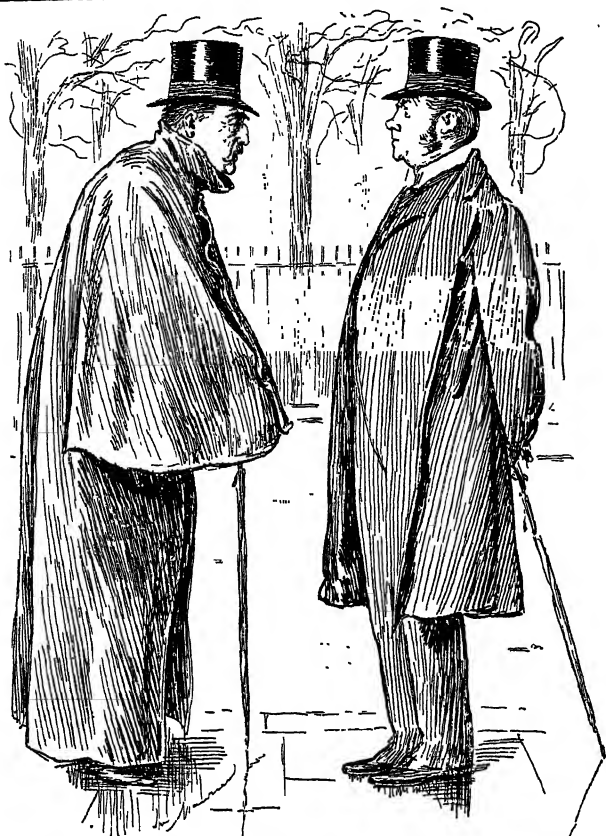
suffering from a severe "cold id de dose," and was trying his best to say "Vaseline"—is played with all the "Emery powder" that Miss WINIFRED can put into the character. Miss *Emery-Bazilide* is this "*Michael's*" Bad Angel, and is intended to be a fascinating *Lady Macbeth Junior*. Would it not add to the attraction, if, on three days of the week, Mrs. PAT were to play *Bazilide* and Miss EMERY *Militza*, and on the other three *vice versa*, and toss up for parts at *matinées*? These two women never meet, and consequently never have a great scene to themselves.

Mr. MACKINTOSH, disguised as a minstrel, with an instrument which he can't play, and without a song, is, musically, disappointing: but he is all there as a "secret agent of the Sultan," and perhaps might just now find diplomatic employment between St. Petersburg and Constantinople. CARL ARMBEUSTER's music is in keeping with the general excellence that marks the entire production. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE's original French play may be poetically brilliant, but that it is so cannot be gathered from Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON's version of it. Had COPPÉE and DAVIDSON been dramatists, they would have given a grand scene to the two heroines. Not too late now. However, "leave well alone" is a good rule, and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON may rest content with its success.

URBI ET ORBI.—Mr. *Punch* begs to inform everyone everywhere that no number of his immortal publication will again bear date "Saturday, February 29," until the year 1992. Friends at a distance and subscribers yet unborn will please accept this intimation.

INDISPUTABLE.—When a Lord Chancellor quits office he gets the Order of the Woolsack.

ENGLISH ADAPTATION OF TRANSVAAL.—Cross country.



### THINGS ONE WOULD HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"HOW ARE YOU, OLD CHAP? ARE YOU KEEPING STRONG?"  
 "NO; ONLY JUST MANAGING TO KEEP OUT OF MY GRAVE."  
 "OH, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT!"

### AN IMPERIAL INTERVIEW.

Brussels, March 4, 1896.

SIR,—Armed with your credentials, I had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the August Personage, whose name it is as well not to mention in view of the perturbed state of Europe. I found him at his Imperial Castle of Panemutter (it is best to be discreet), busily engaged, with a large map of the world before him, in planning, as I imagined, some delightful foreign trips. As I entered his study he was singing, to a not unfamiliar air, the following words:—

"Rule, rule the KAISER,  
 He rules the earth and waves,  
 And Teutons ever, ever must be slaves."

"Words and music mine own," he said, with some touch of pride, as he begged me, as he expressed it, "to come to an anchor." I was struck by the August One's attire. On his head he wore an eagled helmet; his coat was, if I mistake not, the full-dress swallow-tail of a British admiral, and his legs displayed the tight red continuations of a hussar, together with a pair of long sea-boots. The August One evidently noticed my surprise at his original costume, for he observed gravely, "I am the impersonification of the Army and the Navy combined. I am, as it were, Mars-Neptune, formidable, awe-striking, not to be contradicted. You see," he added, pointing to the map; "I am, as is my custom, amusing myself with a little game of International Harum-Scarum—my own invention and sufficiently entertaining." I begged the August One to explain. He graciously acceded to my request.

"Here, for instance, is Constantinople. A lot of Powers are knocking at the Porte—joke of my own, registered for my next comic opera. I encourage them to go on knocking, but I also tell him who has the key to be sure and not open the door. One of the Powers knocks louder than the others; instantly, in the twinkling of an eye (*augenblick*), I suggest to a good friend across the Atlantic that this noisy Power is about to poach on his territorial preserves. The good friend takes the bait and threatens the noisy Power, who instantly suspends his knocking, and, before he can begin again, I myself put salt, manufactured solely in Teutonia, on his leonine tail by means of another friend in South Africa. Two Powers, who are allied to

me as chestnut-out-of-the-fire-pickers, become too intimate. Heigh presto! in an instant I frighten one with an apparition of a Great Bear in the Balkan provinces, and I provide the other with terrible war-dancing in Eastern Africa. The Great Bear himself is not inclined to dance just now, but he shall foot the Zardas before I have done with him. For my most conceited neighbour, you know to whom I refer, I prepared a pretty pic-nic among the morasses of Madagascar. I have also, to his ever-to-be-regretted cost, invited him to have high words with the noisy Power about the flesh pots of Egypt. A conceited Iberian monkey has, on more than one occasion, made rude faces at me. It less time than it takes to smoke a Cuban cigar, I have induced my good Transatlantic friend to pull his ears, and I have, for the chattering magpie next door to him, a rod in pickle, which shall be laid on not a thousand leagues from Delagoa Bay. In the far East I stage-managed a very effective drama in which celestial pigtailed got handsomely japed, and I am busily preparing another wondrously-intricate piece of the same nature. So you see I keep them all employed and myself entertained."

"But then, Sir," I cried, "you must be omnipotent."  
 "I am," he replied, proudly drawing himself up till the eagle on his helmet knocked some drops off the crystal chandelier. "I shall soon be master of the universe, sun, moon, and stars included."

At this moment an individual in uniform glided into the room, and, with respectful obeisance, presented a note, heavily sealed with red wax, to the August One. He tore it open with a triumphant smile; but, as he read, his countenance changed to an expression of concentrated fury.

"Beasts! brutes! Unmentionable scoundrels!" he cried savagely; and then perceiving me, he crumpled up the missive and flung it full in my face. Clutching the precious document in my right hand, and forgetting to pick up my hat and umbrella, I fled from the palace and rushed to the railway station. The Brussels express was just leaving, and I sank exhausted on the velvet cushions of a first-class carriage. What a terrible journey all on your account. Happily I was not pursued. Not till we had passed the frontier did I remove the letter from my boot and devour its contents. It ran as follows:—

"SIRE,—The Reichstag declines to spend another mark on never-to-be-satisfied naval armaments.—Your devoted, Von M."

Now I understand the August One's wrath, and so I hope do you. Awaiting the ever-beneficial and welcome cheque, I am

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington!* An attractive title! Open Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's book, and regard Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE's portrait of the Most Gorgeous herself! A lovely woman truly. Count D'ORSAY was not much of an artist, but he knew a pretty woman when he saw one, and the Baron en-dorsays the Count's opinion. Poor "Gorgeous" one! This name was fathered on her by Dr. PARR. The earliest portion of her existence was sad; so was the latest. *In medio, gloriosissima!* She belonged to the *Book of Beauty* and *Keepsake* period. MARGARET POWER had a rough time of it in her father's house, and a still rougher in that of her husband, Mr. FARMER. Then, by the advice of a "kind-hearted, honourable man," MAGGIE FARMER farmed herself out to a protectionist, living for six years "under the protection of Captain JENKINS," oblivious of her Farmer husband. Suddenly appeared on the scene my Lord BLESSINGTON, widower. "When first he saw sweet PEGGY," as the song has it, the Earl desired to possess her: whereupon unselfish JENKINS nobly effaced himself, on consideration of ten thousand pounds paid to him by my Lord BLESSINGTON; but before The Gorgeous MARGARET could obtain a divorce, her husband, the fuddled FARMER, during a drunken orgie, tumbled out of a first-floor window, and ended his evening, and his days, in Middlesex Hospital. Then Noble Earl made PEGGY Countess, and from that time forth till Noble Earl paid debt of nature, leaving £2000 per annum to his widow, the Gorgeous PEGGY was Gorgeous indeed! Not a genius but was licensed by her. She must have laughed in her sleeve (where is her real diary in Pepsysian cipher?) at all the geniuses, with the exception of Count D'ORSAY, with whom she subsequently lived; and in death they were not divided, as their stone sarcophagi stand side by side, having been designed and so placed by D'ORSAY himself; the one for Gorgeous PEGGY, who died in 1849, and the other for the Count, who became a "Count Out" in 1852. In the very full cast of *Dramatis personæ* the characters of Lord BYRON and the Countess GUICHARD are the most interesting. In any society, be it were it may, there is always a bore, and the representative of this genus in this company is WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Whether he writes or speaks he is tedious. What a scene in *Vanity Fair* it all is! What showy puppets are the Most Gorgeous Lady and the Brilliantly French Polish Count! As a study of this artificial period Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's *Gorgeous Lady Blessington*, in two volumes, from DOWNEY & Co.'s, is highly recommended by

THE BARON.



THE MUZZLING REGULATIONS.

ANOTHER CULPRIT.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 2.*—Nothing could exceed the solicitude with which JOKIM, expounding his naval scheme, contemplated the probable feelings of foreign Powers when they learn how the British Fleet is to be strengthened. "You really mustn't," he said, glancing across the silver streak, "compare this trifling amount of twenty-two millions spent on our Navy, with the francs, or marks, or roubles, or lire you lavish on your puny fleets. Just think of your armies. Britannia has no army worth speaking of; no towers along her steep; her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is on the deep. So of course we must make ourselves at home there. Nothing farther from our thoughts or intention than threatening you. In fact, if you look at it in the proper light, you will see that this expenditure and this labour are incurred solely for your benefit. Think how much more valuable we are made to any friends of ours! That's the proper way to look at it."

House much pleased at this way of putting things; hope same point of view will be accepted at Berlin and other places where England is loved. Seventeen millions-and-a-half is the amount of additional expenditure involved in scheme. A tidy sum, which House faced with equanimity. HICKS-BEACH has behaved nobly. As JOKIM phrased it, "the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will generously put aside the surplus of this year to meet the expenditure under the Naval Works Bill, which will amount to five millions-and-a-half."

That something like generosity. Possibly no any failure in the supply of lava, but the cold country but England possesses a citizen who stream of facts has been too much for it!



"WHO SAID ATROCITY (-MONGERS)!"

A Study of a Volcano recently extinct, not from

would act in so princely a manner; and so quietly too. SARK tells me he hears HICKS-BEACH wanted to act anonymously in the matter. "Put it down from 'A friend,'" he said to JOKIM, when volunteering the little sum.

JOKIM, not to be outdone in generosity, declined.

"No, HICKS-BEACH," he said; "a man who would put his hand in his pocket, take out somebody else's five millions-and-a-half, and lay it on the altar of his country, deserves to have his name publicly mentioned; and I shall do it."

So HICKS-BEACH had to sit there blushing whilst the House rang with applause at his unparalleled generosity. Only the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD unresponsive.

"Yes," he said, with something more nearly approaching a sneer than is accustomed to find expression on his benevolent countenance, "they've got the men, they've got the ships, and they've got our money, too."

*Business done.*—New Naval Scheme explained. Colossal generosity of a right hon. Member.

*Tuesday.*—ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, like other forms of adversity, has his uses. In the last Parliament there were Members who affected belief that he was in the secret pay of EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON. Certainly he did much to improve and establish the reputation of those eminent statesmen. Whenever the course of events, whether in connection with Foreign Office or Colonial Office, tended to make matters embarrassing for Ministers from Party point of view, up jumped SILOMIO, dashed in with ridiculous question which gave the Minister concerned opportunity of tripping him up, whacking him about the head, and,

amid the cheers and laughter occasioned by incident, walking off reinstated.

To-night EDWARD GREY placed under renewed obligations from same quarter. SAM SMITH submitted case of Armenia in one of those forceful,



The Latest Surprise from the Transvaal.

pregnant, stirring speeches which are all too brief for appetite of delighted House. EDWARD GREY about to follow when SILOMIO took the floor. Evidently in best form; his noble nature stirred to deepest depths by aspersions upon the gentle Turk. It was true that, against his will, in anguished suppression of his instincts, Turk had butchered a few Armenians, including women and children. But it was all the fault of SAM SMITH. With terrible voice, with fat forefinger ominously shaken in his direction, SILOMIO denounced the blameless SAMUEL and "his co-atrocity-mongers," as directly responsible for any little misunderstanding that may have arisen between the Turks and their Christian fellow-subjects, resulting in bayoneting, burning alive, dismembering, and other extreme controversial proceedings. After this blatant performance—suggestive in tone and manner, as SARK says, of the Walk-up, Walk-up Gentleman in front of the fair caravan just before the show begins—came EDWARD GREY with his quiet manner, his high tone, his studiously fair-mindedness. To him succeeded GEORGE CURZON in far away the best speech he has yet made in the House. A difficult position for the spokesman of Foreign Office met with a courage, frankness and dexterity that charmed the gathering audience.

"Nothing, my dear TOBY," said Prince ARTHUR, looking down from the pyramidal heights of his thirty-eight years, "has for a long time given me keener pleasure than listening to these two speeches. Endurance of the strength and fame of the House of Commons rests not with the old Parliamentary Hands, but with the *jeune école*. As long as we have young men like EDWARD GREY and GEORGE CURZON coming forward, so long will the Mother House of Parliament maintain her high reputation."

Curious to find PRINCE ARTHUR quite naturally assuming these patriarchal airs. By-and-by we shall have him adopting Mr. G.'s pet phrase, and talking solemnly about having arrived "at my time of life."

*Business done.*—Government admit they can do nothing to help Armenia. "Very well," says the House, cheerfully; "go on doing it."

*Thursday.*—Dr. TANNER is becoming disappointed with the new SPEAKER. He looks so bland, has such pleasant voice, such courteous manner. Seems as if you could do anything with him. TANNER discovers that, as he puts it, the leg is on the other boot. No chance for a sportive member. Only yesterday TANNER, attempting to raise point of order when House had been cleared for division, had every advantage taken of him. Happened to be sitting under gallery above Gangway when opportunity presented itself. Sprang to his feet to address Chair. That he knew was out of order. Supposing when debate in progress a Member were to join in it without rising from

his seat or taking off his hat, he would forthwith be haled forth and cast into lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat. On the contrary, if, House being cleared for a division, a Member having something to say courteously rises, bows to the SPEAKER, and opens his mouth, he is borne down with angry cries of "Order! Order!" According to fundamental principle of British Constitution, a Member in such circumstances must remain seated, press his hat over his brows, and cry aloud, "Mr. SPEAKER!"

TANNER wouldn't have minded that, only, unfortunately, hadn't got a hat handy. Mr. G. once, in similar circumstances, accepted loan of FARRER HERSCHELL's hat—an accidental service which ultimately landed the then Member for Durham on the Woolsack. TANNER having no Lord Chancellorships to give away, no one would lend him a hat. Before he could "convey" one, opportunity fled. When, later, he attempted to recapture it, bellowing "No!" when SPEAKER said "The Ayes have it," SPEAKER ignored his existence, and declared motion carried.

These things happened yesterday. "I'll be even with him yet," said this relic of the Old Guard. So just on the stroke of midnight, after long debate on Shipbuilding Vote, TANNER rose. If he spoke for three minutes would carry debate over to another sitting. PRINCE ARTHUR, swift as hawk on hapless pigeon, pounced.

"I beg to move," he said, "that the question be now put."

"Gag! Gag!" roared TANNER in fury.

Then the SPEAKER, in provokingly quiet manner, observed, that if this sort of thing went on he would have to call the attention of House to his conduct. "And this is a so-called free country!" said TANNER, stamping out to the Division Lobby.

*Business done.*—House got into Committee on Shipbuilding Vote.

*Friday.*—SUTHERLAND, K.C.M.G., back, after six weeks in the alternating sunshine and snow of Riviera. "Hope you haven't been overworking yourself," I said, regarding with anxious solicitude his pensive countenance.

"No," said the Chairman of the P. & O., with hands deep in his pockets, and a far-away look in his eyes. "But you see, a big concern like ours requires constant care and absolute self-devotion on the part of those who manage its affairs. One must have his eye everywhere. Bombay, Calcutta, Yokohama, and the Australian ports loom large on our list. But the Chairman must also keep in personal touch with smaller ports, such as Rome, Florence, Cannes, and Monte Carlo."

*Business done.*—Well, we pretty equally divided the sitting between a local Belfast Bill and discussion of new scheme of Naval Defence. The Belfast Corporation Bill, as more important, had



"It had been said that such ideas as he held were prehistoric doctrines. Well, he would rather have the doctrine of a prehistoric statesman than the ravings of an up-to-date Jingo. (*Laughter.*) What was the good of a man if he had to walk about in heavy armour all his life. (*Laughter.*)"—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, March 6.

precedence. When dinner hour approached, and most Members, worn out with squabble in back streets of Derry, had gone off to dinner, took up the Navy Votes.

LIMERICK "TWIST" FOR NEW YORK "STRAIGHT CUT."—On the very day that Lord DUNRAVEN was expelled from the New York Yacht Club, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Limerick.



# PARNASSUS PRESERVED

(From the *Machinations of Parker Smith*.)

To "edit" our new Laureate  
BALEFUR at once refuses;  
Since no department of the State  
Is managed by the Muses.  
Poetry's triumph is immense!  
How could it be immenser?  
Although incapable of sense  
She doth not need a censor!  
She's free to shirk that arduous task  
Beauty to blend with high sense;  
And is not called upon to ask  
For a poetic license.

## Mem. for Football Prophets.

THERE is many a slip  
'Twixt the Cup and the "tip."

## VICE VERSÂ.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS is not in complete possession of his own voice, though he has that of the Academy, unanimously, for the Presidency. Meeting him the other day, a sympathising friend observed, "My dear Sir JOHN, if you have the Academy dinner this year you'll require a deputy to speak for you." "I can get a lot of people to 'speak for me,' bless 'em!" replied the President. "You see," he continued, "it isn't a deputy I require: what I want is, as a coater would huskily call it, 'a vice.'"

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.—Why should not the sails of Lord DUNRAVEN's new yacht, *Carr-a-d*, be utilised by eminent pill makers?



Doctor (meeting village dame, after calling on her husband). "YOUR HUSBAND'S VERY LOW!"  
Wife. "OH, MR. BLANDFORD, SIR! OH, HE'S ALLERS BEEN MOST RESPECTABLE!"

# RUS IN URBE.

(A *Cockney Rhapsody*.)

As I stroll through Piccadilly,  
Scent of blossoms borne from Scilly  
Greets me, Jonquil, rose, and lily,  
Violet and daffydownilly.  
Oh the feeling sweet and thrilly  
That these blossoms flounced and frilly

From soft plains and headlands hilly  
Bring my breast in Piccadilly!  
It subdues me willy-nilly,  
Though such sentiment seems silly,  
And a bunch, dear, buys your WILLY,  
To dispatch, by post, to MILLY,  
Dwelling, far from Piccadilly,  
In moist lowlands, rushed and rilly,  
Blossomy as Penzance or Scilly.  
Sweets to the sweet! "Poor Silly-BILLY!"

You may say, in accents trilly.  
When the postman in the stilly  
Eve, from distant Piccadilly,  
Bears this box of rose and lily,  
Violet and daffodilly,  
To the rural maiden, MILLY,  
From her urban lover,

WILLY.

P.S.

Dry as toke and skilly,  
Is this arid Piccadilly,  
Notwithstanding rose and lily,  
All the beauteous blooms of Scilly,  
Reft of that flower of flowers—  
MILLY.

So, at least, thinks  
"SILLY BILLY."

A CHIEF NOTE-TAKER.—A ganny Soot suggests that, in view of the many unprotected children running about the crowded high road of Kilburn, the place should be renamed Kill-bairn. Stick to your BURNS, douce mon!

# A WORD AGAINST GUSH, AND FOR "THE OLD GANG."

(Not by Algernon Charles Swinburne.)

THE Queen of the Sea said one morning:  
"The mightiest of statesmen on earth  
Are themes for the lute-thrummer's scolding,  
And matters for minstrelsh mirth.  
With bothers and pother  
I'm having a bad time;  
To school me, and rule me  
I'll try the lords of rhyme."

"Their verses pipe praise of my story,  
My power is the theme of their choice.  
The wrath of my waves is their glory,  
Sea-storms, they declare, are my voice.  
They fear it who hear it.  
(Though poets have told me  
They sicken, sore-stricken  
When they are on the sea.)

"As lords of my fate and my keepers,  
In charge of my shores and my ships,  
I'll try these sweet chirpers and cheepers,  
Who love me so much—with their lips.  
They're haters of traitors,  
False friends or foes desiered.  
They'll shatter and scatter  
My foemen far and wide.

"There's ALGERNON, rapid in rancour;  
There's WILLIAM, who girds at Turk guile;  
There's ALFRED—on him I may anchor;  
There's LEWIS, on whom the Rads smile.  
They deem them, or dream them,  
Greater than the great dead;  
They're sunken, and drunken,  
In patriot wrath, blood-red.

"I'll try their afflatus in action!  
WEG's gone, and his place is not known;  
While faction is squabbling with faction,  
Like dogs who contend for a bone.  
They care not, they spare not,  
When at each other's throats;  
They muster, and bluster,  
"Blind ranks and bellowing votes."

"The poets are now my sole peerage!  
They will not come shuffling their mobs;  
Of singers it seems the small-beer-age,  
But—bardlings won't perpetrate jobs.  
The sobbing and throbbing  
Of lyres my State may save;  
They sneer not, and jeer not  
At Britons rule the Wave!"

Alas! the Bards split into parties,  
As bitter as bitter could be.  
Yelled ALGERNON, "Hireling! True Art is  
To sing—upon shore—of the Sea!  
In justice, my trust is;  
If foeman nearer creep,  
Fierce curses—in verses—  
Will drive them to the deep!"

Wailed WILLIAM: "Our past was right royal,  
But duty no longer we heed.  
Dashed ABDUL laughs at us, diabolical,  
We sacrifice glory to greed.  
No nation holds station  
More low than England now.  
Oh, Britain, gold-bitten,  
CAIN's brand is on thy brow!"

Moaned ALFRED: "Oh, rhyme without reason!  
Our England is calm, not asleep.  
To rail at her thus is high treason,  
Her bastions of brine she will keep.

The wages of ages  
Of commerce she has kept.  
Fame fails them, shame veils them,  
Who dare suggest she—slept!"

"Nay," LEWIS retorted, "we know it,  
This brag about power and fame,  
You call yourself patriot and poet?  
The glory you hymn is our shame!  
Doom darker and starker  
Is standing at our gate;  
Those Tories our glories  
Will shadow,—sure as fate!"

The QUEEN muttered: "Ah! much I mis-  
doubt me!  
E'en Bards are not all on one side.  
I'd best bind my armour about me,  
And look to my statesmen for guide.  
These singers are slingers  
Of mud, like party bands.  
Lute twanglers are wranglers,  
And fight, with grubby hands!"

"If ALGY meets ALF at my gateway,  
They pause and shy stones by the gate.  
If WILLIAM sees EDWIN, why straightway  
Each other they slangwhang and slate.  
My story, my glory,  
They sing, but, oh, dear me!  
Power rose not, and grows not,  
By—gush about the Sea!"

A NAVAL QUESTION.—Mr. ROBESPIERRE TAPPERTIT writes from the Jacobin Club, Seven Dials, to inquire whether Mr. GOSCHEN ought not, like CHARLES THE FIRST, to be impeached for endeavouring to levy ship money?



### LADIES NOT ADMITTED.

*University Don (h.g.).* "VERY SORRY, MISS MINERVA, BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT AWARE THAT THIS IS A MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENT."

"The lady students of the Universities have received a cruel series of rebuffs within the last few days. On Tuesday week the Congregation of the University of Oxford refused to admit them to the B.A. degree. On Tuesday last it followed up this blow by rejecting all the resolutions proposed as alternatives. Yesterday the Cambridge Senate inflicted the unkindest cut of all by practically imitating the ungallant example of Oxford."

*Times, March 13, 1896.]*



*Sympathetic Passer-by.* "BUT IF HE'S BADLY HURT, WHY DOESN'T HE GO TO THE HOSPITAL?"  
*British Workman.* "WOT! IN 'IS DINNER-TIME!"

### ARRY ON BLUES AND BLUESTOCKINGS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Ooray for old Hoxford! She's give the bluestockings wot for! Miss Minerva is chucked, and no muffins! That Peri wot wert at the door Of TOMMY MOORE'S Parrydise, CHARLIE,—a pome I'd to mug as a kid,— Must 'ave felt pooty much like the lydies to whom the B.A. is forbid.

Quite right and serootnoodleous, CHARLIE! Wot next, and wot next, and wot next? I tell you, old man, it's fair monstrous, the way we get worried and vext, Us men as is men and not mollies, by Woman's Rights 'umbug and slop; And it's yum-yum to find there's still Dons as can twirl Mrs. PARTINGTON's mop.

I'm not Hoxford or Cambridge, wus luck!—'cept, of course, at this time of the year, When I've got my small bit on the Boat Race, as Hoxford will land me, no fear She 'as pulled me through p r some seasons, and so I still back the Dark Blue. And I'm happy to see there's no chance of her running a feminine crew.

Dark Blue don't mean bluestocking, CHARLIE, and lor, there's some comfort, old chap; We're a deal too much petticoat-governed, a rule as means treacle and pap. A nice bit of froek is all right, while she plays second fiddle all through, But not as a Bachelor of Arts, or the stroke of a 'Varsity crew.

Fact is, women are sneaking our rights, hunder cover of claiming their own; And it's time as us men put our foot down, afore th' she-sarp 'at's full grown. A good manly crusher, dear CHARLIE, whilst woman is hunder our 'eal, Will save us a dollop of trouble, as no doubt the 'Varsities feel.

Keep 'em out, my dear boy, keep 'em out! They've bin creeping and creeping for years. No, it ain't as I'm down on the donahs as donahs;—I love 'em, the dears! But as cricketers, footballers, doctors, M.P.'s, and the dickens knows wot, Likewise B.A.'s and that, I agree with the Dons that it's all tommy-rot.

A man as is really a man, mate, and not a mere molly in bags, Knows that women was made to knock under, in spite of them Radical rags. While us men set the pace, my dear CHARLIE, no doubt we can romp in in front; But if shemales git sprinting away, on their own, we mayn't be in the 'unt.

And that's wot they're arter, my pippin, as won't do at no price at all. They may mug up, and pass, and all that, but they mustn't shove men to the wall! Lor', life's a 'ard row, as it is, and our easies is wonderful few; But we must 'ave the pull in the pace, and we must 'ave first cut at the screw.

BETSY BOSHEM, B.A.! There's a picture! Minerva is drawn with a owl; Does she think that a 'Varsity Don is a similar species of fowl, As big and as bleared in the goggles, as blind to the true time o' day? No, no, sling your hook, Miss Bluestocking, and cart your old poultry away!

"Wot do you know of Hoxford, or Cambridge, of college or knowledge, young fool? The cheap sporting pypers your books, and the streets and the "public" your school; Your B.A. degree Braggart Ass, your exams. in back-slang and the hods! Yah! Stick to your gutter snipe patter, and don't touch the girls or the gods!"

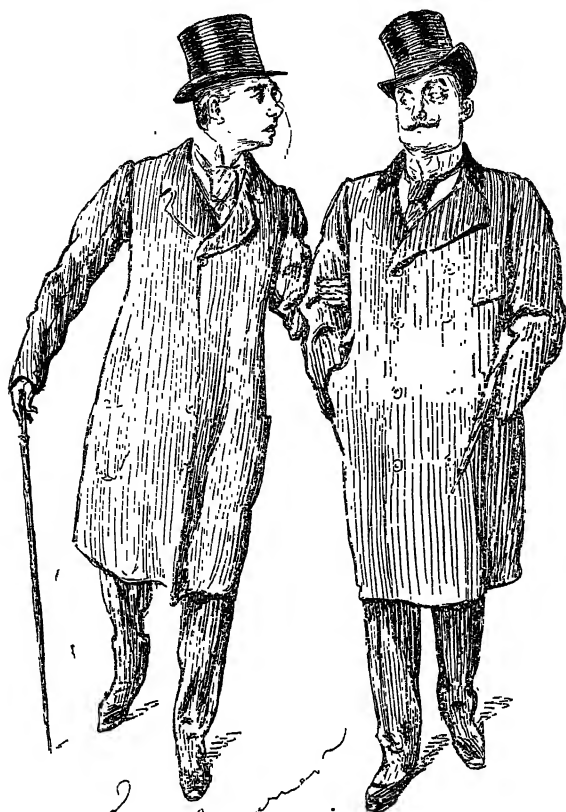
So snaps snarly old SNIPE of our club. Was a schoolmaster once, so 'tis said; But 'is duds are as seedy as *Guy Foz*, 'is nose end's remarkable red. But if I say one word agin women, or progress, 'e always chips in, And gives me wot for 'ot and 'ot,—till I stand 'im a rum or a gin.

Poor old himage, 'e 'as got a tongue on 'im, rough as a old reaping 'ook. 'E mayn't 'ave a brown in 'is pouch, but 'e 'as there a greasy old book. By some Latin line-faker named 'ORRIS, on wick 'e will browse by the hour, With a tot of rum 'ot and a pipe, 'appy,—ah! as a bee in a bower.

But talk agin larning or lydies, and don't the old donkey wyke up, And go for yer like a old lion, or leastways my tarrier pup! For there's more snap than roar in old SNIPE. Well, I worrit 'im awful some-times, But a lotion, a pipe, and a screw always makes 'im forgit arf my crimes.

'E brags of some blooming Greek donah called SAKFO, or some sech a name, And swears as the 'Varsity Partingtons won't, in the end, win the game; For knowledge can't be, like Dutch rivers, diverted by dykes and by dams, Or kep to one sex by tradition, or cramped up by courses and crams.

Still, nevertheless, notwithstanding, I'm glad as that B.A. degree Isn't copped by the bluestockings yet, wick is all bloomin' fiddledee. As the women are welting on now, no one knows wot next fort they will carry; But Hoxford, no doubt, will feel 'appy to 'ave the approval of 'ARRY.



### THE JOYS OF SCANDAL-BEARING.

"I SAY, BOUNDERSON—YOU KNOW THAT RATHER RUMMY STORY YOU TOLD ME ABOUT LITTLE SCHRECK, THE VIOLINIST, AND THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ST. AMBERGRIS? WELL, I MET JOE CADBY ON WEDNESDAY, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK? HE'S GOT THE WHOLE YARN FROM BEGINNING TO END, FIDDLESTICK AND ALL!"

"OF COURSE HE HAS. I KNEW THAT."

"THEN, WHY THE Dickens DID YOU MAKE ME SWEAR ON MY OATH NOT TO BREATHE A WORD OF IT TO ANY LIVING SOUL, ESPECIALLY NOT TO JOE CADBY?"

"BECAUSE I WANTED TO HAVE THE FUN OF TELLING HIM ALL ABOUT IT MYSELF, YOU JUGGINS! WHY, I TOLD HIM THE VERY NEXT DAY!"

### CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Don't be shocked, but I have been Bohemianised! Shall I dare to confess it? I have been in front at a Music Hall!! After all, *Ce n'est que le premier faux pas qui coûte!* The way it came about was in this wise. Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOLE, who is on the best terms with all the theatrical and musical people, begged my dear friend Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS (*née de WILKINS*) to accept a private box, which had been placed at his disposal by the manager of the Eldorado Theatre of Varieties, and she very kindly asked me to join her party. At first I demurred, knowing that papa is so very particular, but the curiosity which we all inherit from the Grand Old Gardener's wife overcame my scruples, and now I not only do not regret the escapade but long to repeat it, feeling quite *boulevardière* and *outré Manche*. Lord ARTHUR and a young poet, Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS, who has written a play, which the cruel LORD CHAMBERLAIN refuses to license, accompanied us. I was rather surprised that Mr. JENKINS should have condescended to visit the Eldorado, but, throwing back his raven *chevelure*, he assured me that the most brilliant gems often coruscated in the most tenebrous caverns. "He's alluding to his father's coal pits," said Lord ARTHUR; "why the Eldorado is the most delightful den of wickedness in Europe." I really began to think myself a female DANIEL when his lordship alluded to dens, for he is such a fashionable *lion* himself. Not young, but so *distingué*, a *chevalier* whom it would be impossible to mistake for a waiter in his *habit de soir* even without the tasteful silk waistcoat, which a Great Personage has commanded to be *à la mode*. He is one of the most affable

of noblemen, and the stately manner in which he pressed me to accept a glass of soda-water mingled with *eau de vie* would have done honour to a Doge of Venice on his nuptials with the Adriatic. Lord ARTHUR has what is called a speaking countenance. A flash from his steel-grey eyes made the lacquey who supplied our refreshment tremble when he was found wanting in no less a sum than threepence in the change of half-a-sovereign. I recognised the alcohol in an instant. It is one which is only to be procured not a hundred miles from 3002, Milk Avenue, E.C., and the soda-water had all the sparkle of that supplied to the Royal Family by the best Manufacturer in Great Britain. (You see, darling, that I can still circumvent a malicious and ungrateful Editor.) But *revenons à nos agneaux*. The Eldorado is like a Moorish dream, a revival of the glories of Granada, when the crescent bade defiance to that Castile which is now only famed for an exceedingly emollient soap. The canary silk hangings of our box could not have cost less than three guineas a yard, and the great crimson velvet curtain which hung behind the footlights would cut up into court dresses for Archduchesses. Everywhere the lustrous eyes of Electra look down upon the lavish display of gold and crystal which ornament this temple of harmonious luxury. How Lord ARTHUR could call it a den passes my poor comprehension. But then to those reared in feudal palaces a *recherché* villa at Clapham would be but a mean domicile. All the gentlemen in the audience were smoking. I confess I liked to see this dissipation. It made the expedition ever so much more *risqué*, especially when naughty Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS insisted upon taking some whiffs from Mr. JENKINS's cigar at the back of the box. Lord ARTHUR, who is a confirmed quizz, said if Mrs. P.-N. puffed too much she would ruin her complexion. *Quel drôle n'est ce pas?* The entertainment on the stage came upon me with the agreeable shock of one's first attempt at swallowing an oyster. It was so strange and yet so delicious. The ballets appeared to me to be worthy of the Court of SARDANAPALUS, and I could not help clapping my hands vigorously when Mlle. MOLLET, the *première danseuse*, executed a series of bounds, which a chamois could scarcely have equalled. I noted that this exquisite Terpsichorean reveller wore a necklace of pearls, which, if not Roman, would certainly have ransomed RICHARD Cœur de Lion twice over. Lord ARTHUR tells me that it is no uncommon thing for the highest members of the aristocracy to pay tribute in kind to the talents of *les belles des coulisses*, and that some of them have to hire policemen to escort them to and from the theatre. Well, such is the just reward of fame! A vocalist, who sang in a language which I did not understand—Lord ARTHUR said it was called Yiddish—convulsed the house with his drolleries, but I preferred a lady who balanced ninepins on the tip of her somewhat up-tilted nose. Everybody got up and cheered when a singer, dressed as a Field-marshal—such a leonine man, not unlike Lord W.-S.-Y.—warbled a splendid patriotic ditty with this stirring refrain:—

"For battle I am all arrayed,  
I do not care for life or limb;

Of Germany I'm not afraid,  
For I can fight like Doctor JIM."

Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS said that "limb" and "JIM" did not rhyme, but the people did not enter into this question of poetic license. They only roared the chorus. The closing item of the programme was a number of *tableaux vivants*. I can only draw a veil over the performers. Heaven knows they wanted it badly enough. Lord ARTHUR said the effect was "most fetching," and even Mr. JENKINS praised some of the *poses* as being "ineffably Greek." My hostess was rather indignant with Lord ARTHUR when she asked him "How would you like to see me as *Diana*?" and he answered, "Very much; so long as I wasn't cast for *Acteon*." No one but an Eton and Oxford man could make such classic repartee. But something astonished me more than the living pictures. As we were leaving the place we passed a refreshment alcove where some noisy people were drinking together. One man gave vent to his hilarity in a very familiar tone. I turned to look and there, filling a lady's glass with champagne, was PAPA, *le père noble* of our domestic circle! No wonder that I clutched Mr. JENKINS's arm with such unmaidenly fervour that I felt him wince under the pressure, and was it not natural that on arrival *chez moi* I should pass the night suffering with *migraine*? My misguided parent does not know that I saw him, and I have only one *rayon de soleil*—he didn't see me. Meantime I am fasting for my sins, and can highly recommend this *potage maigre*. Stew half-a-dozen sticks of macaroni in a pint of water, add two sprigs of finely chopped parsley, the rinds of two lemons, a sliced shalot, and pepper and salt to taste. Simmer slowly.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADY.

OLD SONG REDRESSED, FOR THE BENEFIT OF BARON POLLOCK AND MR. JUSTICE BRUCE.—"Oh, Willis, we have missed you."

NEW PRONUNCIATION OF THE ABYSSINIAN EMPEROR'S NAME.—MANY-LICK.

UNDENIABLE COURT PLASTER.—The front of Buckingham Palace.



## BY THE BEACH.

## II.

THE TRELAWNEY BROWNES have arrived. They made their appearance this morning. They were on the Parade for an hour or two, three of them, two girls and a man. Young SMITH's glass was glued to them for five and twenty minutes. "Clippers, bejove! Clippers!" he murmured, as he followed them up and down. "Ah!" he said to ADA, "there's style for you, if you like! That's what the French people call *ayclar*, you know."

Young SMITH rather prides himself on his French accent. Last summer he went over to Boulogne for a day, and for a month or two afterwards (when he happened to think of it) he had almost forgotten his English. "Ah!" he continued, still studying the new-comers through his glass. "What an *air distangy*! Those frocks hail from WORTH's or the Luvver, or I'm a Dutchman, ADA!"

ADA's eye followed the direction of the telescope, and the smile died on her lips. Was it jealousy? Presentiment? The shadow of coming events? Poor little ADA! Beside these "clippers" she looked a mere nobody, and she was conscious of it.

Young SMITH is a wonderful judge of character. At the very first glance he decided that the new comers had "style," and before the morning was out he overheard the following conversation, which confirmed his judgment.

"The Colonel won't be down for another week, ALGY," said Miss TRELAWNEY BROWNE.

"Really?" drawled her brother.

"No; he is detained in town by Parliament."

"Awful bothaw."

Young SMITH pricked up his ears. Colonels, even common Colonels, were a cut above him; but Colonels who sat in Parliament! Phiou!

"You had a letter from Sir GEORGE this morning?" asked the second Miss TRELAWNEY BROWNE.

"Ya-as. The Ba'net wants me to go north for the last of the hunting, you know."

Young SMITH's eyes dilated. Baronets and hunting! It was not every day that young SMITH listened to talk like this. Before tea-time all Little Puddleton knew what he had heard. "They seem nice sort of people these TRELAWNEY BROWNES," he said; "well connected, and all that sort of thing. I heard young BROWNE say that some Baronet had asked him to go hunting."

Young SMITH has an elder sister, and her name is MADGE. Young SMITH does not think much of her—"not one of my sort, you know," but HARRY JONES, ADA's fifth and favourite brother, reckons her divine. There is nothing HARRY wouldn't do for MADGE. He has called his cutter after her; he blacked a boy's eye because he said she squinted; and, when he is in funds, he brings her packets of fruit-tablets from the penny-in-the-slot machine. The other day HARRY caught sight of ADA's photograph. ADA was frightened, for HARRY is a great tease, and she thought she would never hear the end of it. But HARRY was intensely interested. He wanted to know how much it cost. ADA couldn't tell him. He supposed it could be done cheaper without a frame? And ADA thought yes, certainly it could.

A few minutes afterwards HARRY was down on the beach in consultation with the photographer. The regular charge was sixpence each—a shilling for a group of two. Would that include a frame? No, only a pink paper mount. A frame was fourpence extra. HARRY's face fell. He would give the world to be taken with MADGE SMITH, but he had



WHAT BAIT ARE YER 'USIN', BILLIE?"

"CHEESE."

"WHAT ARE YER TRYIN' TER CATCH—MICE!"

only fivepence-halfpenny. It was no use asking Pa for anything, he was such an old screw; and ADA? ADA had half-a-crown in her purse, but she was not allowed to change it. Could the photographer possibly do it for less? HARRY hated bargaining; but, hang it! what was a fellow to do? Well, yes, to oblige the gentleman, the photographer thought he might take the two for ninepence. Fivepence-halfpenny from ninepence, that left fourpence-halfpenny—no, threepence, wasn't it? HARRY could never tackle arithmetic, and, when there was a fraction, he always felt uncertain. He thanked the photographer, and said he would think of it. Half the day he spent devising schemes to raise the residue. He volunteered to rig out JOHNNY's boat for threepence, and to mend the little Robinson-boy's cycle-horse for a halfpenny. His offers were declined with suspicion. Paltry as the sum was, there seemed no possibility of

getting it, and HARRY sat about all the afternoon, biting his nails, and frowning. He was, in fact, quite metamorphosed. Pa JONES did not once have to tell him how many bad accidents he had seen, and Ma JONES began to fear he was developing influenza. The whole household was altered. Not one raid did HARRY make into the nursery; not one doll did he Jack-the-Ripper; not once did he pull the twins by the hair, nor smack little TODDLES's head. ADA alone had an inkling of his ailment, and offered her sympathy; but HARRY would none of it. He sat apart in melodramatic silence, brooding over his wrongs, and cursing the fate that left him to struggle through life on such a limited income.

"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."—Appropriate address to a miser residing at the Antipodes.



### OPPORTUNISM.

Mrs. Verdant Green (who is parting with her German Governess). "OH, BUT, FRÄULEIN, YOU WOULD NEVER DO FOR THE ST. ALBYS; THEY'RE ROMAN CATHOLICS, YOU KNOW; AND YOU GAVE ME TO UNDERSTAND, WHEN YOU CAME TO US, THAT YOU WERE OF AN OLD LUTHERAN FAMILY."

*Proud Daughter of an Ancient Race.* "ACH, VORKIF ME, MATAM, FOR LETTING YOU SINK I VAS A BRODESTANT! I VAS REALLY A ROMAN GASSOLIC ALL ZE TIME; LIKE MY NOBLE ANCESTORS IN ZE MITTLE AITCHES, ZE COUNTS VON MEYER-OFFENHEIM ZU HIRSCH-GOLDSMID-ROSENBERG, WHO FOUGHT IN ZE GRUSATES!"

### THE SUNDAY PLEASURE-SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Thoughtful Man in the Street.)

*Question.* I may take it that you are satisfied with the Division in the House of Commons concerning the Sunday opening of museums in the Metropolis?

*Answer.* Certainly; the more especially as it is the first time that such an event can be recorded.

*Q.* And the fact that the majority of the House are Conservatives adds to the triumph?

*A.* Quite so, as the Opposition are generally accepted as the only supporters of progress.

*Q.* If the London museums come to be opened as proposed, what will be the probable result?

*A.* That for several weeks those places of instruction, if not amusement, will be crowded on the day added to the list.

*Q.* And afterwards?

*A.* Then, judging from provincial precedents, the novelty will wear off, and the number of Sunday visitors will fall to the level of the average week-day attendance, or even lower.

*Q.* Will the Old Masters have a beneficial effect on the average artisan?

*A.* It is to be hoped so, although sceptics and scoffers may urge that the Old Masters have not done much to improve the taste of persons moving in a more exalted sphere of Society.

*Q.* Have not Free Libraries been a sweet boon to the working-man?

*A.* That is a matter open to doubt; at least, so say many influential ratepayers.

*Q.* But will not the picture galleries—Old Masters apart—keep the artisans on a Sunday out of the public-houses?

*A.* Not if they are only opened from two to six, when the taverns are out of competition.

*Q.* Then the licensed victualler has no cause for apprehension?

*A.* On the contrary, he should be able to discover cause for satisfaction in a movement that may possibly increase his profits.

*Q.* Make your meaning plainer.

*A.* I consider that the licensed victualler will find, when at six o'clock the galleries close and the taverns open, that many of the picture-inspecting crowd will seek his now legally hospitable establishment clamorous for suitable refreshment.

### A SOMERSET SONNET.

Of a Zunday marn, as I do zit out door  
'Gin parch, I do artten zee what volks mid  
earl

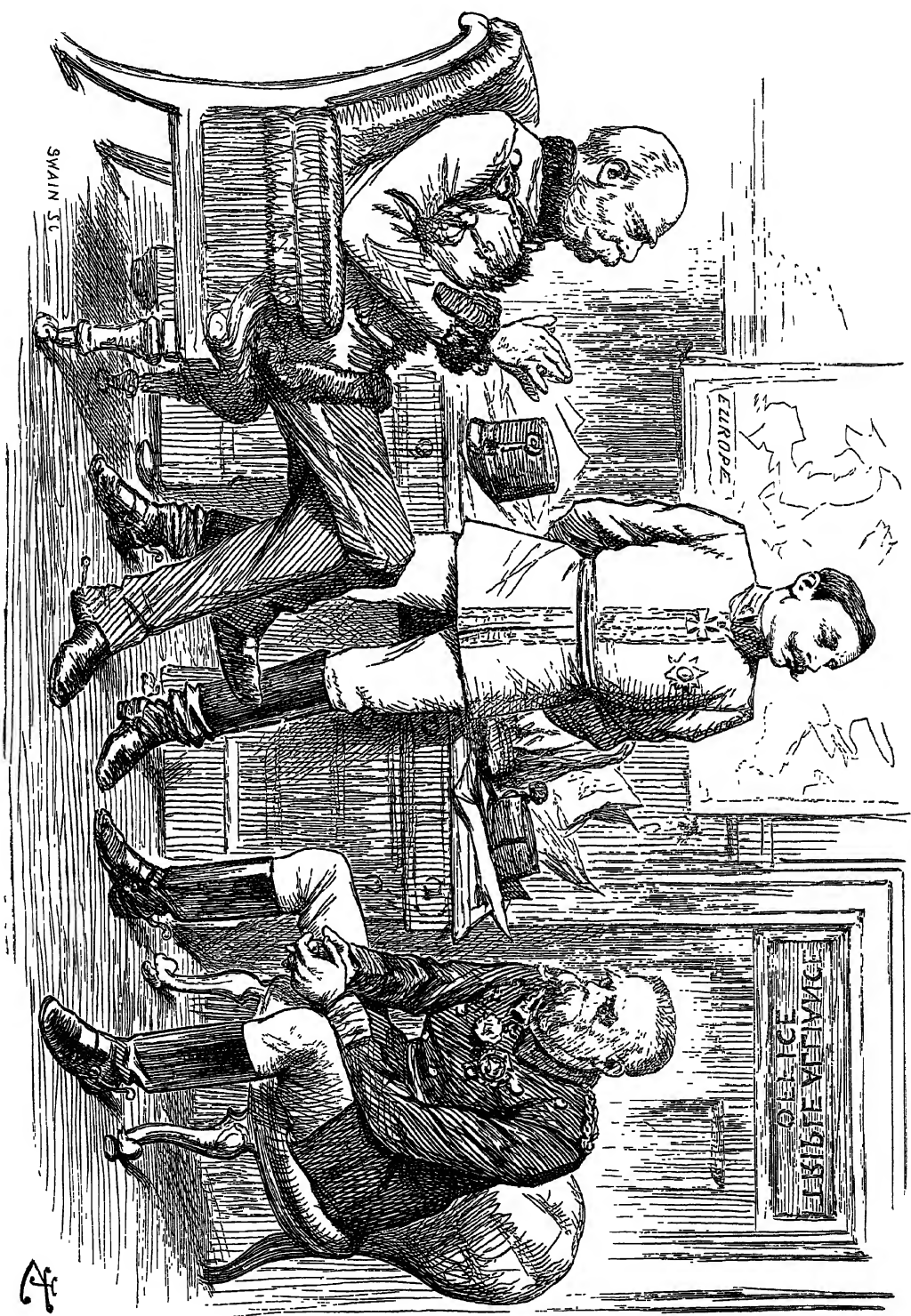
A garden-bed, zim zo, but middlin' smarl,  
By which wold Missus zet a deal o' store.  
You never ha'n't a-zin its like avore.  
Wi' roses red an' white, an' shart an' tarl,  
An' stocks an' poppies, daffydils, an' arl,  
Zo bright as any rainbow 'tes for sure.  
I beant a-tarkin' 'bout our garden gay,  
What wold a man be makin' rhymes upon it?  
An' tidden garden-flow'rs I do mean no way—  
But arl they flow'rs to Missus' Zunday bonnet!  
Well there must stop—schoolmeaster he do  
zay

'Tes varteen lines do go to make a zonnet.

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE CRITICAL COUSIN TO THE LADY FOOTBALLER.

I CONFESS I'm surprised, cousin KATE,  
At the sport that you've chosen to play—  
But your reasons I don't under-rate,  
For, of course, with a will there's a way.  
And *your* will I have known for so long,  
And *your* way's irresistible might,  
So whether folks say it is wrong  
Doesn't matter, so long as you're right.  
You're a picture, when dressed for the fray  
In your jersey of delicate green,  
While your smart knickerbockers display  
The trim shape of—you know what I mean.  
Your ruddy gold locks are tight curl'd  
In a knot 'neath your gay tassell'd cap;  
You're the prettiest boy in the world!  
I shall certainly call you "old chap"!   
Your kicking is—well, quite A 1,  
And you move with a great deal of ease;  
But why does a feminine run  
Involve such a knocking of knees?  
You dribble with marvellous zest,  
Yet never give chance of a fall;  
But, it strikes me, you're just like the rest,  
A little bit scared by the ball.  
'Tis a spirited sight, I admit.  
What! a goal from your tip-tilted toe!  
A hit, KATE, a palpable hit!  
There was no one to stop it you know.  
There—I've often indulged in the game  
That I learnt at the best of all schools;  
But I'm blest if this football's the same!  
When you've done, dear, do teach me *your*  
rules!



## THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR (as head of the Firm of Germany, Austria, Italy & Co.). "LOOK HERE, UMBERTO, ALL WE CAN SAY IS, IF YOU DROP ANY MORE IN 'ABYSSINIANS,' WE MAY HAVE TO DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP."





## 'A REUNION OF ARTS.'

At the Savoy Theatre Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and W. S. GILBERT, recently re-united, have produced a new opera, entitled *The Grand Duke*. "The long and the short of it" is exemplified in the two Acts: the second being not nearly so long as the first. It is of the old Savoy popular pattern, but a good deal of "cutting out" is



still essential. About a third of the first Act and an eighth of the second, including the "Roulette song and chorus," might be omitted with advantage. Also for the conductor to catch at the slightest possible indication of a wish to encore is a mistake. "When in doubt, play trumps"—but don't give an encore.

The GILBERT and the SULLIVAN  
Once more are hand in hand,  
With BARRINGTON, Miss BRAND-  
RAM too,  
The last of former band.  
Consented have Sir S. and G.  
A point or two to strain,  
And D'OXYLY CARTE, with glad some  
heart,

Cries, "Here we are again!  
No matter what has gone before,  
I only ask for just one more!"

And so a two-act opera,  
Unequal acts, they wrote;  
Sir ARTHUR did the tune tunes,  
With GILBERT for his "pote."  
CHARLES HARRIS puts it on the  
stage,

FRANK CELLIER beats the time,  
Not much of reason I engage  
Is here, but lots of rhyme!  
Though what about it all may  
be,  
Is, I admit, a mysteree.

At 8.15 begins the show,  
With chorus, girls and men;  
Fun kept alive by BARRINGTON;  
Piece ends 11.10.

PASSMORE, when seen, is comical;  
Miss PERRY's voice earns praise;  
Madame von PALMAY should  
recall

Savoyard Palmy days.  
It pleases and it puzzles,—but  
One thing is clear,—it must be  
out.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ABOUT the time violets begin to peep forth in sheltered woods, *Burdett's Official Intelligence of the Stock Exchange* also comes out. It is in its fifteenth year, and if disclosure were made of the particular infants' food on which it has thrived, it would make the fortune of the nutriment. Sixty years ago MACAULAY, reviewing Dr. NARES' *History of Burleigh and his Times*, summed up the merits of the book by the remark that "it consists of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois." No public weighing machine being within convenient distance of my Baronite's humble residence, he cannot fully follow MACAULAY's method of criticism. But in the matter of pages and their size, BURDETT beats NARES. Two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven is the number of pages of the *Official Intelligence*, each crammed with information. Amongst new matter, it contains an article on the operation of the Sinking Fund, of peculiar interest just now. In it will be found the germ of the idea Mr. GOSCHEN has adopted for meeting the added expenditure on Naval Works.

By an undesigned coincidence Mr. FROWDE has simultaneously issued from the Oxford University Press the *Prayer Book and Hymns Ancient and Modern*, beautifully printed on India paper, daintily bound, and held together in a morocco case. In bulk each measures 1½ inch by a shade over two. Yet so marvellous is the print, so delicate the workmanship, that they are easily read. With Mr. BURDETT's massive tome under his arm and Mr. FROWDE's masterpiece in his waistcoat pocket, a man may go through life with the happy consciousness of possessing the largest and the smallest book of modern days.

"To those who desire good company," writes one of the assistant readers, "I can heartily recommend *Green-room Recollections*, by ARTHUR W. ABECKETT (ARROWSMITH'S). The little book is a model of what such books should be; genially discursive, bright, unpretentious, and abounding in good stories admirably told. From his well-stored memory the author produces a series of amusing recollections dealing with the profession. CHARLES KEANE, BUCKSTONE, FECHTER, FRANK MARSHALL, PADDY GREEN of EVANS'S, PALGRAVE SIMPSON—all these and many others has Mr. ABECKETT seen and known, and of all of them he has some good story to tell. If I must select where all are good, I take as my favourite the account (on p. 218) of how the author and his brother, then very small boys, assisted a Polytechnic lecturer with pea-shooters while he was conducting his audience through Rome. To receive a succession of peas full in his face while he discoursed on the city of the CÆSARS must have been a terrible trial to a staid lecturer. Nothing, too, could be better than the story of 'Oonah,' produced at the Haymarket by EDMUND FALCONER. 'It began at seven o'clock sharp, and was still being played at one o'clock the following morning.'"

What induced a skilled teller of romances, such as, undoubtedly, is MAX PEMBERTON, to waste his own and his reader's time in writing such stuff as *A Gentleman's Gentleman*? The idea is Thackerayan, and what he would have made of it it is not difficult for the admirers of *Barry Lyndon* to imagine. But this story, though it has all the advantages that large print, good margin, and the being contained in one handy-sized volume, can give it, is disappointing and wearisome. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## A Stroke in Time saves Eight.

"TIME is money." We're frequently paying  
Through the nose for this apothegm old.  
But at Oxford they have a new saying,  
'Tis that Cambridge will find time is GOLD.

## BURNS ON BILLS.

It is reported that Mr. JOHN BURNS objects to bill posting on the London County Council hoardings. Probably this is the first time that the ratepayers were informed that the L. C. C. hoarded anything, as the bills posted by them never contain saving clauses, but generally refer to increased expenditure, and, in fact, refer to *post-ulata*, or more money to be required presently.

GOT HIS LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR.—Major-General G. C. BIRD, C.B., has been appointed to a First-class District in India. His administration is expected to be note-worthy.

THE NICK OF (PAS)TIME.—Sir HENRY MEPHISTOPHELES COLVILLE, K.C.M.G.—Knight Commander of the Mummer Guards.

THE BITTER CRY OF MR. WILLIAM CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.—Pure beer!

ROTATORY KNIFE (AND FORK) MACHINES.—Pullman Dining Cars.



*Benjamin Parkes fecit*

*Benevolent Old Gentleman.* "NOW THEN, LITTLE BOY. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BULLYING THAT LITTLE GIRL? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY CRUEL?"

*Rude Little Boy.* "GARN! WOT'S THE TROUBLE? SHE'S MY SWEETHEART!"

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE."

THIS book, by Mr. STEPHEN CRANE, has been praised in the most extravagant manner by all sorts of critics. I have no wish to detract from such credit as may attach to Mr. CRANE for having taken a subject outside of the ordinary run of subjects, and for having treated it in an unconventional manner. I venture, however, to suggest that the book does fall short—very far short—of the high level to which most of the critics assign it, and that it falls short for very obvious reasons, which cannot fail to suggest themselves to anyone who reads it with a desire to estimate it impartially according to those standards which are generally accepted amongst students of literature.

THE book professes to be the story of a youth

enrolled in one of the Northern regiments during the American Civil War. I said "story," but, as a matter of fact, there is no story in the usual acceptance of the word. The youth—he is scarcely ever called anything but "the youth," the expression occurring with dismal iteration on every page—the youth, as I say, appears vaguely as in a cloud, he commits dialogue and perpetrates a chaotic series of self-analysis, he flies from the battle-field, returns to it, analyses himself over and over again, is understood to behave heroically, and finally vanishes back into a thick mist of impressionism. Of story, in truth, there is absolutely nothing; not a single character is clearly defined, scarcely an incident is described in such a way as to force upon the reader (upon one reader, at any rate,) that over-mastering sense of its necessary truth which is the mark of really great fiction.

In the second edition of *The Red Badge of Courage* are to be found excerpts from some of the Press notices which hailed the first edition. In one I read that "Mr. STEPHEN CRANE's picture of the effect of actual fighting on a raw regiment is simply unapproached in intimate knowledge and sustained imaginative strength. . . . This extraordinary book will appeal strongly to the insatiable desire to know the psychology of war—how the sights and sounds, the terrible details of the drama of battle, affect the senses and the soul of man." "The reader," says another, "sees the battle not from afar, but from the inside." "This, we feel instinctively, is something like the reality of war." These are samples of the eulogies which have been liberally showered upon *The Red Badge of Courage*.

It will have been noticed that the common note struck by the reviewer is the masterly analysis of the reality of war. This is curious, for it turns out that Mr. CRANE is a young man of the age of 24, who, being an American, has presumably no personal knowledge whatever of the emotions he undertakes to describe. And it may further be assumed that nine out of ten of his critics are in a similar case. Those, therefore, who are ignorant of war and its emotions testify to the absolute reality of war—pictures, painted by one who has himself never been near a battle. I am conscious of the retort that may be made, and I am prepared to admit at once that I myself have never fought through a battle or been near one; nor have I ever occupied the position of referee at a football match. All I say is, that this very confused and disjointed account of warfare does not impress me as being anything like what the real thing ought to be; and I may go further, and add that, written, as it is, by a young American of 24, it cannot possibly possess the quality of "intimate knowledge" with which it has been almost universally credited by those who have reviewed it.

I HAVE read many stories of war, some imaginative, some written by men who had borne a share in the fighting. I have spoken to many men who have fought—modest, manly fellows, for the most part, and by no means inclined to exaggerate either their own heroism or that of their companions. And, putting aside all the tawdry nonsense of romancers, who give you merely the tinsel glitter of war, I much doubt if "the youth" whose heart-searchings are described in *The Red Badge of Courage* is at all a common type. The mass of men may not be brave to desperation; but they are braver, I take it, than this poor, sickly, sentimental, hysterical fool, who is constantly engaged in probing his own sensations when he ought to be loading and firing his rifle. The great battles of the world have all been fought by common men, and common men in the mass are brave and not cowardly. MICHAEL HARDY, who is commemorated in Sir EVELYN WOOD'S book on the Crimea, was a common man; the heroes of the 14th Regiment of the French army who perished almost to a man at Eylau, were common men; so were the sergeant and his men to whose memory Sir FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE has dedicated *The Red Thread of Honour*, one of the noblest and most stirring battle-poems in our language. And for myself, I prefer the heroes of *The Red Thread of Honour* to the miserable creature who is dimly revealed to us in *The Red Badge of Courage*.

I HAVE said nothing of the literary and grammatical style of the book. Here are two examples.

"Buried in the smoke of many rifles, his anger was directed not so much against the men whom he knew were rushing towards him, as against the swirling battle-phantoms which were choking him."

"A lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage, the majesty of he who dares give his life, was, at an instant, smitten abject." On the whole, I cannot in the least agree with the reviewer who declares that, "as a work of art, *The Red Badge of Courage* deserves high praise. As a moral lesson that mankind still needs, the praise it deserves is higher still."

## LATEST QUOTATIONS.

SOME weeks ago I asked JONES what he would recommend as an investment. "Well," he said, "if you want something perfectly safe to pay not quite three per cent—." "My dear fellow!" I exclaimed. "But," he continued, "if you want something profitable, just a spec. you know, keep your eye on 'em, and sell out as soon as they rise, why not try that Debenture Corporation? If you'll sit still a minute, I'll read you the full title." Then he took an old prospectus from a drawer, and began, "The Imperial and Colonial Pioneer Land, Finance and Exploration and Amalgamated and Consolidated Gold, Diamond and Miscellaneous Mines and Agricultural, Sheep and Cattle Breeding and Ostrich Farming Estates of West Africa and South Australia Mortgage Debenture Corporation, Limited." I waited patiently till he had finished, and then I drew a deep breath and recovered. "You would recommend," I said, "some shares in the—in that—how on earth can anyone remember all that name?" "Oh," he said, "we don't bother about the full title, we call 'em Imps." So I bought some Imps.

Then my trouble began, for JONES had told me to keep an eye on the quotations in the papers every day, and sell out as soon as the shares rose. That is what I have been doing, and my eyesight is failing, for every newspaper prints every day, in a different place and in the smallest type, the quotations, which vary every hour by sixteenths or by thirty seconds. And the evening newspapers, which are the most exciting, since their quotations are the prices of the actual day, must of course set up and print these tiny

## FANCY PORTRAITS.



[The Duke of CAMBRIDGE "can settle the whole matter in a graceful and dignified manner by declining in advance the £1800 a year."—*Times*, March 12.]

*Cassius Mummius* . . . Rt. Hon. A. t h r B. l f r.

*Scipio Minor (Dux Nobilis)* . . . H. R. H. D. ke of C-mbr-dge

*Cassius Mummius*. HAIL, NOBLE CHIEF! HERE FROM MY HANDS  
RECEIVE

THE GIFTS THE GODS PROVIDE!

*Scipio* ("in a graceful and dignified manner"). I THANK THE GODS!

BUT FOR A SOLDIER TIERED OF WAR'S ALARMS

THERE'S NO REWARD, SAVE VIRTUE! ALL THE REST

IS DROSS! I'LL NONE OF IT! YET FOR YOUR COURTESY

I THANK YOU.—"*The Roman Warrior*," *Act Last*.

figures in such a hurry, that the part of most interest to me is often smudged and illegible. But, worst of all, every newspaper, morning or evening, has a different abbreviation of the company's title. Of course, in a line half an inch long they cannot print it in full. So in one I find "Imp. Col. Land Fin. Exp. Deb. Corp."; in another, "I. C. Deb. Corp. of W. Afr. S. Aust."; in a third, "Pioneer Mort. Deb. Corp."; in a fourth, "Imperials"; in a fifth, "Mines Estates Deb. Corp."; in a sixth, "W. Afr. S. Aust. Mort. Deb. Corp."; in a seventh, "W. A. S. A. Land Fin. Exp. Corp.," and so on. I can never remember under which initial letter I shall find it in the alphabetical arrangement; I believe that several of the papers try a new abbreviation daily, and I am sure that I shall become blind or mad if I continue this search much longer. I wish I had bought Consols, the title of which never varies, and need never be abbreviated.

What are those shares now? Here's a paper. Has a new abbreviation been discovered? Yes. Here they are: "Am. G. D. M. Mines W. A. S. A. Corp." They have gone down  $\frac{3}{4}$  since I bought them. But I shall sell them tomorrow.

## A DIFFICULTY.

How shall I turn a rhyme for you?  
The songs have all long since been sung.

Beneath the sun there's nothing new,  
How shall I turn a rhyme for you?  
Foretold these many ages through

Bypoet's pen and lover's tongue,  
How shall I turn a rhyme for you?  
The songs have all long since been sung.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 9.*—Spectacle of good man struggling with adversity ever touches the well-regulated heart. Presented just now when WEDDERBURN essayed to load truck of proposed Light Railways with his speech, and run it over main line. Unfortunately for him this particular level crossing is guarded by a signal-box represented by SPEAKER'S Chair. Question before House was that Light Railways Bill, having been read second time, should be referred to Grand Committee on Trade. WEDDERBURN, as he winsomely mentioned, had prepared speech on second reading. Had several times attempted to catch the train on this particular journey; had always missed it. "And then," he said, with wail in voice, recalling memories of Glencoe, "the Closure was moved."

But everything comes to the man who waits, even for a lift by Light Railway. Subject up again now. Fortunately WEDDERBURN had in his pocket notes of second-reading speech. Would work them up into the truck forthwith. Perhaps if he hadn't uttered his lament over earlier misadventure he might have got in a few more spadesful before he was pulled up. But so pleased with this fresh opportunity, couldn't help chuckling over it. Signaller in box on sharp look out. WEDDERBURN not reached second page of treasured notes before SPEAKER down on him with reminder that merits of Bill been fully discussed on second reading. Sole question now as to which Committee the Bill should be referred.

Only one chance of using up treasured speech. If Bill went to Grand Committee all was lost; if referred to Committee of whole House speech might be worked off, if not at one burst, then in cheerful spurts on succeeding amendments. Such a happy thought this! WEDDERBURN could not refrain sharing with the House joy of its possession.

"The reason why," he said, "I wish to keep this measure in the House is because I have not been allowed the opportunity of speak-

ing in debate on the second reading." Whereat frivolous Members opposite burst into hilarious laughter, amid which WEDDERBURN wondering, sat down.

Mr. WEIR much touched at countryman's calamity. "If," he whispered, "you'll lend me your speech, I'll put it in the form of questions for you. At the rate of three or four a day they will carry you over Easter. Nothing easier. Take out a passage; put before it Query—"Is the right hon. gentleman aware;," stick note of interrogation at the end; and there you are."

Light Railways Bill safely shunted into Grand Committee Yard; House got into Committee on the Navy Estimates. SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE uncompromisingly opposed increase; quoted, in support of argument, fate of the First NAPOLEON, and example of the Early Christians. This last fell a little flat, for, as CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES shrewdly observed, SAGE much more nearly resembles a late Pagan than an Early Christian.

*Business done.*—Voted the Men for the Navy.

*Tuesday.*—"Et tu BARTLEY?" GERALD BALFOUR murmured, looking with sad eyes below the Gangway.

Little been heard of the Blameless One since New Ministry formed, and he and CAP'EN TOMMY left on the leeshore. The CAP'EN stands by his old quarters, on second bench above Gangway. Has even appropriated corner seat once filed by Private HANBURY, now joined the officers' mess. But the Blameless BARTLEY to-day blushes below the Gangway in quarters where tea-room cabals are got up, Round Robins signed, and similar hints given to esteemed Leaders that they would have been wiser had they made other distribution of offices.

*Business before the House*, a private Bill promoted by Belfast Corporation. Under existing arrangements, 70,000 out of population of 250,000 have no voice in management of municipal affairs. Men in possession want to make things permanently snug on same basis. JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, waving Orange flag in face of Nationalist Members opposite, declares that Belfast is prosperous because it is

Protestant. Any attempt to remove bann from Catholic citizens would be immediately followed by decadence of the shipbuilding trade and limps in the linen market. When B. B. rose from quarter in which BALLYKILBEG beats the Protestant drum, it was taken as a matter of course he would follow on same lines. In last Parliament, when he sat above Gangway, wanting to know when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD was going to bring in his Local Veto Bill, any spare moments not devoted to consideration of that entrancing topic were given to banging Irish Nationalist Members about the head. House now had its breath temporarily taken away by hearing the Blameless B., in the familiar gruff voice and uncompromising manner, denounce the Belfast business as "unfair, unjust, un-English." "It seems to me, Sir," said B. B., "a monstrous thing that we should talk so much about justice to Ireland, and permit this outrageous anomaly in Belfast to continue."

COURTNER had said much same thing half an hour earlier. Awkward things from that quarter not unfamiliar on Treasury Bench. But

with Blameless, Blushing, Bashful BARTLEY "kicking out ahind and afore" things looked strange, fully accounting for reduction of Ministerial majority to 55.

"Curious effect air below the Gangway has upon the most blameless men," said GERALD, continuing his cogitation. "Must have it sampled, carefully analysed, and see what we can do to counteract evil properties."

*Business done.*—Motion for opening National Museums and Art Galleries in London on Sundays carried.

*Thursday.*—Pretty to see what surging passion of personal desire DON JOSÉ creates in breast of Irish Members. They can neither live with him nor without him. To-night when Committee of Supply had for hours lain under gas-lit roof a sluggish pool, DON JOSÉ stepped down and grievously stirred it. Tumult broke forth with volcanic suddenness and energy. All about Ashanti. That clear-sighted, high-souled statesman, WILLIE REDMOND, regards the whole business of the Expedition as "iniquitous." JOHN



"I'm Bountiful, Bashful Bartley!"

DILLON, not to be outdone by spokesman from other camp of United Ireland, condemned it as "inglorious and degrading." "Wicked and unnecessary" was Dr. CLARK's commentary, as he rushed in breathless, fearful that all the hard language would be used up.

This touched DON JOSÉ on tender spot. Pardonably proud of manner in which he has conducted this little war; to have it spoken of in these terms more than person even of his ordinary equability of temper could stand.

"Twas ever thus," said PRINCE ARTHUR, soothingly. "SCIPIO AFRICANUS had his PATILLI, you remember. If CLARK and WILLIE REDMOND had been in the flesh when SCIPIO came back to Rome, bringing his laurels from Zama, they would have moved to reduce the vote on account of the expedition by the equivalent to £100,000, bemoaning the exceedingly rude treatment of HANNIBAL."

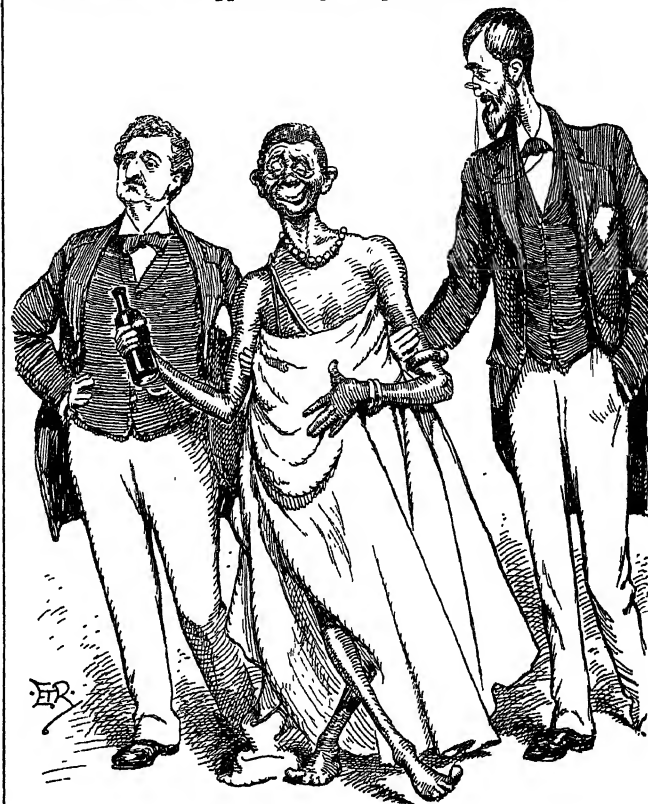
DON JOSÉ AFRICANUS appeared at table with ominous calmness of demeanour. Got on pretty well till DALZIEL interrupted. "As the hon. Member," he retorted, "has not read the Blue Books, he is probably going to join in the debate."

Gentlemen below Gangway howled with anguished indignation, PRINCE ARTHUR looked uneasily at clock; midnight approaching; must get vote; all going on nicely, and now the fat in the fire, fizzling up all round, turning to ashes hope of quietly snatching vote in that moment of exhaustion to which twenty minutes earlier Committee closely approached.

After this continuous storm, the Closure and TIM HEALY. TIM been in comparative retirement through sitting. Scented the battle from afar; drawn by irresistible chain. For some moments of wild delight, he stood shouting back contumely and scorn at gentlemen opposite, who wanted to go to division. DON JOSÉ having, with assistance of Closure, obtained vote in which he was interested, went off home. Hereupon grief of friends opposite broke out in fresh place, more than ever uncontrollable. House sat all night. In any

pause in conversation was heard the voice of WILLIE REDMOND crying aloud, "Where's CHAMBERLAIN?" and no answer came forth from the secretive Night.

*Business done.*—Supplementary Army Estimates voted.



EVICTED FROM A-SHANTY!

*King Premph.* "J'illy nice f'lars Re'mond an' Dill'n t' shtan' up fer a f'ler when he can' shten' up fer 'imself! We won' go 'ome till mor'—(sic)." (And they didn't! House rose at 5.15 A.M.)

*Friday.*—The REVERBERATING COLOMB back again. Like his distant relation, the Colonne Vendôme, has been laid low by adversity. Set up against last General Election; here he is to-night, shouting at the top of his voice for a full hour by Westminster clock. "Doesn't want much," as the bus conductor observed of the old lady who said she "wanted the Bank of England." Sir JOHN will be satisfied if Financial Secretary will lay on table for information of himself and the world generally, full particulars, now jealously guarded in pigeon holes of War Office, of the general scheme of National Defence.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK, one of few survivors of the speech, thinks not. The COLOMB having made its speech offers to withdraw its amendment. House insists on negativing it.

*Business done.*—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.



"A LATE PAGAN" BEFORE HIS ALTAR  
Mr. L-b-ch-re, as seen by Cap'n Tommy Bowles.

The COLOMB having made its speech offers to withdraw its amendment. House insists on negativing it.



## SAGA OF THE SACACIOUS NORSECAL.

SEE in the paper that there is a movement for getting Scandinavian female servants over to England. They are said to be plentiful, and strictly honest, and to regard £12 a year as untold wealth.

Have ordered one. A Viqueen, fresh from the fiords. Thought she would understand German. She doesn't—at least not *my* German. Wife tries her with French. She grins amiably. This is rather serious. Forgot all about the language difficulty.

Get Scandinavian Dictionary. Try her with simple sentences. "Do you come from Sweden?" Curious, she seems offended at the question. Why? It appears she is a Norsewoman, and Norse and Swedes don't love each other. How childish! Possibly a reference to IBSEN will mollify her. "Do you know Herr (do they call them "Herrs" in Norway?) IBSEN, *mein fräulein*?" Says she's never heard of him. Such is fame!

Best point about her is, that she is undeniably strong. May not be true or tender, but, anyhow, strong. Moves our grand piano with one hand. Quite a "feat off the fiord," this.

As cook, our hardy Norsewoman slightly primitive. Has a passion for caraway seeds. Wife



## THE NAVAL PREPARATIONS.

SUGGESTED CORPS OF SUBMARINE CAVALRY (ROYAL MOUNTED SUBMARINES), NOT INCLUDED IN THIS YEAR'S ESTIMATES.

objects. She says "caraway seeds used in *every* dish in Norway." That decides me—shall *not* take a tour among the fiords this year, as I was thinking of doing. Even the North Cape would be spoiled by a diet of caraway.

Our Gretchen (query—is "Gretchen" the correct Norse word?) becomes gloomy. Evidently pines for home; naturally, perhaps, as Norway the home of pines! Wife interrogates her. She complains of an absence of avalanches in London. Sorry we can't oblige her with *these*. Also, it seems, England is "not cold enough for her." But she hasn't seen our summer yet. Then she would like a few reindeer about the place, and considers a cab a very poor substitute for a carriage.

To comfort her, I try a tip. She at once warmly shakes hands with me! Appears to be the custom of her country. Extraordinary and a little embarrassing.

She is off to Hull! Not even a princely fortune (£12 a year) will induce her to stay in a city which never has an avalanche or an aurora. Our Northern light has gone out!

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC. — "Potter Exhibition prize awarded to Mr. R. NEVILLE FLUX." We've often heard of "By flux of time," but his future compositions will be by "Flux of tune."

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

A BRIDEGROOM AT MONTE CARLO TO HIS BRIDE.

I AM lounging at ease 'neath a tropical palm  
That looks up at a tropical sky,  
While the water below has a tropical calm  
And the breeze gives a tropical sigh.  
There's a tropical sun to illumine the green,  
There are flowers of tropical hue,  
There are tropical folk to embellish the scene,  
There's a tropical look about you.

We all of us speak with compassionate smile  
Of the land of perpetual fog,  
Where continued existence is scarce worth  
The while.

Of a well-bred and well-to-do dog.  
It is only when safe in this thrice happy spot

That one dreams of the Isles of the Blest,  
That one pities the ever exiguous lot  
Of the many, who work without rest.

Here's your cloak! there are clouds, and the air's not so clear.

Yes, in England we'd say, "There'll be snow."

Such a thing in this country could never appear;

It's a tropical climate, you know.  
You call it the *mistral*? It's awfully chill,  
And, by Jupiter! here comes the wet  
Down in buckets! No waterproofs? Never mind. Still

We can get warm again at roulette!

You've a system? Bravo! If I follow your play,

Then by doubling we must win a *coup*!  
That's nineteen times running your luck's gone astray!

So has mine, and I haven't a *sou*!

What, you've still got a "Nap"? There's our number! It's not?

What, you chang'd? Then the bank we can't break.  
Though the tropical gentry are certainly hot,  
Yet no woman here *could* love a rake!

## MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



NO. III.—THE KNAVE OF CLUBS AND SHILLELAGHS.

D-LL-N. H-LX.

## ECHOES FROM BERLIN.

"HAVE you carefully packed up that silver cup and despatched it to Cowes?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you looked out a showy decoration for the acceptance of the Negus?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you had a copy of the engraving of my famous picture framed in diamonds for the KHEDIVE?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you selected a diplomatic suit (cocked hat, sword, breeches and all) for the use of President KRÜGER?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you forwarded my plan for the Paris Exhibition of 1900 to President FAURE?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you mailed my scheme for a new constitution of the U.S.A. to President CLEVELAND?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you posted my pamphlet, 'How to Ride a High Horse,' to the Emperor of Austria, on the occasion of his becoming my brother officer in the British cavalry?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you handed my last sermon to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Emperor of Abyssinia, General Booth, and the Pope?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you sent my memorandum, 'On the Extraction of the Yolks of Eggs by Suction,' to the most venerable of my revered relatives?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Then, after you have filled up a telegram of congratulation to the winner of the Boat-race, leaving the name blank, you can go to dinner." "Yes, your Majesty."

SUGGESTED MOTTOES FOR THE GREEN PARK CLUB.—*Vir non semper viret, and Virtus semper viridis.*



### CHARLES THE BOLD.

["What he wanted was personal responsibility. If an expert said we had enough ammunition, and it was proved we had not, he ought to be tried by court-martial and shot."]—*Report of Lord Charles Beresford's Speech, Times, March 20, 1886.*

Charles. "SHOULD AN EXPERT OF POSITION,  
SWEAR ENOUGH OF AMMUNITION  
WE HAVE GOT,  
AND WE 'VE NOT,

Chorus.

"AND WE 'VE NOT?"

Charles (solo). "HE'LL BE TRIED BY A COMMISSION,  
AND, UPON HIS OWN ADMISSION,  
WHICH THEY 'VE GOT,  
HE'LL BE SHOT,

Chorus.

"MUST BE SHOT!"

## CHARLEY AND THE NAVY.

["An archangel could not work under the present system. . . . He *wanted* to make what was now a sham into a reality."

*Lord Charles Beresford on Naval Defence.*]

AIR:—"Nelson and the Navy."

I SAY, my bold hearties! here's one who ne'er shirks.

He'll give it our foemen—with gravy.

And what with the Frenchies, the Yanks, and the Turks,

Old England *has* need of a Navy.

Lord CHARLEY has got a determinate view

To keep up our national glory.

We want lots o' ships, lots o' guns, and men, too;

Yes, CHARLEY, my lad, that's the story!

To England and honesty true he has been.

Though he's better at fight than at parley.

Let's be loyal to country, and true to the

QUEEN;

And drink to the Navy and CHARLEY!

He knows the right orders are free cash—and care,

And by heart he has perfectly got 'em.

They have wasted our wealth upon ships as won't wear,

And some have gone smack to the bottom.

It isn't so much that our taxes has growed,

Though enough of that tack we have tasted. We want a good fleet, and expenses be blowed!

But so much of what's spent now is wasted!

Can't follow their figures, I give ye my word,

As the landlubbers tot 'em and twist 'em.

But what strikes a plain sailorman as absurd,

As Lord CHARLEY says, is—the System!

In course for our ships and our guns we must

pay,

[kick 'em!]

But if big-wigs will squander, why,

Give us value for money, in BERESFORD's way,

Then show us our foes and we'll lick 'em!

They chatter and patter, and squabble and shift,

And don't know their minds half-a-minute.

If officers quarrel and let the ship drift,

She'll sink, or the dickens is in it.

If Ministers, stuffed with their figures, like geese,

Know no more of the *facts* than this paper,

They'll land us in war whilst they're crying out peace!

And smash is the end o' *that* caper.

The Adm'rality bosses, who handle our cash,

Do seem to get worser and worser;

A chap who's now stingy, now spendthrift and rash,

Is not the right party for purser.

It seems to me, somehow, they're mostly asleep,

And when they are waking they're snarley.

That's not the right way for to hold or to keep

Our rule of the waves, is it, CHARLEY?

If we're not up to date, but a moment too late,

[crockery,

We'll get smashed, like a basket o'

We are game to fight odds if prepared for our fate,

But muddling and bragging mean mockery. Those dashed "Little Englanders" give me the spleen,

But let patriots be cautious and steady.

Pass the word, and we'll fight for country and Queen,

But, as CHARLEY says, *do* let's be ready!

Here's BERESFORD's health! He's the Navy's best friend,

As true as the keel to the kelson,



Bill M.A.  
70.

## A BI-METALLISTIC DISCUSSION.

Jim. "WHAT'S THIS 'ERE 'BI-METALLISM,' BILL?"

Bill (of superior intelligence). "WELL, YER SEE, JIM, IT'S HEITHER A LICENS'D WHIT-TERS OR A TEETOTAL DODGE. THE WAGES 'LL BE PAID IN SILVER, AND NO MORE COPPERS. SO YOU CAN'T GET NO ARF-PINT NOR HANYTHINK UNDER A SIXPENCE OR A THIRP'NY. THEN YOU HEITHER LEAVES IT ALONE, AND TAKES TO WATER LIKE A DUCK, OR YOU RUNS UP A SCORE."

Jim. "AH! BUT IF THERE AIN'T NO MORE COPPERS, 'OW ABOUT THE 'BUSSES AND THE HUNGERGROUND RULEWAY?"

Bill (profoundly). "AH!"

[Left sitting.]

But a system what's rotten will baulk in the end

An archangel, or even a Nelson.

If his money's well spent, BULL will "part" with a smile,

For ships, men, forts, harbours, and cannon; And then he won't bother at threats from the Nile,

[Shannon.]

Though backed by black scowls from the Then for England let's join, spite of partisan spleen,

And Parliament splutter and parley;

Let's fill a joint bumper to Country and Queen,

And drink to the Navy and CHARLEY!

## ALFRED AMONG THE IMMORTALS.

(The Poet Laureate is on view at Madame Tussaud's.)

LET them jibe, let them jeer,

Let them snigger and sneer

At my dramas, my lays, and my odes!

Others know my true worth—

Mid the Great Ones of earth

They have shrined me at Madame TUSSAUD'S!

LEATHER-LUNGED PATRIOTISM. — While "LABBY," M.P., is invoking "congenial souls," his constituents are providing suitable boots for the Soudan Expedition.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. VII.

*How Mr. Jabberjee risked a Sprat to capture something very like a Whale.*

I AM this week to narrate an unprecedented stroke of bad luck occurring to the present writer. The incipience of the affair was the addressing of a humble petition to the indulgent ear of Hon'ble *Punch*, calling attention to the great opiousness of my literary output, and the ardent longing I experienced to behold the colour of money on account. On which, by returning post, my parched soul was reinvigorated by the refreshing draught of a *draft* (if I may be permitted the rather facetious *jeu de mots*) payable to my order.

So uplifted by pride at finding the insignificant crumbs I had cast upon the journalistic waters return to me after numerous days in the improved form of loaves and fishes, I wended my footsteps to the bank on which my cheque was drafted, and requested the bankers behind the counter to honour it with the root of all evil, which they did with obsequious alacrity.

After closely inspecting the notes to satisfy myself that I had not been imposed upon by meretricious counterfeits, I emerged with a beaming and joyful countenance, stowing the needful away carefully in an interior pocket, and, on descending the bank step, was accosted by a polite, agreeable stranger, who, begging my pardon with profusion, inquired whether he had not had the honour of voyaging from India with me in the—the—for his life he could not recall the name of the ship—he should forget his own name presently!

"Indeed," I answered him, "I cannot remember having the felicity of an encounter with you upon the *Kaisar-i-Hind*."

The Stranger: "To be sure; that *was* the name! A truly magnificent vessel! I forget names—but faces, never! And yours I remember from the striking resemblance to my dear friend, the Maharajah of Phülkarribad—you know him?—a very elegant young, handsome chap. A splendid *Shikarri*! I was often on the verge of asking if you were related; but being then but a second-class passenger, and under an impecunious cloud, did not dare to take the liberty. Now, being on the bed of clover owing to decease of wealthy uncle, I can address you without the mortifying fear of misconstruction."

So, in return, I, without absolutely claiming consanguinity with the Maharajah (of whom, indeed, I had never heard), did inform him that I, too, was munching the slice of luck, having just drawn the princely instalment of a salary for jots and tittles contributed to periodical *Punch*. Whereat he warmly congratulated me, expressing high appreciation of my articles and abilities, but exclaiming at the miserable paucity of my *honorarium*, saying he was thick as a thief with the Editor, and would leave no stone unturned to procure me a greater adequacy of remuneration for writings that were dirt cheap at a Jew's eye.

And presently he invited me to accompany him to a respectable sort of tavern, and solicited the honour of my having a "peg" at his expense; to which I, perceiving him to be a good-natured, simple fellow, inflated by sudden prosperity, consented, accepting, contrary to my normal habitude, his offer of a brandy panee, or an old Tom.

While we were discoursing of India (concerning which I found that, like most globular trotters, he had not been long enough in the country to be accurately informed), enters a third party, who, it so ppened, was an early acquaintance of my companion, though

separated by the old long sign of a longinquity. What followed I shall render in a dialogue form.

The Third Party: Why, TOMKINS, you have a prosperous appearance, TOMKINS. When last met, you suffered from the impecuniosity of a churched mouse. Have you made your fortune, TOMKINS?

Mr. Tomkins. I am too easy a goer, and there are too many rogues in the world, that I should ever make my own fortune, JOHNSON! Happily for me, an opulent and ancient avuncular relative has lately departed to reside with the morning stars, and left me wealth outside the dream of an avaricious!

Mr. Johnson (*enviously*). God bless my soul! Some folks have the good luck. (*To me, whispering*.) A poor ninnny-hammer sort of chap, he will soon throw it away on drakes and ducks! (*Aloud, to Mr. Tomkins*.) Splendid! I congratulate you sincerely.

Mr. T. (*in a tone of dolesomeness*). The heart knoweth where the shoe pinches it, JOHNSON. My lot is not a rose-bed. For my antique and eccentric relative must needs insert a testamentary condition commanding me to forfeit the inheritance, unless, within three calendered months from his last obsequies, I shall have distributed ten thousand pounds amongst young deserving foreigners. To-morrow time is up, and I have still a thousand pounds to give away! But how to discover genuine young deserving foreigners in so short a space? Truly, I go in fear of losing the whole!

Mr. J. Let me act as your *budli* in this and distribute the remaining thousand.

Mr. T. From what I remember of you as a youth, I cannot wholly rely on your discretion. Rather would I place my confidence in this gentleman.

[*Indicating myself, who turned orange with pleasure.*]

Mr. J. Indeed? And how know you that he may not adhere to the entire thousand?

Mr. T. And if he does, it is no matter, if he is a genuine deserving. I can give the whole to him if I am so minded, and he need not give away a penny of it unless inclined.

[*At which I was fit to dance with delight.*]

Mr. J. I deny that you possess the power, seeing that he is a British subject, and as such cannot be styled a "foreigner."

Mr. T. There you have mooted a knotty point indeed. Alas, that we have no forensic big-wig here to decide it!

[*Myself (modestly*). As a native poor student of English law, I venture to think that, by dint of my legal attainments, I shall be enabled to crack the Gordian nut. I am distinctly of opinion that an individual born of dusky parents in a tropical climate is a foreigner, in the eye of British prejudice, and within the meaning of the testator. [*And here I maintained my assertion by a logomachy of such brilliancy and erudition that I completely convinced the minds of both auditors.*]

Mr. J. (*grumblingly, to Mr. Tomkins*). Assuming he is correct, why favour him more than me?

Mr. T. Because instinct informs me that a gentleman with such a face as his—however dusky—may be trusted, and with the untold gold!

Mr. J. (*jealously*). And I am not to be trusted! If you were to hand me your *portemonnaie* now, full of notes and gold, and let me walk into the street with it, do you doubt that I should return? Speak, TOMKINS!

Mr. T. Assuredly not; but so, too, would this gentleman. (*To me, as Mr. JOHNSON sneered a doubt.*) Here, you Sir, take this *portemonnaie* out into the street for five minutes or so, I trust to your honour to return it intact. (*After I had emerged triumphantly from this severe ordeal of my bonâ fide.*) Aha, JOHNSON! am I the judge of men or not?

Mr. J. (*still seeking, as I could see, to undermine me in h's friend's favour*). Fish! Who would steal a paltry £50 and lose £1000? If I had so much to give away, I should wish to be sure that the party I



"Was accosted by a polite, agreeable stranger."



was about to endow had corresponding confidence in me. Now, though I have always considered you as a dull, I know you to be strictly honest, and would trust you with all I possess. In proof of which, take these two golden sovereigns and few shillings outside. Stay away as long as you desire. You will return, I know you well!

*Myself (penetrating this shallow artifice, and hoisting the engine-driver on his own petard).* Who would not risk a paltry £2 to gain £1000? Oh, a magnificent confidence, truly!

*Mr. J. (to me).* Have you the ordinary manly pluck to act likewise? If you are expecting him to trust you with the pot of money, he has a right to expect to be trusted in return. That is logic!

*Mr. T. (mildly).* No, JOHNSON, you are too hasty, JOHNSON. The cases are different. I can understand the gentleman's very natural hesitation. I do not ask him to show his confidence in me—enough that I feel I can trust him. If he doubts my honesty, I shall think no worse of him; whichever way I decide eventually.

*[Here, terrified lest by hesitation I had wounded him at his quick, and lest, after all, he should decide to entrust the thousand pounds to Mr. JOHNSON, I hastily produced all the specie and bullion I had upon me, including a valuable large golden chronometer and chain of best English make, and besought him to go into the outer air for a while with them, which, after repeated refusals, he at last consented to do, leaving Myself and Mr. JOHNSON to wait.]*

*Mr. J. (after tedious lapse of ten minutes).* Strange! I expected him back before this. But he is an absent-minded, chuckle-headed chap. Very likely he is staring at a down-fallen horse and has forgotten this affair. I had better go in search of him. What? you will come, too. Capital! Then if you go to the right, and I to the left, we cannot miss him!

But, alack! we did; and, in a short time, both Mistresses were invisible to the nude eye, nor have I heard from them since. Certain of my fellow-boarders, on hearing the matter, declared that I had been diddled by a bamboozle-trick; but it is egregiously absurd that my puissances in knowledge of the world should have been so much at fault; and, moreover, why should one who had succeeded to vast riches seek to rob me of my paltry possessions? It is much more probable that they are still diligently seeking for me, having omitted, owing to hurry of moment, to ascertain my name and address; and I hereby request Mr. TOMKINS, on reading this, to forward the thousand pounds (or so much thereof as in his munificent generosity he may deem sufficient) to me at Porticobello House, Ladbroke Grove, W., or care of his friend, the Editor of *Punch*, by whom it will (I am sure) be honourably handed over intact.

Nor need Mr. TOMKINS fear my reproaches for his dilatoriness, for there is a somewhat musty proverb that "Procrastination is preferable to Neverness."

## CUCKOO!

*(After Shakespeare.)*

WHEN twigs are bare and noses blue,  
And the far hills with snow still white;  
A cuckoo-passion fires the few  
Who to the morning papers write.  
The cuckoo, then—'tis fiddle-de-dee!  
They've heard, they yow, chirp o'er the lea,

Cuckoo!  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—Oh, word of fear  
Unpleasing to an honest ear!

Amateur naturalists have jaws  
That neither truth nor honour lacks.  
They do not heed discretion's laws;  
They care for cuckoos, not for clocks.  
The cuckoo-song in Feb-ru-a-ree,  
They swear they hear. Ah, me! Ah, me!

Cuckoo!  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—I greatly fear,  
Your naturalist hath a false ear!

HONOURS EASY.—Last week the Conservatives acknowledged their debt to Captain MIDDLETON, "the controlling spirit of their organisation" during the past eleven years, by presenting him with a little cheque for £10,000. We believe it is also proposed to change the name of MIDDLETON into "Captain Middleman."

SONG AND CHORUS (*very slightly altered from the original, to be sung by Baron POLLOCK and Mr. JUSTICE BRUCE, when the Tower Hamlets Election Case shall be over*).—"Oh, WILLIS, we shall miss you!"



## NEW DEFINITION.

"BUT TELL ME, ALICE. IS HE—WELL, IS HE QUITE A GENTLEMAN?"  
*Alice (after a pause).* "WELL, HE'S NICE-LOOKING, AND HE'S GOT HIS HANDKERCHIEF UP HIS CUFF."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S *Verses Wise or Otherwise* (CASSELL) are certainly all good. Many are reminiscent of PRÆD's light touch. The dainty little volume is rich in poetic fancy, winged in skilful verse.

I suppose the Unfinished Novel "catches on," or the kind of story represented by NETTA SYRETT'S *Nobody's Fault*, which may be described as belonging to the "So-far-as-it-goes" class, would not be published. The characters awaken your interest; so does the tale, "so-far-as-it-goes," for the story is well written, and the leading *dramatis personæ* well imagined. But the story, not a long one in a single volume, is "endless." It is a *cul-de-sac* with an enticing entrance. You turn back again to see if you've missed any opening, any hint of a way out of it, but you find none. And the moral of it? "You takes your choice." The methodless method of thus writing a story seems to me to save a lot of trouble and much patient thought. You start a story. *Happy Thought*—someone who does something; who meets somebody; who does something else; who gets into difficulties—and then? How to get her out of them? *Another Happy Thought*,—Oh, bother! Don't try to get her out of them. Leave her there. The story's good "so-far-as-it-goes," and if you want more for your money you can't have it. You've got a third of a three-volume novel and you pay a third of a three-volume price. Quite fair. "If," says the wily author, "I see how to finish the adventures of my heroine (THACKERAY used to "carry over" his figures to his next account) satisfactorily, that is, either kill her or cure her, then I will write you another volume, or, maybe, *The Story of Bridget*, in two volumes. But that will be another story." Hoping that NETTA SYRETT will do this, I strongly recommend the careful perusal of her present book, *Nobody's Fault*, which, as a specimen of "The So-far-as-it-goes" and of "The Altogether," I venture to consider well worth reading.

THE BARON.

"FOR THE NEXT OCCUPIER."—Last Friday's *Gazette* announced that the QUEEN has approved of the retention of the title of "honourable" by Sir DAVID TENNANT on his retirement from the Cape House Speakership. It is to be hoped that in the future the Cape House will find as good a Tennant.



### A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF EVE.

Mamma (to Molly, who has scratched and bitten her French Nurse, and who won't be sorry for her behaviour). "OH, MOLLY, DON'T YOU KNOW WHO IT IS PUTS SUCH WICKED THOUGHTS INTO YOUR HEAD?"

Molly. "AH, YES, THE SCRATCHING! BUT TO BITE FÉLICIE WAS QUITE MY OWN IDEA!"

### A FEW PICTURES.

HAPPY man be his dole who is the fortunate possessor of even a few of the specimens of Barbizonian art now exhibiting at the Grafton Galleries. Do not omit a considerable pause before No. 127 and No. 125, by MARIS; note especially 125, showing an old woman coming away from the sea, homeward, across the sand in a sea-weed gatherer's cart. She has probably been collecting wreck-rubbish, odds and ends, on the rocks. The title might well have been "A Picker-up of Unconsidered Trifles;" or "A Marine Widow with her Sea-weeds." No. 61, MILLER'S "Angelus,"

is of world-wide renown. No. 95, MICHEL'S "Windmill." More wind is expected. The artist evidently knew how to "raise the wind" when he drew this. No. 13. Is this an Irish cabin, with mother and son at a meal of "potatoes and point"? A touching subject, finely painted by JOSEF ISRAELS. They are both hungry, but the question arises, which is to commence? The ancient dame or the hungry boy?

No. 112. HERR DIAZ has had a happy day in Epping Forest, and gives a charming reminiscence of the event.

The great attraction, to a majority of landscape-lovers, will be COROT'S work; almost

all his pictures represent that peculiar hazy atmosphere which makes the foliage of a French-grey tint. The much-travelled observer will have noticed this atmospheric effect on the line between Calais and Paris. The idea conveyed is either that there is no sun to speak of in this part of France, or that the artist invariably selected a dull day for his work. COROT is the brilliant painter of a "Dull Day" in France. The exhibition is well worth several visits.

### A QUARTER-DAY BALLAD OF SPRING.

You sing a song of life renewed,  
Of buds that promise leaves,  
Of lawns with daffodils bestrewn,  
Of swallows 'neath the eaves,  
Of tiny blades that shall be corn,  
Of flowers wrapt in scent,  
You hail the welcome April morn,  
And I the quarter's rent.

You tell of how your feelings thrill  
When touched by Springtide spell,  
And speak of tender hearts that fill  
Like buckets at a well.

You ask me if my troth was true?  
If all my love is spent?  
Both vows and bills I will renew  
When I have paid the rent!

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC QUESTIONS.—The success of *Tribby* and the *Prisoner of Zenda* has set actors novel-reading, has inspired novelists to write their novels with a view to reproduction on the stage, and is likely to turn playwrights into a sort of newspaper boys eagerly waiting for novels to be given out to them to dramatise. And where do the public come in? Is the public to read the novel first and then see the play, or *vice versa*? And isn't it a six to four chance that those who have read the story will not want to see the play? Also, in the end, will not the practice, should it become general, be injurious alike to novelist, dramatist, and actor? and wearisome to the public?

### SAVED!

The view from Richmond Terrace, owing to the rejection of Petersham and Ham Lands and Footpaths Bill on March 12.)

THE view from Richmond Hill is saved,  
Out Petersham and Ham way;  
Those open fields shall ne'er be paved,  
Nor scored with lines of tramway.

Her landscape London ill could spare;  
For chimney-pots to barter  
The famous stretch of prospect fair  
Seen from the Star and Garter!

The House of Commons now may use  
Its name with new intention;  
Our commons all too rare we'd lose  
But for its intervention.

### University Intelligence.

EARL OF BERKELEY couldn't be excused from "pernoctation" on the ground of ill-health. That his lordship must "pernoct" or give it up, was decided by 79 votes to 63.

On another subject, "The Warden of All Souls deprecated alarm." Delightfully soothing title, "The Warden of All Souls," and how gratifying to know that he "deprecated alarm." But what a tremendous responsibility!!

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A NEW DINING ASSOCIATION.—The Swallow Club.

ETON INTELLIGENCE.—Sovereign-tipping uncles are now known as "quid-nunks."



## IN THE DESERT!

SHADE OF GENERAL GORDON (to JOHN BULL). "REMEMBER!"







### PROOF POSITIVE.

*Podson (lately returned from abroad).* "WELL, I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN HAVING A CAPITAL SEASON, THRUSTER."  
*Thruster.* "OH, RIPPIN'! WHY, I'VE HAD BOTH COLLAR-BONES BROKEN, LEFT WRIST SPRAINED, AND HAVEN'T GOT A SOUND HORSE LEFT IN MY STRING!"

### ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

#### SOME INDIRECT EFFECTS OF THE BOAT-RACE.

THE direct effects of the great contest between the two universities are of course well known. It draws the country parsons to London in shoals; it opens the flood-gates of reminiscence in countless elderly gentlemen, and induces them to relate marvellous stories of prowess and endurance in bygone years; it covers Putney with dark and light blue bunting; it decorates the whips of cabmen, bus-drivers, and butcher-boys; it arrays unconscious dogs in the rival favours, and ranges them in hostile camps; and it causes sixteen healthy young men to affront the wind and rain of March, in clothing which can only be described as just adequate for decency, and totally inadequate for anything else. There are other effects, those, for instance, which the ups and downs of practice exercise on the impressionable minds of the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, and on the variegated and descriptive vocabulary of the assiduous journalists who compile reports in the sporting papers. It is only during Boat-race time that "the clock of Putney Church chimes high noon," or that a crew's endurance becomes so extraordinary, that at the end of twenty-one minutes of hard rowing, "their breath would not have flickered a candle."

BUT the effects that I wish chiefly to refer to are those which are caused in the family circles of the members of the crews. It is not too much to say that, as the day of the race approaches, some sixteen quiet establishments scattered up and down the country become convulsed with excitement and anxiety. The minds of fathers and mothers are torn with conflicting emotions. Pride in the achievement of the beloved son struggles with a painful solicitude as to his power of enduring the stress and struggle of the race, and the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life* are devoured every day by the unaccustomed eyes of mothers intent on discovering the weight of their darlings and their chances of success on the fateful day. As an example, I may describe a terrible scene which took place only the other day in (let us say) a Surrey home.

PAPA, a man used to stratagems and wiles, got into the breakfast-room a quarter-of-an-hour before the usual time in order to read the account of the previous day's practice in the *Sportsman* at his leisure. He found that excellent paper in the hands of the butler, who was reading it out to an eager audience of servants. Papa dis-

missed them with some asperity, and sat down to the paper. Just as he had done so, mamma came in. She is ordinarily a lady of the most regular and methodical habits, scarcely ever varying by a minute the moment of her morning appearance. On this occasion, however, she was at least ten minutes before her usual time. The fact was, that she, too, was bent upon the *Sportsman*, and had come down in high hopes of anticipating papa. Seeing, however, that she was too late, she made an unimportant remark about the weather, and sat down to endure with as much resignation as she could command until her lord and master should have exhausted the aquatic news. She was too proud to ask him to read it out to her; besides, to have a paper read to you can never give anything like the same satisfaction as reading it yourself. So the minutes sped by, the breakfast was brought in, and papa still sat reading, while mamma waited to step into his shoes.

A LATE son (sons are always late at breakfast) as he approached the breakfast-room, heard his mother's voice declaiming, in tones of unwonted anger, and marvelled as he heard. He entered, and his mother saluted him with these memorable words: "ARTHUR," she said, "I have been waiting half an hour for the *Sportsman*, and I can't wait any longer. You are young and strong. Take the paper away from your selfish father by force, and give it to me. Why, he won't even tell whether HARRY's weight has gone up or down." Papa's silence was perhaps excusable, for mamma had announced her intention, if the boy's weight dropped another pound, of fetching him away from Putney at once. HARRY's weight had dropped, but, by a curious chance, that part of the *Sportsman* which recorded it was found to have been torn out when it arrived at length in mamma's hands.

A FIRM of tailors has sent me a letter containing one of the longest and most unfinished sentences I have ever come across. Here it is:—

"DEAR SIR,—We respectfully beg to say, that having been further recommended by our Patrons, who, finding our System of Business, as most fair to the advantage of our Clients, of which the principles are, by not making one Customer pay for another, and by not maintaining an enormous (and superfluous) show and establishment at the cost of our Patrons, and personally supervising and making of every garment, all of which being made on the premises, and our prices not being based on the credit system, the combined principles of which by strictly adhering to, we have succeeded in proving with every satisfaction, that it is quite possible to continue supplying the very finest quality of Goods and of most exquisite Cut and workmanship as per Price List enclosed."



A PARLIAMENTARY SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE.

WHY NOT ESTABLISH A STUDIO AT WESTMINSTER, WHERE HON. MEMBERS MAY, AFTER A FEW LESSONS, CREATE STATUES OF THEMSELVES, OR, BY ARRANGEMENT, OF OTHER MEMBERS, FOR SUBSEQUENT USE IN THE PRECINCTS OF THE HOUSE.

## THE COMING RACE.

(A Note in Advance from a Prophet sure of being on the spot.)

WHAT new thing can be said of the University Boat Race? If the sun is reported to be shining brightly, the birds singing, the leaves budding from the trees, the description will be lacking in novelty. On the other hand, if a paragraph be given to an account of the fog and the rain, the mist and the mud, again a precedent will have been followed, and nothing more. In like manner, what does it matter whether the crowd be large or small? Nothing could be easier than to describe the dresses of the ladies in the sunshine, or their umbrellas in the wet.

Once more, the race itself. Well, either the Dark or the Light must win the toss for stations. And the challengers must appear before the challenged, floating in the neighbourhood of Putney Bridge. And then, whether it be rain or shine, there is sure to be a "hush of expectation." The Jerseys having been collected, the sixteen will be found waiting, after the warning "Are you ready?" for the signal giving them leave to go. And when the start is made, why, the first few strokes will be reported with the minutest detail. After a minute or two Oxford or Cambridge will forge ahead. A little later a broader view will be taken of the rowing. Only a distinct "spurt" will merit and obtain special notice. But the number of strokes to the minute will be recorded. Now the Dark Blues will be pulling 38, now they will have slowed down to 35, now they will have strained every

## FANCY PORTRAIT.



MR. B-RNY B-RN-TO

(As "Ancient Pistol")—

"I SPEAK OF AFRICA, AND GOLDEN JOYS!"

Henry the Fourth, Second Part, Act V., Scene 3.

effort to pass the 40. And the record of Cambridge will be equally interesting. As a matter of course, the steering once and again will go wrong. But this is not to be unexpected now that "the water" is abandoned at Westminster. How can a cox know his way about if he is taken over the course on a steam-launch only a few days before the race? It stands to reason that he has no chance with those to the manner (or rather river) born.

The familiar landmarks will emerge from their obscurity. The Doves and the Elms and Hammersmith Bridge. Chiswick Eyot, too, and the iron sheds of Thorneycroft, of torpedo-catcher fame. Then will come Barnes Bridge and the finish.

And will not there be complaints ament the umpire's launch and the unsatisfactory progress of either of the Varsity steamers, or, perchance, the boat reserved for the Fourth Estate? And then the other conventionalities—the niggers, the loafers, the perambulating purveyors of cheap refreshments. All will have a line or two. The same old story told again, year after year.

There it is in brief. Rather more than the outline, and only one thing necessary to make the whole complete—the name of the winner. Will it be Oxford or Cambridge? Oxbridge or Camford? But this cannot be told just at present, owing to the exigencies of publication. So why write more? Echo obligingly, sympathisingly, and sensibly answers "why?"

INFORMATION WANTED.—We read that the Russian Emperor has "decorated the Negus." Is this the same thing as "crowning the flowing bowl"?—IGNORAMUS.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 16.—Peers not going to sit tamely by whilst other House is treated to statement on leading question of the hour. ROSEBERRY will see to that. When House met to-day he, with tears in his voice, lamented absence of the MARKISS. Had not only expected him to be in his place, but looked for him to rise and make statement about Soudan, at least as full as Commoner people in another place were indulged withal. MARKISS came in later, with air of guilt not dispelled by affectation of indifference. When House about to adjourn he explained that he had said nothing because he was asked nothing. Pretty to see him demurely fold his hands over his broad bosom, archly look across table towards ROSEBERRY, make dainty courtesy of mock grace, and hum

"Nobody axed me, Sir, she said."

ROSEBERRY, not to be put off with these blandishments. "Thought," he sternly said, "the FOREIGN SECRETARY would deem your Lordships not unworthy of a statement similar to that made by the UNDER SECRETARY in the other House." Again MARKISS pleaded that he had not been asked. As ROSEBERRY oddly refrained from putting definitive question invited, nothing was said.

JAMES of Hereford (late of Bury) brought in Water Bill. SARK met GRAND CROSS after House rose. Always athirst for information, SARK asked what he thought of it. "You're a great authority on water, you know," he added, insinuatingly.

"If you mean," said GRAND CROSS, looking at him suspiciously, "that when I was Home Secretary I brought in a London Water Bill, you're right. If my proposal had been adopted, London would have had an investment nearly as good as that my late esteemed friend Lord BEACONSFIELD made for the State in the matter of the Suez Canal. But there are always people who know better than the most highly gifted. As for JAMES's Bill, I am too annoyed to have followed it closely. You will remember that my memory is kept green in the House of Commons by reason of my having on a memorable occasion said I 'thought I heard an hon. Member smile.' A poor thing, but mine own. It has remained unapproached all these

years. And now here's a paltry Poet Laureate attempting to compete with my masterpiece;" and GRAND CROSS read out, in voice trembling with scorn, the Poet Laureate's deathless verse suggested for monument of the Postman Poet:—

"O lark-like poet! Carol on,  
Lost in dim light, an unseen trill."

"An unseen trill" forsooth!" cried GRAND CROSS. "This ALFRED-AUSTIG is just the kind of fellow to talk of an unheard smile, and pass the idea off as original. But I'd have him know I heard a man smile years before he didn't see a trill."

Business done.—Statement in Commons presaging fresh invasion of Soudan. House thereupon appropriately proceeded to consider Army Estimates, voting a trifle under six millions before you could say "Dongola!"

Tuesday.—HICKS-BEACH not kind of man to give himself up to riotous enjoyment. Temperature rather freezing than sultry. But to-night had high old time. Never imagined that bi-metallism covered possibilities of such human joy. Man from WHITELEY's brought on resolution affirming principle of bi-metallism. As everyone knows, PRINCE ARTHUR has no philosophic doubts on this question. Believes thoroughly in bi-metallism. So does CHAPLIN. "Pass a law establishing bi-metallism," says that eminent economist, "and you will have what I may call bi-farming—that is to say, two blades of corn will grow in every field where hitherto only one has popped up an undersold head."

In such circumstances bi-metallists might well look hopeful. Even if CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER did not (if the phrase may in this connection be used without disrespect) go bald-headed in support of principle, he at least must treat subject with deference.

HICKS-BEACH began in soothing tone with kindly manner. That only his artfulness. As soon as he had cleared the ground and firmly planted his feet thereon, he seized bi-metallism by the throat, flung it to the ground, kicked and pummelled it till every three-penny-bit in its pouch must have been twisted up. For adherents of the true faith this was bad enough. What lent pathos to the scene was to watch PRINCE ARTHUR and HARRY CHAPLIN seated on Treasury Bench whence HICKS-BEACH had risen to promulgate rank heresy. The very helplessness of their situation added to its misery.

PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE rides many more stone than CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. Had he thrown himself upon him from behind, PRINCE ARTHUR might have taken him by the heels. Together they could have carried him out, dropped him over the terrace into the silver Themis. But that procedure would have been open to misunderstanding. There was nothing to do but to sit there silent, PRINCE ARTHUR drooping like an unwatered lily, CHAPLIN furiously writing letters to himself making mincemeat of HICKSBACH and his arguments.

Worst of all, bitterest drop in the brimming cup, was to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD on bench opposite, literally brimming over with delight at beholding bi-metallism fatally wounded in the house of a friend.

*Business done.*—Bi-metallism's—at least for the rest of the century.

*Thursday.*—DON JOSÉ AFRICANUS not in his place just now when son AUSTEN made his maiden Ministerial speech. That a pity, since it was a success in more ways than one. In addition to the paternal eye-glass, AUSTEN inherits the pleasant voice, the lucidity, and the keenness to see a debating point, which distinguish the personage he occasionally refers to as "my right hon. relative." Pleasant to see the friendly interest taken in the event "We all like AUSTEN," not less in the Liberal camp than in the new country into which he has dutifully followed his father. An encouraging cheer greeted his appearance at the table to reply for the Admiralty to miscellaneous criticism on Naval Works Bill. Still louder applause approved the task when completed. A high position for so young a Member. Not only is it filled with ability, but the honour is borne with modesty. House of Commons, most fastidious audience in the world, likes to think that "AUSTEN will do."

In absence of DON JOSÉ, HELDER, of Whitehaven, unconsciously, unintentionally, but effectively filled the place of fond, appreciative father. No relative of AUSTEN's, right honourable or otherwise. Nothing to do with him, the Admiralty, or the Naval Works Bill. Sat as remote as possible from Treasury Bench; far below Gangway; almost under shadow of gallery. But being there, his plump hands folded over portly

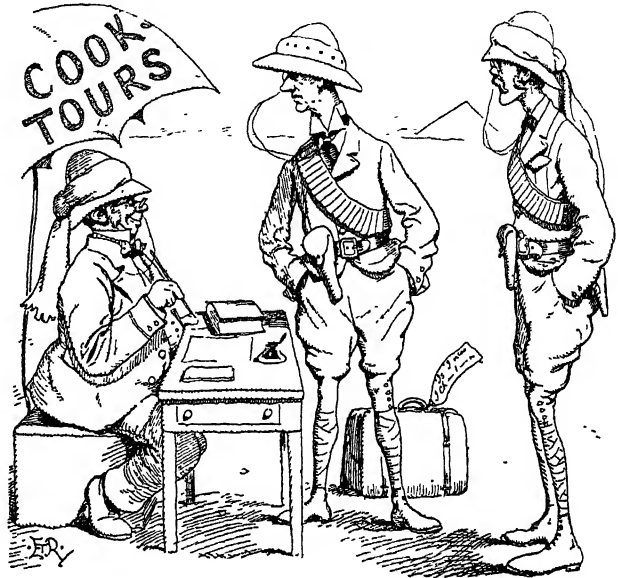
paunch, his face beaming with sublimation of domestic content, one couldn't help, somehow, associating him with the youth at the table, launched on a Ministerial career, or fail to recognise in his attitude and expression a sort of vicarious fatherhood to all that is deserving.

SARK tells me that in the early days of Mr. GULLY's Speakership, a time not free from anxiety, his greatest comfort, his most effective encouragement, came from this good man. In private life, he is head of firm of solicitors, with assuringly sonorous title. When Mr. GULLY, not dreaming of the Speaker's Chair, went circuit, Messrs. BROCKBANK, HELDER & Co. sent him briefs. When he came to the Chair, and seemed to need a little encouragement, it was the practice of the senior member of BROCKBANKS, casually as it were, to stroll down the House, his white waistcoat gleaming with benevolence. As he passed the Speaker's Chair, he nodded in confidential way to his old client, as who should say, "Cheer up, old man. The Court's with you. If it fails, there's BROCKBANK, HELDER & Co. behind." In moments of exceptional difficulty, he even winked as he strolled past the Chair.

Not having these early professional relations with the CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, he does not go that length. But as he sits there, looking straight before him with kindly, fatherly smile, the subtle influence of his presence suffuses the neighbourhood, and, stealing across the Gangway, gently, but effectively, sustains the unconscious *débutant*. *Business done.*—Quite a lot.

*Friday.*—Ministers supported to-night by rattling majority in resolve to dare again the dangers of the sad Soudan. DON JOSÉ's speech settled the matter. MORLEY, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, DILKE and others picture prospect in lurid colours. They recall experience of last expedition; count up its cost; show the utter emptiness of its gain. House uneasy; COURTNEY speaks and votes against his political friends; talk of further revolt in Ministerial camp. Then DON JOSÉ steps to front, and puts the whole matter right. Pooh-poohs apprehension. No danger, and if any money-cost, Egypt will bear it. All that is intended is, Egyptian troops will go for-

ward from Wady Halfa as far as Akasheh, a railway following the to make things comfortable. If they find no Dervishes about, may even steal on to Dongola. If Dervishes in dangerous force, will come back by first train.



*Cook's Agent in Egypt.* "How far will you go, Gentlemen?"  
*Joey.* "Oh, as far as ever we can go for the money—until it gets too hot for us!"

At this picture of glorious war House gave sigh of relief; crowded into division lobby, pouring through at other end in mad race for early morning cabs. *Business done.*—New Soudan war approved by 288 votes against 145

### "DRAWING" PICTURES.

APART from the excellent "second edition" of the grand ballet, *Faust*, from the SCHÄFFERS, from *La Danse*, and from the songs of the riquante Mlle. JUNIORI, the "Cinematographe pictures" are sufficient of themselves to attract all London to the entertainment now being given to exceptionally crowded houses at the Empire. The lifelike representation of such scenes as the arrival of the train, "the plungers," the gardener with the hose, and Monsieur, Madame et Bébé at breakfast, is simply marvellous. The final one of Monsieur TREWEY himself doing the serpentine trick with a piece of white riband, though perhaps the most difficult of all to reproduce, appears to be simplicity itself in comparison with the "arrival of the train" and "the bathing scene." Is it not within the range of practicability to reproduce effects in the House of Commons, or "Mr. G." being received at a railway station? Only the exact portraiture of the lineaments of well-known public characters is required to add fresh interest, from time to time, to one of the most remarkable exhibitions that ever delighted the public. Theatrical managers might possibly be averse to scenes from their plays being thus represented; and yet, if considered as advertisement, they might not, for a consideration, object. In time, when the invention is perfected, the living and moving pictures will, no doubt, be presented on a still larger scale, features will be more distinct, and the quivering effect will entirely disappear. That is in the not very distant future; but at present these "TREWEY-TO-NATURE PICTURES" are, and will long continue to be, a principal attraction at the Empire. But cannot somebody invent a short word—a kind of telegraphic equivalent—for "Cinematographe"? A rautical series might have been called "Trewey Bluey." Why not the "Cité" or "Cinny pictures"?

### New Lamps for Old.

"This smells too strongly of the lamp!"  
 Men said when, by the midnight moon,  
 Wit toiled in Grub Street garrets damp.  
 Now when fine ladies fiction vamp,  
 And problem-playwrights slop and scamp,  
 It smells too strongly of—lampoon!

A SLOW THOROUGHFARE BELYING ITS NAME IN A MATTER OF WIDENING.—Fleet Street.





### UNANSWERABLE.

*Young Hopeful.* "SHAMEFULLY IGNORANT"? OF COURSE I'M IGNORANT, FATHER. BUT THEN, WHY DID YOU SEND ME TO A PUBLIC SCHOOL? I ALWAYS LOOK UPON A FELLOW WHO'S LEARN'T ANYTHING AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL AS A SELF-EDUCATED MAN!"

### SOMETHING LIKE A BANK HOLIDAY.

(Fragment from the Prophetic Account of a Pessimist Reporter.)

"WHAT is the matter with you, my man?"

The volunteer was too tired to speak. He fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. He had been on his feet for about sixteen hours. He had marched through mud and ploughed land, and over stony roads, and was thoroughly done up. So the doctor turned to the second patient, who had been carried into his consulting-room.

"You look weary, my good woman?"

"So would you be," was the angry reply, "if you had passed through all I have. Up at five in the morning, then shake, shake, shake for six hours at a stretch—in the railway. Then an hour's dawdle in a place we did not know; and then shake, shake, shake for another long spell home again."

"You went by the excursion?"

"Can't you see we did? But don't stand dawdling there, but do your best to save the lives of the children."

The doctor passed a number more in the same plight, and then came to a person of greater intelligence than the rest.

"And you, too, want my assistance?"

"Well, yes. You see, I believed that if I could get a perfect change from my hard work in the office for one whole day I should be set up until midsummer. But I am afraid, like everyone else, I have overdone it."

"Extremes meet—in the doctor's consulting-room," observed the medical man, drily. "If you overdo everything—soldiering, touring, walking—what can you expect? Nature is nature, and objects to tricks. But you may as well tell me the cause of all this."

Then said the strongest of the sufferers, "Please, we have been enjoying the Bank holiday."

"Thought as much," muttered the medico. "St. Lubbock may be the patron of the great middle class, but he is equally the benefactor of the disciples of Esculapius!"

### ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

#### THE JOYS OF A BOAT-RACE.

IN the *Badminton Magazine* for this present month of April I note specially an article, by Mr. C. M. PITMAN, bearing the above title. It is a spirited and graphic piece of writing, and I heartily congratulate this gallant young oarsman on his first contribution to monthly literature. Great Heaven! how the months slip away and leave no sign. It seems but yesterday that Mr. PITMAN was stroking the Oxford eight as a freshman recently imported from Eton. How brilliantly he took them along, with how cool a head and with what excellent judgment did he stall off the spurts in the rival crew until he finally brought his merry men safely past the "Ship" at Mortlake, winners by nearly three lengths. All that seems to me, pondering these matters, to have happened but yesterday; yet four years have sped upon their way, and three times more since then did Mr. PITMAN row in a victorious crew. Now he, too, has gone down (as they say both at Oxford and at Cambridge); the quads of his college know him no more, and probably, since oarsmen tend to the law, he is acquiring an intimate knowledge of procedure, of statements of claim and of defence, of interrogatories, and of the rule in *Shelley's Case*, in musty chambers either of the Temple or of Lincoln's Inn. In the dim future I behold him, a grave and reverend Judge of the Supreme Court, presiding with reminiscent dignity and increased weight at a boat-race dinner.

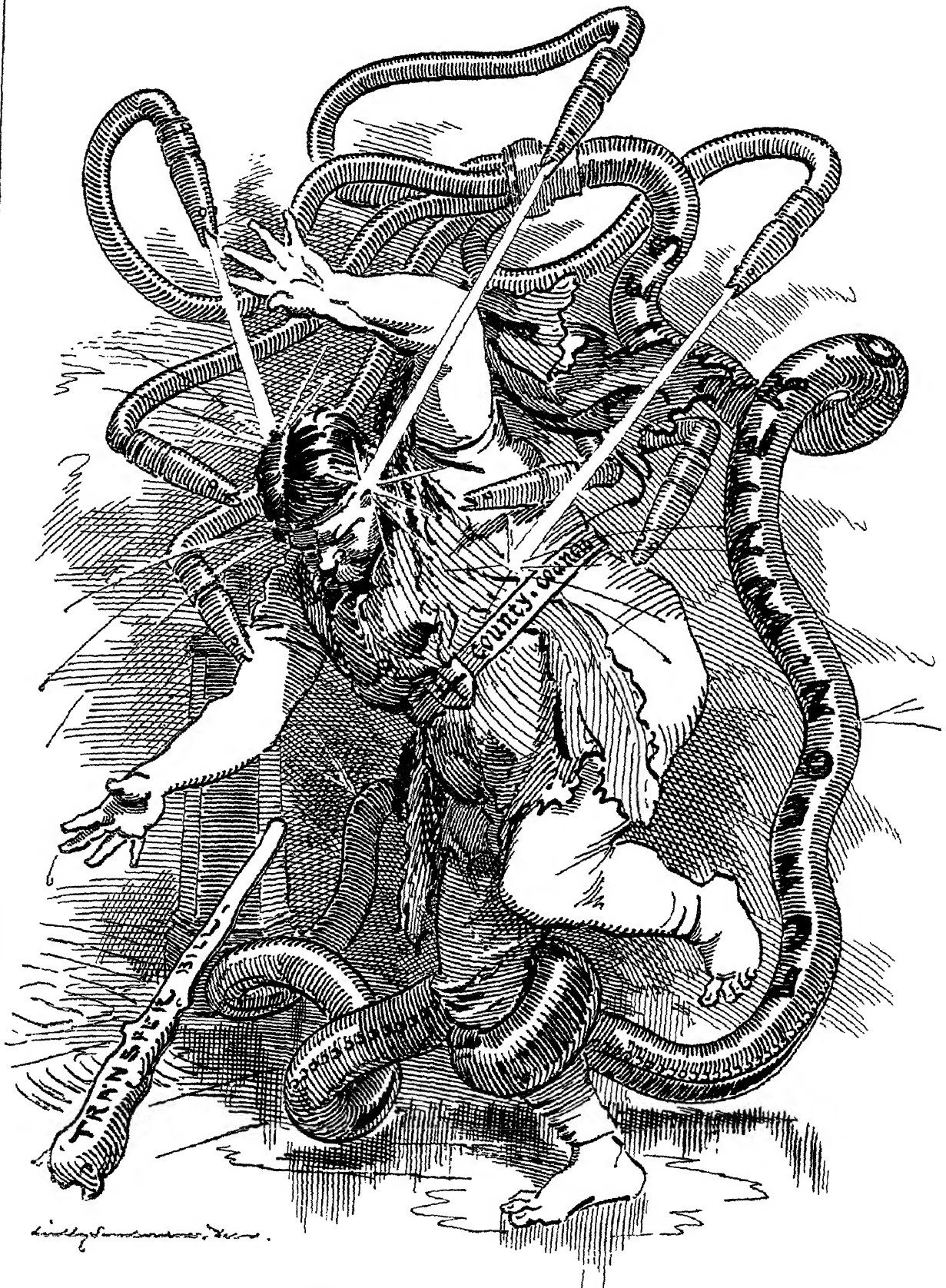
MR. PITMAN describes no particular race. He gives an account of the symptoms that afflict the mind of an oarsman engaged in a race. Vivid to an almost painful degree is his description of the nervous and disjointed conversation of a crew at their last meal before the race, of the aimless questions, the irrelevant answers, and the general assumption of an airy unconcern (it deceives nobody) that mark every member of the crew. This is the state of mind known to University athletes as "needle." Those who have been through a similar experience will be the first to testify to the accuracy of the picture.

It is at such a time that men decide that there is no pleasure in rowing, and that no power on earth shall ever induce them to take a seat in a boat again. Everything seems to have gone wrong; the world seems to be in a conspiracy against them. What does the crowd mean by smiling and talking and chaffing? How dare men and women gather with casual carelessness to witness the terrible struggle that is about to take place—a struggle so important to those who take part in it that they cannot tear their thoughts away from it for a single moment? These are some of the questions that chase one another through an oarsman's mind. And there are others. Will he be able to last out the whole course? Is it not possible that he may collapse utterly when half way over the course, and offer a shocking spectacle to the assembled thousands? What if he should catch a crab, or if his oar should break, or if the coxswain should steer them crashing into a pleasure-boat, or if some one should put his foot through the frail skin of the racing boat, and cause her to sink? And so in a sort of dream he dons his shorts, his zephyr and his shoes, helps to carry the boat down to the water, and mechanically takes his accustomed place. Almost before he realises what has happened, the crew are at the stake-boat, the umpire has fired his pistol, and the race has started.

No needle afflicts him now: dismal thoughts and nervousness have vanished as if by the touch of a magician's wand, and all his powers, bodily and mental, are concentrated on his work. Last? Why, he feels he could last till the crack of doom. How it inspires a man to have the other crew alongside, to know they are worthy opponents, but yet mortal, men not to be daunted by a single spurt, or broken up by one or two rolls, but liable notwithstanding to lose their winds and to fall behind. How the boat springs to each stroke; Jupiter! what a fearful roll that was; how thin and distant sound the eldritch shrieks of the coxswain; No. 5 in the other crew has got his slide stuck—splendid!—how curious that pale man on a moored steamer looked in a green tie. Oh, oh, stroke is quickening—yes, the crew pick it up with him—glorious!—but I can follow the race no farther, for as I write a needle pierces me, and I feel as nervous as though I saw the whole stress and struggle raging before my eyes.

AND the memories of delightful friendships, of toil endured together, of victories gloriously celebrated, of defeats manfully endured, of the little troubles that diversified the monotony of training, the nicknames of each member of the crew, their little foibles, their sturdy, honest disbelief in their rivals, their gallant and unquenchable belief in themselves—all these are to the man who has rowed in a race a possession for ever. Of this no length of years can rob him; and as he meets his old companions, and fights his old races over again, he will declare to himself that if he had his life to live once more he would be a rowing man rather than anything else. That is the conclusion to which Mr. PITMAN's article has brought me. Those who wish to know what it means to race should read it for themselves.

ANNOYING PROBLEM FOR FRANCE AND RUSSIA.—The *caisse* of Egypt.



HERCULES AND THE HYDRANT.

## "Tom Brown."

[Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C., author of the inimitable *Tom Brown's School-days*, died on Sunday, March 22, 1896.]

AIR—"John Brown."

MAN's delight and boyhood's friend,  
Is your life-course at an end?

Troops of boys join Mr. Punch in deep  
regret, "TOM BROWN."

With more or less of truth,  
Age has written about youth,  
But no man has measured boyhood better  
yet, "TOM BROWN."

We remember well the joy  
We derived from that "Old Boy,"  
Large of heart, and full of simple honest  
pluck, "TOM BROWN,"

Whose tale of fun and fist,  
Had a charm none could resist;  
Who in boyhood to peruse it had the  
luck, "TOM BROWN."

As a student of boys' ways,  
And of glad scholastic days,  
You finished easy first, whos'er came  
next, "TOM BROWN."

All was honour, courage, health,  
In your youthful Commonwealth,  
By shirk, and sneak, and sucker all un-  
vert, "TOM BROWN."

'Tis a picture waking pride,  
That of school-life's sunny side,  
And all England loves your typic English  
lad, "TOM BROWN."

And for many and many a year,  
To "Our Boys" you will be dear,  
Whilst grown men will read your story,  
and feel glad, "TOM BROWN"!

### A ROMANCE OF THE RIVER.

Edwin. "What colours shall you wear at the boat-race, Miss Angelina?"

Angelina (uncertain as to Edwin's University). "Need you ask? True blue, of course!"

Edwin (who received his education at Durham University, enthusiastically clasping Angelina in his arms). "Darling! I felt certain that you would heap coals of fire on my head for asking such a question."

[But, as a matter of fact, he heaped the coals on hers when the time came for settlements, being a large pit proprietor.]

### The Bare Idea.

MR. GLEDSTONE, of Streatham, says England won't beat

The Scotch till, at football, they play with bare feet!

Fancy champion cups won, not strength, pluck and skill by,

But by every footballer becoming a "Trilby"! Ah! poor Mrs. GRUNDY! The notion must shock her.

(N.B. A new name for this game: "The no-Socker"!)

NOTE ON NOTES.—At the Opera Comique. Some charming music in Professor VILLIERS STANFORD's opera, libretto by Mr. G. H. JESSOP. Specially note "*When I was Young*," capably sung and acted by Mr. JOSEPH O'MARA, and the duet which he has with Mr. STEPHENS as a "heavy" of the British Army.

NOMEN FELIX.—Why any objection to the appointment of Dr. RICHARD BRAYN as Medical Superintendent of Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum? BRAYN, if powerful and acting rightly, is exactly what is wanting at such a place.



First Genius to Second Genius. "WHY ON EARTH DO YOU DO YOUR HAIR IN THAT ABSURD FASHION, SMITH?"

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

#### THE GOLFING NOVICE TO THE FAIR EXPERT.

I HAVE done, as you wished, dearest heart,  
And have driven a ball from the "tee."  
How I "sliced" and I "pulled" at the start!  
And my "topping" was awful to see!  
Then the "globe" I repeatedly missed,  
And I "foczed" my "iron's approach,"  
While the way I mismanaged my wrist  
Brought the tears to the eyes of my "coach."  
When I brought off a "putt" how they  
chaffed!  
And called it a "gobble" or "steal."  
And how they unfeelingly laughed  
When I had with a "stymie" to deal!  
True, a club is a creature of grace,  
But a strange anatomical whole,  
For combined with its "head," "neck," and  
"face," "sole"!  
Are its "heel," and its "toe," and its

Many "rubs of the green" were my lot  
(Thus I wounded a goose and a boy),  
And o'er "bunkers" and "hazards" my  
shot

Was, alas! not a thing full of joy!  
Then "bad lies" often hindered the "run,"  
And the "niblick" was called in request.  
But e'en science is balanced by fun,  
So I went on with ignorant zest!

What a "divot" I cut from the grass  
When I made an attempt with a "spoon"!  
Oh, I felt such a thorough-paced ass  
As it rose like a verdant balloon!  
Yet I got round the links, love, at last—  
I won't trouble you now with the score—  
But to golfing I mean to hold fast,  
And in "singles" we'll often cry "Fore!"

CAUSE WITHOUT EFFECT.—An action resulting in a farthing's damages.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. VIII.

*How Mr. Jabberjee delivered an Oration at a Ladies' Debating Club.*

MISS SPINK (whom I have mentioned *supra* as a feminine inmate of Porticobello House) is in *additum* a member of a Debating Female Society, which assembles once a week in various private Westbourne Grove parlours, for argumentative intercourse.

So, she expressing an anxious desire that I should attend one of these conclaves, I consented, on ascertaining that I should be afforded the opportunity of parading the gab with which I have been gifted in an extemporised allocution.

On the appointed evening I directed my steps, under the guidance of the said Miss SPINK, to a certain imposing stucco residence hard by, wherein were an assortment of female women conversing with vivacious garrulity, in a delicious atmosphere of tea, coffee, and buttered bread.

After having partaken freely of these comestibles, we made the adjournment to a luxuriously upholstered parlour, circled with plush-seated chairs and adorned with countless mirrors, and there we began to beg the question at issue, to-wit, "To what extent has Ibsen (if any) contributed towards the Cause of Female Emancipation?" which was opened by a weedy, tall male gentleman, with a lofty and a shining forehead, and round, owlish spectacle-glasses. He read a very voluminous paper, from which I learnt that IBSEN was the writer of innumerable new-fangled dramas of very problematical intentions, exposing the hollow conventionalisms of all established social usages, especially in the matrimonial department.

When he had ceased there was a universal and unanimous silence, due to uncontrollable female bashfulness, for the duration of several minutes, until the chairwoman exhorted someone to have the courage of her opinions. And the ice being once fractured, one Amurath succeeded another in disjointed commentaries, plucking crows in the teeth of the assertions of the Hon'ble Opener and of their precursors, and resumed their seats with abrupt precipitancy, stating that they had no further remarks to make.

Then ensued another interim of golden "Silence and slow Time," as Poet KEATS says, which was as if to become Sempiternity, had not I, rushing in where the angels were in fear of slipping up, caught the Speaker in the eye, and tipped the wink of my *cacothites loquendi*.

To prevent disappointment, I shall report my harangue with verbose accuracy.

*Myself (assuming a perpendicular attitude, inserting one hand among my vest buttons, and waving the other with a graceful affability).*

"HON'BLE MISS CHAIRWOMAN, MADAMS, MISSES, AND HON'BLE MISTER OPENER, the humble individual now palpitating on his limbs before you is a denizen from a land whose benighted, ignorant inhabitants are accustomed to treat the females of their species as small fry and fiddle faddle. Yes, Madams and Misses, in India the woman is forbidden to eat except in the severest solitude, and after her lord and master has surfeited his pangs of hunger; she may not make the briefest outdoor excursion without permission, and then solely in a covered palkee, or the hermetically sealed interior of a blinded carriage. (*Cries of 'Shame.'*) In the Zenana, she is restricted to the occupation of puerile gossipings, or listening to apocryphal fairy tales of so scandalising an impropriety that I shrink to pollute my ears by the repetition even of the tit-bits. (*Subdued groans.*)

"Such being the case, you can imagine the astonishment and gratification I have experienced here this evening at the intelligence and forwardness manifested by so many effeminate intellects. (*A flattered rustle and prolonged smirking.*)

"The late respectable Dr. BEN JOHNSON, gifted author of *Boswell's Biography* (*applause*), once rather humorously remarked, on witnessing a nautch performed by canine quadrupeds, that—although their choreographical abilities were of but a mediocre nature—the wonderment was that they should be capable at all to execute such a hind-legged feat and *tour de force*.

"Similarly, it is to me a gaping marvel that womanish tongues should hold forth upon subjects which are naturally far outside the radius of their comprehensions.



"A weedy, tall male gentleman."

"The subject for our discursiveness to-night is, 'To what extent has Ibsen contributed to the Cause (if any) of Female Emancipation?' and being a total ignoramus up to date of the sheer existence of said hon'ble gentleman, I shall abstain from scratching my head over so Sphinxian a conundrum, and confine myself to knuckling to the obiter dictum of sundry lady speakers.

"There was a stout full-blown matron, with grey curl-shavings and a bonnet and plumage, who declaimed her opinionated conviction that it was degrading and *infra dig.* for any woman to be treated as a doll. (*Hear, hear.*) Well, I would hatch the questionable egg of a doubt whether any rationalistic masculine could regard the speaker herself in a dollish aspect, and will assure her that in my fatherland every cultivated native gentleman would approach her with the cold shoulder of apprehensive respectfulness. (*The bonneted matron becomes ruddier than the cherry with complacency, and fans herself vigorously.*)

"Next I shall deal with the tall, meagre female near the fire-hearth, in abbreviated hair and a nose-pinch, who set up the claim that her sex were in all essentials the equals, if not the superiors, of man. Now, without any garish of words, I will proceed baldly to enumerate various important physical differentiations which— (*Intervention by Hon'ble Chairwoman, reminding me that these were not in dispute.*) I bow to correction, and kiss the rod by summing up the gist of my argument, viz., that it is nonsensical idioty to suppose that a woman can be the equivalent of a man either in intellectual gripe, in bodily robustiousness, or in physical courage. Of the last, I shall afford an unanswerable proof from my own person. It is notorious, *urbi et orbi*, that every feminine person will flee in panicky dismay from the approach of the smallest mouse.

"I am a Bengali, and, as such, profusely endowed with the fugacious instinct, and yet, shall I quake in appalling consternation if a mouse is to invade my vicinity?

"Certainly I shall not; and why? Because, though not racially a temerarious, I nevertheless appertain to the masculine sex, and consequently my heart is not capable of contracting at the mere aspect of a rodent. This is not to blow the triumphant trumpet of sexual superiority, but to prove a simple undenied fact by dint of an *a fortiori*.

"Having pulverised my pinched-nose predecessor, I pass on to a speaker of a very very opposite personality—the well-proportioned, beauteous maiden with azure starry eyes, gilded hair, and teeth like the seeds of a pomegranate (*oh, si sic omnes!*), who vaunted, in the musical accents of a cuckoo, her right to work out her own life, independently of masculine companionship or assistance, and declared that the saccharine element of courtship and connubiality was but the exploded mask of man's tyrannical selfishness.

"Had such shocking sentiments been aired by some of the other lady orators in this room, I must facetiously have recalled them to a certain fabular fox which criticised the unattainable grapes as too immature to merit mastication; but the particular speaker cannot justly be said to be on all fours with such an animal. Understand, please, I am no prejudiced, narrow-minded chap. I would freely and generously permit plainfaced, antiquated, unmarried madams and misses to undertake the manufacture of their own careers *ad nauseam*; but when I behold a maiden of such excessive pulchritude— (*Second intervention by Hon'ble Chairwoman, desiring me to abstain from personal references.*) I assure the Hon'ble Miss CHAIRWOMAN that I was not alluding to herself, but since she has spoken in my wheel with such severity, I will conclude with my peroration on the subject for debate, namely, the theatrical dramas of Hon'ble IBSEN. When, Madams and Misses, I make the odious comparison of these works, with which I am completely unacquainted, to the productions of Poet SHAKESPEARE, where I may boast the familiarity that is a breeder of contempt, I find that, in *Hamlet's* own words, it is the 'Criterion of a Satire,' and I shall assert the unalterable *a priori* of my belief that the melodious Swan of Stony Stratford, whether judged by his longitude, his versical blankness, or the profundity of his attainments in Chronology, Theology, Phrenology, Palmistry, Metallurgy, Zoography, Nosology, Chiropody, or the Musical Glasses, has outnumbered every subsequent contemporary and succumbed them all!"

With this, I sat down, leaving my audience as *sotto voce* as fishes with admiration and amazement at the facundity of my eloquence,



and should indubitably have been the recipient of innumerable felicitations but for the fact that Miss SPINK, suddenly experiencing sensations of insalubriousness, requested me, without delay, to conduct her from the assemblage.

I would willingly make a repetition of my visit and rhetorical triumphs, only Miss SPINK informs me that she has recently terminated her membership with the above society.

### ALL ROUND HER HAT.

(Very New Version of an old "Vitechapel" Ballad, discovered in the Pit of an East-End Theatre.) AIR—"All round my Hat."

Chorus:—

ALL round her hatshe wears all Covent Garding,  
All round her hat, wich it is a precious way,  
If anyone should axe her the reason why she  
wears it,  
She'd tell him—well a somethink as I'd  
rather not say.



'Twas going to my place in the pit that I did  
meet her,

Oh! I thought she was a monster ba-loon  
dropped down from the sky.

And I never see a tile more neater nor completer,

As had primroses and poppies piled wot coaters call "up-igh."

Oh, the donah she was tall, and her hat was of that kind, too,  
And cruel was the way it did hintercept my eye

From a twiggung of the play, as in course I was inclined to,  
But I couldn't dodge that market-cart of hat, not any wy.

For three mortal hours I dodged, and squirmed, and started,

For three long mortal hours, as in course I had to stay.

Bad luck to the chap, most merlicious and black-hearted,

As invented lydies' hats like a blessed stack of hay.

There is some young women as is so precious bumpious,

They want four times as much free room as that for wot they pay.

I sez "Can't see a bit o' that play, as I am told is scurmption,

Along o' that confounded hat a-bobbin' in my way."

Oh, she guv me such a rattlesnake look out of her eyes, I started!

She sez, sez she, "I ain't no statue, and hats is wore this way!"

I was awful sorry that my two bob for a seat in that pit I'd parted;

And while these haystack-hats is wore, not another half-dollar

I'll pay!

Chorus:—

All round my hat I wears a green willow,

All round my hat, in a weeping sort o' way,

And if anyone should axe me the reason why I wears it,

'Tis cos o' that Tower o' Babel Hat as bilked me of that play!

### CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Since my escapade at the Eldorado Theatre of Varieties I have lived the existence of a nun. Quite otherwise has been the conduct of Papa. Every night does he sally forth to his club, and returns like a genuine Member of Parliament in the small, wee hours. "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait," I overheard him exclaim yesterday morning, as he hurled his very tight, varnished boots at the wall opposite to his bedroom door. I know nothing of the capabilities of jeunesse, but I am well aware that vieillesse knocked about half a yard of paper off the opposition to his strength.

These reflections on my sire are chiefly caused by his extraordinary behaviour on the anniversary of St. Patrick's day. Long as I have known my parent, and he is a man to be remembered, I have never seen him so pertinaciously pregnant with perverseness. He came down to breakfast decorated with an enormous bunch of herbs, which I at first imagined to be parsley—*sans monocle je suis aveugle*—then clover, and finally discovered was a root of shamrock. "This is a great day indeed, me darlint," he exclaimed, as he tossed off his *café au lait* (this self-combined mixture is the invention of an ingenious foreigner, whose advertisement you will find on the sixth page of the *Tea-Toppers Gazette*).

Still preserving that romantic brogue, which is concomitant, and necessary to the production of such plays as *Arrah-na-pogue*, *The Colleen Bawn*, and, in these latter days, to a musical stew called *Shamus O'Brien*, he invited me to accompany him to an aristocratic assembly at Londonderry House, "where, bedad, my girl, you'll find the finest gurls in all London doin' their mighty best for the distrestful country." It is, perhaps, needless to say, *mamie*, that I overlooked his disfiguration of speech, and made ready to go

with him to the noble mansion in question. The *mise en scène* was as perfect as the union of hearts. A duchess made no more scruple of exhibiting her homespun than did a Nationalist lady of urging the unrivalled quality of her linen. "Begorra!" cried my dad, still in his shamrock disguise, "this a great day for Ould Oireland!"

For my part, I was busily employed, with ready pencil noting the exquisite *coiffures* which so constantly prevented my view of the stalls. Picture, ETHELINDA, a broad hat of black velvet relieved by *cerise* plumes, which would effectually block the view of any stage in Christendom; imagine a sweet retiring *chapeau de paille* drooping as the weeping willow, from which depended garlands of roses, nasturtiums, jonquils, and azaleas, treasure and keep in mind the freshness of a *toque* formed of hare's ears, with the "brush" of a fox *en évidence*, and the *chic* of a combination of sarsaparilla leaves and strawberries. And the dresses? Darling, they were there, but unseen. The cold, drizzling weather had laid its stern hand on the extraordinary display, which might reasonably have been expected. But *la belle dame sans merci* (how I love KEATS!) had requisitioned every animal from the beaver to the mole, from the bear to the Arctic fox, which fur will, of course, become very reasonable when Dr. Nansen returns to civilization. I was really quite overcome by the spectacle. Papa was so overjoyed with the reception with which he met that he disappeared, and did not come home till Wednesday afternoon, when I found a pair of skates, marked "National Skating Palace," in his overcoat pocket. He says that he subsequently attended a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society.

Try this "pick-me-up." Rub an ounce of ground ginger on three pounded capsicums, add half-an-ounce of Cayenne pepper, season with pure Cognac (I have the address of the *best* providers), and qualify with a gill of peppermint. Papa declares that he has never been the same man since he consumed this potion, and his experience is vast. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

### THE HYDE PARK THEATRE.

(Advance Sheets of an Article ripe for use in 1898.)

It was scarcely to be supposed that after Mr. RICHARDS, M.P., had received for an answer to his question in March, 1896, anent the legality of dramatic sketches in Hyde Park on the first day of the week, a reply in the affirmative, that matters would be allowed to remain *in statu quo*. As all the world knows, the movement once recognised as lawful became the rage, and extended from the perambulating player of the streets to the regular actor of the recognised West-end house. This being so, one of our interviewers thought it his duty to call upon a representative of the theatres to ascertain the views of the profession upon a matter of so much importance.

"Personally, I have no objection to *ad fresco* performances," said the Representative; "although I believe that finer effects may be obtained in the play-house than in the Park."

"Will you kindly make your meaning plainer?"

"Well, you see light and shade can be more distinctly marked in an enclosure than in the open air. The actor under cover has the benefit of the electric light, which can be turned on or off; in the open he must rely solely on the sun in the day and on the moon by night."

"But in a realistic drama, would not a shower of natural rain be of considerable advantage?"

"Certainly, if it could be timed so as to fall at the proper cue; but in our changeable climate such an arrangement is difficult of accomplishment."

"And what sort of an entertainment should be provided for the Park promenaders?"

"It depends upon the hour. When the taverns are closed light comedy and burlesques would probably be the most popular fare. When 6 P.M. was reached, and BUNE resumed his business, then tragedy might be attempted."

"Then you consider tragedy thirst-producing?"

"I believe that is a fact resting upon reliable statistics," returned the Representative.

"One more question," said the Interviewer. "How do you think the Park can be supplied from—"

"From our own boards?" put in the Representative. "Why, that is easy enough—you see the theatres are closed on Sunday." And this reply made our Interviewer believe that there was something wrong somewhere in the arrangements of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.



THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.



## A JOB'S COMFORTER.

*Proud Father.* "YES, HE'S GOT HIS MOTHER'S EYES AND HIS MOTHER'S MOUTH; BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S TAKEN MY WORST FEATURE!"  
*Grandmamma (on the Mother's side).* "YES; AND UNFORTUNATELY HE'S PUT IT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FACE!"

## EXTRACT FROM A SPINSTER'S DIARY.

*Sunday, March 29, 1896.*—I have been in great anxiety all day, but I have caught the train. I was afraid of being just too late, but I am safe in my first-class carriage bound for the north. The guard has promised that I shall be undisturbed until my arrival. He seemed surprised that I had no luggage, and I dare say fancied that my journey was more or less connected with a visit to Gretna Green. I am quite sure that I look quite a young thing, although, as a matter of fact, I am of full age, and consequently independent of parents and guardians. I admit as much as that, but my age is my affair, and the affair of no one else. Fortunately, I have some light literature, and consequently can pass the weary hours away. Let me see. Here is the *Prehistoric Review*. Capital article on "The New Woman."

Dear me, I must have been thinking for some little while with my eyes closed, and here are two perfect strangers in official costumes. Too bad of the guard, after the tip I gave him, to permit their admittance. They seem amiable old gentlemen, in spite of their cocked hats, swords, and epaulets.

"I am afraid I must trouble you to fill up this document," says the first, producing the very paper that caused me so much annoyance when I saw its fellow on the mantelpiece in my maiden aunt's drawing-room. "You see the 29th is the day, and it has to be filled up early the next morning, so that the collector may find it ready when called for."

"But," I replied, grasping the terrible situation, "this is not a dwelling-house, and you are not the head of the family!"

"For the purposes of the Act," explained the old gentleman, "everywhere is a dwelling-house; as I am a Scotchman, no doubt I am in some way related to you—as a cousin of some sort—and I am certainly the head of my family, as my younger brother here will tell you."

"Certainly," acquiesced the second old man.

"What do you want of me?" I asked, for I saw that further efforts to escape were useless. "I have done my best to avoid this, but the law has conquered."

"Not at all," answered the senior official, politely; "shall we say forty-five?"

I trembled with indignation. But I thought it best to be sure of my ground.

"Is there any penalty in choosing my own view of the necessity of telling the truth?"

"The nominal penalty is £5. But then you would have to pay the money in vain; for we are instructed, when we find that a false return has been made, to ascertain the truth, and correct it. At Somerset House all the information we require is ready to hand. Shall we say fifty-five?"

"Or fifty-six?" put in the other.

I was about to reply, when I lost all consciousness!

*Monday, April 30.*—I am so relieved! I had been dreaming! The guard—a very good man indeed, who has had a second half-crown in recognition of his services—called me when we arrived at the terminus. I had fallen asleep over the *Prehistoric Review*. And now for breakfast, and then "home, sweet home" by the next train. I am so pleased. *I have dodged the Census!*

Just returned to my dwelling. Have had all my trouble for nothing! No inquiry about age in the Census paper!

## To the "Radical Committee."

(And All whom it may Concern.)

"HOME Rule all Round" seems slightly "in the air"; First you must show—by votes—Home Rule "All Square." And, what seems strange, but true will yet be found, To "square" the voters, you must "bring them round."

**SERIOUS REPORT CONFIRMED!**—In answer to our inquiries at Scotland Yard we are informed that the report as to there being "divisions in the ranks of the police" is only too well founded.

THE CRY OF THE HOLIDAY-LOVING CLERK.—"Easterward Ho!"



## LEFT BEHIND !

OLD PARTY. "HERE! HI! STO-O-O O-OP! WHERE DO I COME IN?"

[“Considerable annoyance is felt, both at the Palace and at the Porte, that Turkey was not consulted in regard to the expedition.”  
*Reuter's Constantinople Correspondent, March 25.*]







### LOVE INDEED!

*Angelica.* "CLAUDE, DARLING, WHEN WE GET RICH, WE'LL BUY EACH OTHER'S PICTURES!"

### CABBY OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

#### NO. XV.—SHILLING CAB-FARES, FROM THE DRIVER'S POINT OF VIEW.

"[The London Cabman tried my patience long before his vehicle or his horse tried my nerves. I am free to confess that even now the prejudices that have sprung up in my mind against him, in consequence of his surliness and ill-disguised brutality, are stronger than is my fear of accidents.]"—*Mr. Albert D. Vandam on "The Delights of a Shilling Cab-fare," in The Sphinx.*

HOIGHTY-TOIGHTY! 'Ow tiffy and toffy 'e is, this 'ere gent with a name that is like a Dutch swear! It wouldn't pertikler "delight" me, I'm thinking, to 'ave 'im inside for a long shilling fare. It *would* be a long 'un, I'll bet my best 'at, for I'm fly to the stingy, "superior" sort, As are always a 'ugging theirselves on the thought that they're gents, and us chaps, as poor cads, out o' court.

It makes them "swell wisely," this 'ere hidea, till it seems as their tight-buttoned frock-coats would bust. What rare Great Panjandryums they are, to be sure; or, leastways, *would* be, if you take 'em on trust. They walks this poor earth like drum-majors or beadles, a-shooting their cuffs and a-cuddling their canes, They fancy they're Joves, and if brallies was thunderbolts, wouldn't they blast us, or bash out our brains?

'Owsomever, I'll keep on my 'air, if I can, though a-reading this article gives me the 'ump. 'E thinks we are all brutal bullies and grumblers. Ah! VANDAM, old man, that's a far bigger jump Than ever you'll see at the 'Varsity sports. There is Cabbies of all sorts,—and so there is fares. You pick out the surliest Jehus you know, and I'll pick out "gents" as 'll run 'em in pairs.

If you'd try just one week about town on the box of a Hansom or Growler, you'd know the "delights Of a shilling cab-fare" ain't confined to the "fare." Not to mention 'ard weather, cold days and wet nights, Long waits and lumbago, east wind and stiff joints, *we* 'ave got 'uman Nature to fight with as well; And though you may think that confined to us "Jehus," you'll see it crop up now and then in a swell.

You would, swelp me scissors! For surliness, stinginess, ah, and brutality, many a toff Would give BANDY BADGER a bit and a beating. Now BANDY's a brute, and a little bit off; 'Is temper, I own, is as catchy as teazles, 'is manners is bad, and 'is mind on the grab; But don't you emagine that temper and trickiness are to be found only *outside* a cab!

We ain't 'ot-'ouse flowers, nor yet Parian himages; I never yet knowed a Cabby with wings. But long tails and 'oofs ain't our regular wear, neither, Sir. Syrups, and saints, and such 'eavenly things, Might be just a bit out o' place on the box, in a jammed London street, with a Tartar hinside A-proddin' your ribs with a pinte humbreller, and letting 'is swear-words flow frequent and wide.

Hangels with whips is remarkable rare birds; but dittoes in broad-cloth or silk don't run free. Say you are 'ailed by a 'orty haw-hawer, as looks as if 'e 'eld all London in fee; Sniffs at you sidewise, and cusses your mare if she shifts half an inch, or gives just the least splash. "Park Lane, and drive like the dayvil!" 'e snaps; and you touch your old 'at and are off at full dash.

Keeps on a-firing at you through the trap all the way with remarks as establish a raw; Calls you a slug, and your 'orse a old crock, and runs lots o' big d's in the slack of 'is jaw; Looks at you out of 'is blue saucer eyes, as if you was a stray lump o' dirt on 'is nose, And chucks you a shilling for two-and-a-arf mile o' ground. You should washup *that* swell, I suppose.

Even us Cabbies are not made of putty, and sometimes, I own, would forfeit the fare To land just one domino on a swell's bekko that cocks at my sort with so scornful a hair. Mr. VANDAM talks of thrashing a Cabby, for being "impertinent" to a swell toff, As though 'twas as easy as writing about it, and 'e was cocksure 'ow the sorap would come off.

Well, well; gents are smart with their mawlies sometimes; but it isn't *that* sort as lead Cabby a life; It's the popinjay species, hinsulting and stingy, who, when they're fair tackled, shut up like a knife, *Unless there's a bobby close 'andy!* A 'iding's a good wholesome lesson to cads, 'igh or low. But when it's a question of fists and best man, it is not *always* hoddos on the fare, dontcherknow.

I once got well licked by a swell, and *deserved* it! That swell is a reglar with me to this day. But don't say poor Cabby is always to blame, for there's facts I could prove as go quite t'other way. "A bob and a cuss, eighteen pence and a grumble" Well, yes, there's too much o' that sort, I dessay; But before you can size up the Cabbies as growl, you 'ave got to take stock of the parties as pay.

Fair's fair, yes, but fare is *not* fair—not sometimes. Abuse, bullying, cheating are not all one side, And it's wonderful 'ow much "brutality" goes now and then with swell garments and hooceans of pride. A gent as is really a gent takes the cake, 'e's the pick o' the basket, if I'm any judge; But it isn't the cash or the cloth makes that sort, and the party as fancies they do fancies fudge.

Mr. V. runs us 'ard. Stillsomever, 'e's right to a pint. There are Cabbies who're bullies and bears. But, ah! let 'im try, for a twelvemonth or so, to rear morals and manners on short shilling fares. Cab-ranks ain't recruited from scholars and gents, nor saints don't drop their trumpets to 'andle a whip. I know "Shilling Cab-fares," p'raps better than him, so I 'ope he'll excuse me for giving the tip.



## SHOW SUNDAY.

Vandyke Browne. "PEACE MY DEAR LADY, PEACE AND REFINEMENT, THOSE ARE THE TWO ESSENTIALS IN AN ARTIST'S SURROUNDINGS."  
[Enter Master and Miss Browne. Tableau!]

## RULE, COLUMBIA!

(New Version of an old, but obsolete, piece of Patriotic "Blowing.")

[M. NICOL TESLA, the great electrician, in America, thinks it will soon be possible to dispense with telegraph wires, and transmit messages to any place on earth, or even the nearer planets, by the utilisation of "electric waves."]

AIR—"Rule, Britannia."

WHEN Yankeeedom, at heaven's command,  
Arose from out the Atlantic "wet,"  
This was the motto of that land:

"We'll lick creation, yes, you bet!"  
Rule Columbia! rule the (electric) waves!  
The elements themselves shall be thy slaves!

JOHN BULL, not half so smart as thee,  
Rules ocean's waves with trident-flail;  
But thou shalt bind the planets free,  
And catch wild comets by the tail.  
Rule Columbia, rule the (electric) waves!  
They're better, far, than mere black Nigger slaves!

THY MONROE Doctrine wide may reign,  
(Tis Heaven's own law, some swear, not thine!)

But now thou'lt sway beyond earth's main,  
To—wheresoe'er stars may shine!  
Rule, Columbia, rule the (electric) waves!  
(Think what a vile (in posts and wires) it saves!

## LITERARY SCRAPS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—As the representative of English Literature, allow me to address you. I wish to suggest to you that the novels and plays of to-day are far easier of construction than those written in the earlier years of the century. Nowadays something is left to the imagination. To make my meaning plainer, I will imagine that the careers of EDWIN and ANGELINA have become hopelessly involved. The first is married to someone else, and the second is betrothed to a person she hates. In the days of old the writer would have cleared off the superfluous wife and disposed of the unnecessary fiancé. But in 1896 such a task is superfluous. All that the novelist has to do is to set down something like the following:—

## CONCLUSION OF A MODERN NOVEL

"This is my wife," said EDWIN, at length. He was weary of continuing the deception. "And this is my fiancé," and ANGELINA turred red and white, and trembled. "It is a great mistake," he murmured; "a great mistake!"

"You are right," she replied, adopting a tone telling of anguish. "You are always right. And you were never so right as now." And then they both looked out of the window.

THE END.

Nothing further is needed. "They both looked out of the window" is quite enough.

The reader can supply the remainder at his or her discretion.

Then take the play. Thirty or forty years ago a "social problem," when introduced, had to be solved. Virtue had to be triumphant and vice vanquished in the final act. But nowadays this sort of ending is quite out of date. Suppose that two men are face to face prepared to fight a duel. The lady of both their loves is on the stage, and so is her guardian. Then the author may give the following:—

## END OF A MODERN PLAY.

Henry (fiercely). At last your hour is come! I will not set down my rapier until it has rid the world of a villain and a slave!

Mathew. As you will. I hurl back your defiance! [They fight for a few minutes, and then pause.

Young Lady (during the pause). How will it conclude?

Guardian. I wonder! [Curtain.

You will see, by the above examples, that the end of a novel or a play nowadays may be as simple as—well, say a modern reader. Yours abruptly,

ONE OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

Spanish Castle, Isle of Skye.

CON. BY A CYNIC.—Can the rather noisy "Independent Labour Party" really be the Party which desires to be independent of Labour?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

TOLD in the *Twilight* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) is a title likely to captivate all who expect from it a series of mysterious tales, quaint goblin-like legends, and blood-curdling ghost-stories. Verily, those who indulge in such anticipations are, on taking up ADELINE SERGEANT'S book, doomed to disappointment; but after being caught by the first story they probably will be led on to read "just one more," (a good title, by the way, not patented, or otherwise protected,) and not be contented until the last is reached and finished. During this course, the well-informed reader will probably have been struck by the close resemblance which, in many respects, Mr. ORLANDO BATEMAN, the organist in "Lady Ellenor's Romance," bears to *Svengali* of *Tribby* fame. "He was vividly pale, lean, not very tall, with a shock of black hair, and immense black eyes." "He looked so fierce and wild," and "when playing, he threw back the long, black hair that was apt to stray over his white forehead." Isn't this uncommonly like Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as *Svengali*? "I know that most people call him ugly: but they have not seen him at work." And *Lady Ellenor*, like *Tribby*, is *Svengalinised* by the aquiline nosed, glittering eyed musician. However, *Lady Ellenor* isn't a *Tribby*, and the enchanting organist is not a *Svengali*. All ends happily. These stories told in the twilight may be read in broad daylight, or, in fact, at any time, to

## FANCY PORTRAIT.



"OLD OOMPAULOPOMUS" AT HOME.

the delight of the reader and the profit of the authoress and publisher.

## DOLLARS AND SENSE;

Or, *The Doom of the Matinée Hat.*

[The Legislature of Ohio have just passed a law forbidding women to wear large hats at theatres.]

It may not in all things be worthy or wise,  
Our laws and our modes to Americanise;  
But here is a point on which thousands would thank  
Our M.P.'s for taking a tip from the Yank.  
For where's the male victim who ever hath sat,  
Unseeing, behind a hugh "*Matinée* hat."  
Who will not rejoice when our Government collars,  
For every such nuisance, a fine of ten dollars?  
(N.B. The poor managers' lives will be Hades!  
The fine *should* be paid by the selfish fine ladies.)  
A man might as well be as blind as a bat,  
As sit in the rear of a *Matinée* hat.  
And it makes an old theatre-goer to sigh, Oh!  
To think that his lot is not cast in Ohio.

## BUSINESS BEFORE EVERYTHING.

—Our "Friend in the City" hearing of the advance on Kassala, wishes to know if the property has been properly valued.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 23.*—Good deal of variety about House of Commons. This day last week benches crowded; interest intense; subject, new war in the Soudan. To-night benches moderately filled; no lack of speech-making; a smell of chopped straw through the House; a disposition amongst Borough Members to come down in gaiters and shooting coats; WALTER LONG, all alone on Treasury Bench, humming to himself the plaintive air, "*Go bring the Cattle Home.*"

Bill under discussion a modest measure branded Diseases of Animals Bill. Simply but effectually proposes that all Foreign and Colonial Cattle shall be slaughtered at port of entry. Liberals spy under its muffler the beard of Protection. Criticism not confined to Opposition benches. Several Members rise from Ministerial side and declare they will have none of it. New House has two Men from WHITELEY'S; one the Universal Provider sent on from Stockport; the other from Ashton-under-Lyme. It was the representative of the Ashton branch who spoke the other night on bi-metalism. Our Young Man from Stockport turned up to-night, interrupting WALTER LONG'S pretty song with protest against this measure. Never since, in almost forgotten play, WILSON BARRETT used to raise two lean arms to Heaven, and cry aloud, "How long? How long?" has there been seen anything so pathetic as the Stockport Man from WHITELEY'S lament over this Cattle Bill.

"Sir," he said, dropping a scalding tear almost on the unprotected head of the Minister for Agriculture, reclining on the Treasury Bench, "I regret that, having been elected to oppose Home Rule, I should be asked at this early period of the Session to support what I cannot help calling an English Land League."

Observe how, even in the torrential passion of the moment, this sentence is carefully shaded. If it had not been so early in the Session it wouldn't have been so bad. In July a cup, however bitter its contents, might be drained, which, proffered in March, is fatal. Then there is the apologetic introduction of the scathing reference to an English Land League. "I cannot help calling it" an English

Land League, said Our Stockport Representative, slightly turning aside his head to hide his emotion, a movement which, accidentally altering the course of the falling tear, averted a catastrophe WALTER LONG would have felt more acutely than most men of his age.

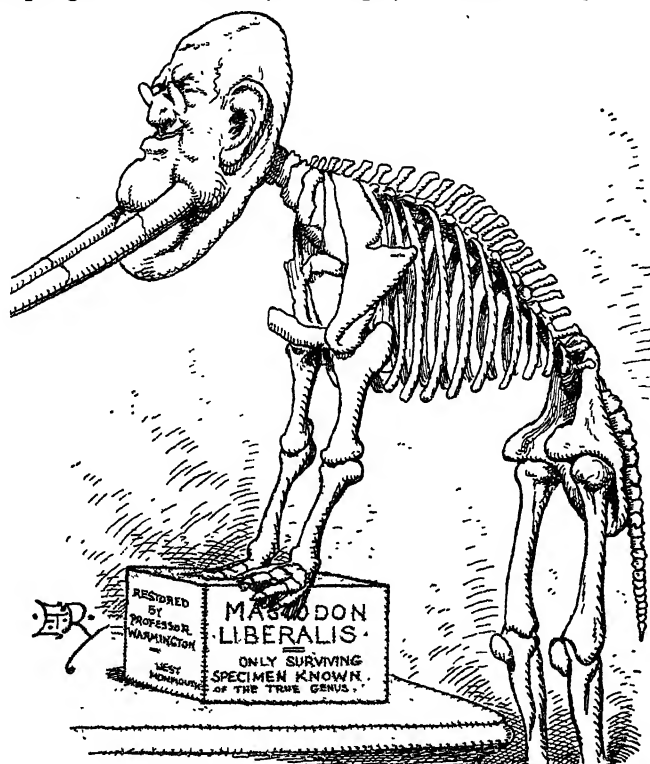
After this desperate attack from the Opposition benches, with answering signs of revolt from besieged camp, a little surprising to find that the malcontents mustered only 95, leaving Ministers in a majority of 149.

*Business done.*—Diseases of Animals Bill read second time.

*Tuesday.*—"The longer I live, dear TOBY," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD just now as we strolled through the division lobby on the London Water Bills question, "the more I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted. In the political world I am becoming a sort of mastodon of Liberalism. If, when I finally answer the cry 'Who goes home?' they would promise not to put a statue of me in the central lobby, I wouldn't mind bequeathing my skeleton to the Natural History Museum. With a suitable label, it might prove of interest, and would serve as a lesson, to coming generations. Every day questions crop up which show what chasms have been riven in the political world within the last dozen years. Here, for example, is this proposal of the London County Council to take over the Water System of the Metropolis. Sixteen years ago the question was before a committee of the House of Commons, of which I was Chairman, with DON JOSÉ as faithful henchman. Hard work to hold him in in those days, when there was a Tory fence or ditch to be taken. Perhaps, if he had one passion stronger than another, it was for the unfettered action of municipal authority over all matters affecting the ratepayers. After sixteen years the question comes up again. DON JOSÉ and I walk apart. A fathomless river flows between. I am here still, fighting for the old principles of 1880. DON JOSÉ is on the other bank, eligible quarters laid out as villas for the gentlemen of England, and the London ratepayers will be the poorer by, some say, twenty millions, the lowest estimate putting it down at five.

"This only an episode in a long tragedy, a chapter in an interminable history. JOKIM and HARTINGTON are also on the other side of the river. But that is a matter for small surprise compared with

Don José's somersault. We confront each other at every turn of events. One gets used to it, as beneficent Nature in time blunts all sharp edges. But sometimes, as to-night, the state of things is



Unique Specimen from Natural History Museum.

brought home with peremptory force, and one feels a little lonely treading the old familiar paths."

*Business done.*—London County Council's proposal to acquire waterworks thrown out by 287 votes against 125.

*Wednesday.*—Our British life and habits so monotonous in manner, so sombre in colour, variation from the commonplace is ever acceptable. Thus House to-day delighted to see CUTHBERT QUILTER and KENYON-SLANEY rolling in the vat. For more perfect *vraisemblance* QUILTER had donned smock, with big hat and boots, usually worn by brewers' draymen. That nothing should be lacking, had learned off an oath or two. SERGEANT-AT-ARMS drew the line at that. Wasn't certain at first about the vat; but remembered how, in earlier Parliament, petitions on some burning question been brought in in bales, packed below Gangway, so that Members could not see each other across the pile. Suggested that Member addressing House should scramble on top and thence deliver his speech.

If that might be, why shouldn't QUILTER carry out his brilliant idea of packing his petitions in favour of pure beer in a hoghead, label it "QUILTER'S Entire," and get KENYON-SLANEY (who will do anything if promised an opportunity of making a speech) to help him roll it in? So it was done.

SARK tells me that when Mr. G. went out to the opening of the Baltic Canal, QUILTER was one of DON CURRIE's guests. A Copenhagen paper, printing list of the company, mentioned among the nobility and gentry, "Sir CUTHBERT QUIETS," meaning the Member for Sudbury. Sir CUTHBERT by no means Quiets to-day. This his great opportunity, and he rose to it. Began at earliest moment. As soon as vat was trundled into position, leaned his elbow on it, crossed one leg, and began to discourse about the contents. Six hundred yards long was the petition; 26,000 signatures it bore; £70 had been subscribed—what for nobody knows. SPEAKER interfered; couldn't have speech at this juncture.

Sir CUTHBERT stood on another leg, and began again. Everybody had signed the petition, from the bishop on his throne down to—

"Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER, sternly.

Sir CUTHBERT once more changed his position, and continued. Inhabitants of West Suffolk, East Cambridgeshire, and part of the Saffron-Walden division of Essex—

"Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER. "The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day."

Sir CUTHBERT, not having another leg to stand upon, sat down. The vat rolled out, the smock taken off, he presently reappeared; delivered luminous speech, showing how the Pyramids were built on

pure beer; how Edward the Confessor not only asked for his pint daily, but saw that he got it; and how in the Middle Ages ale-tasters apparently sampled beer through their leather breeches. A luminous, learned, picturesque address. So wrought upon imagination and conviction of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that he promised Committee of ale-tasters to sit upon the question.

*Business done.*—Sir CUTHBERT QUIETS (of Copenhagen) discourseth on the Purity of Beer.

*Friday.*—SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE long since removed from thoroughfare whence, after fashion of other lords of the soil, he derived his designation. Lives now at No. 5, Old Palace Yard, where he can keep his eye on House of Lords immediately over the way. Property much improved of late by clearing space near Chapter House, opening up view of Westminster Abbey. When SAGE tired of reflecting on near future of House of Lords, he can walk into another room and muse over glorious history of Established Church. Thus appropriately set between Church and State, he passes the quiet evening of a useful life.

Repose just now rudely threatened. Why, WHITMORE wants to know, should No. 5, Old Palace Yard, remain when houses contiguous pulled down? Improvement already established is great. Throw in No. 5 and the charm is complete.

AKERS-DOUGLAS, questioned on subject, jumps at suggestion. No doubt, he says, removal of No. 5 would greatly add to improvement. The SAGE much interested in embellishment of London. Now's his opportunity of doing something that would conspicuously contribute to it.

SAGE didn't happen to be in his place when conversation took place. Which was a pity, as a word, even a nod of assent, might have settled it right off. But House has no doubt how thing will end.

*Business done.*—The Dook been thinking over what he read in *Punch* a fortnight back—that passage written ages ago in a forgotten play. The scene, it will be remembered, passes between *Cassius*, *Mummius* and *Scipio Minor* (*Dux Nobilis*). *Cassius* (Prince ARTHUR) presses on *Scipio* (the Dook) pension of £1800 a year.

*Scipio.* I thank the gods!

But for a soldier tired of war's alarms  
There's no reward, save virtue! All the rest  
Is dross! I'll none of it! Yet for your courtesy  
I thank you.

PRINCE ARTHUR, throwing into prose this fine passage from "*The Roman Warrior*," read it to the House. Comes to same thing; Dook won't have the money; but House would have preferred the poetry, especially as there it was, ready made.

### Nemesis and the New Woman.

(By an Acriid Anti-Cyclist.)

WOMAN's soft charm, which once all men might feel,  
Is now (like traitors) "broken on the wheel."  
Nor let this woe from wheel her champion vex  
Women on wheels are traitors—to their sex!



"The Irish Question remains a vast and menacing note of interrogation in the middle of the empire."—Lord Rosebery at *Huddersfield*.



## CURZON AND CRISES.

THE mystery of Isis  
A wonder to the wise is ;  
Yet 'tis, though fraught  
With marvel, naught,  
To—CURZON on a Crisis!

Our clever Mr. CURZON  
Is a superior person.  
A sage more "poz"  
There never was  
For hard to turn a verse on.  
He told us, in the Autumn,  
That Crises,—when we "caught"  
'em,—  
Were always due  
To some Rad crew ;  
About no Tory brought 'em.

England was calm and sober,  
As a bland air by AUBER,  
Since SALISBURY came  
Our foes to tame ;—  
But that was last October!

We never, never, never  
From peace were like to sever  
While CECIL great  
Controlled the State,  
With CURZON, young and clever.

But ere the Springtime, Crises,—  
Despite CURZON's "advices,"—  
Were plentiful  
With poor JOHN BULL  
As hot-cross buns or ices.

The Turk turned cross and  
cranky ;  
The Dutchman and the Yankee  
Raised rows, despite  
Sage SALISBURY's sleight,  
And CURZON's hanky-panky.

The Muscovite and Teuton  
Our troubles were not mute on.  
To calculate  
The cares of State  
Might floor Sir ISAAC NEWTON.



## AN HONEST PENNY.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL DAY?"  
"WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR THE GADFLY."  
"WHO ABOUT?" "ROBERT BROWNING."  
"SUPPOSE YOU'VE READ A LOT OF HIM?"  
"NOT I! BUT I MET HIM ONCE AT AN AFTERNOON TEA."

To make things more chaotic—  
(Oh, destiny despotic!)—  
The Egyptian Sphinx  
Drew into kinks  
Our policy Nilotic.

Is CURZON therefore troubled  
That he poor Britons bubbled.  
Lord! not a mite!  
These crises slight  
He'd willingly see doubled.

Crises—unto a Tory—  
Are means of gain and glory ;  
But with your Rad,  
If things go bad—  
Why, that's another story!

EXTRACTS FROM A NEW GERMAN GRAMMAR.—The preposition *wegen*, "on account of," governs the genitive case. Example:—The ruler made a sheep's-head of himself (*hatte sich einen Schafs-kopf gemacht*) on account of the wire (*wegen des Depeeschen*). Little WILLIAM (*der kleiner WILHELM*) is fond of (*liebt*) the drum and trumpet on account of the noise (*wegen des Lärmes*); but he fears (*er fürchtet*) to vex his kind grandmother on account of the slipper (*wegen der Pantoffeln*).

MARS ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.—The Eton contingent mustered strongest at the Public Schools Field Day at Aldershot. Naturally, for are not the boys always expected to be ready for WARRE?

A COMPETITION IN WHICH THE "SPOT" STROKE IS NOT BARRED.—American corn-dealing.

## A MONTE CARLO HOTEL BILL.

THE following, as an improvement on the present system of insufficient charges, is respectfully offered to the Hotel Proprietors of the Principality of Monaco. It is hoped that this specimen of an account for one small bedroom for one night will convince those gentlemen that the new method is an admirable one, and worthy of immediate adoption.

## HÔTEL SPLENDIDE ET DES MINES D'OR.

Note de M. John Robinson, No. 1536.

	F.	C.		F.	C.
Chambre . . . . .	12	0	Bain de siège . . . . .	3	0
Service de l'hôtel . . . . .	2	0	Eau froide . . . . .	1	50
Service de l'étage . . . . .	2	0	Eau chaude . . . . .	2	0
Service de la chambre . . . . .	2	0	Air tiède, extra sec . . . . .	5	0
Electricité . . . . .	2	0	Soleil (la journée, à 27°		
Lumière . . . . .	2	0	Centigrade) . . . . .	27	0
Bougie . . . . .	5	0	Ciel bleu (couleur locale,		
Lit (oreiller compris) . . . . .	5	0	réservée) . . . . .	7	0
Chaises (deux, à 3 fcs.) . . . . .	6	0	Divers . . . . .	31	25
Miroir . . . . .	2	0	Café au lait . . . . .	2	0
Table . . . . .	2	50	Café . . . . .	2	0
Fenêtre . . . . .	4	0	Eau . . . . .	2	0
Porte (clef comprise) . . . . .	3	50	Lait . . . . .	2	0
Plafond . . . . .	4	0	Divers . . . . .	47	5
Parquet (tapis compris) . . . . .	7	50			
Murs (quatre, à 3 fcs.) . . . . .	12	0			
Divers . . . . .	24	75			
				Fcs.	230 5

MUSICAL NOTE.—A new version of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's popular song is being prepared for the use of omnibus and tram conductors, under the title of "No, jolly Jenkins!"

TO BE HOPED FOR AFTER THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.—*Otrium cum DIGNA.*

## THE UNPATRIOTIC TRUSTEE.

(Fragment from a Stock Exchange Romance.)

"So you were the author of that article which stirred up strife between our country and a nation hitherto well disposed towards us?" said his parent, sternly.

"I am not ashamed to admit it," replied the trustee, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking his father straight in the eyes with proud humility.

"And you spread the report that one of the best of our colonies was on the point of revolt?"

"And why not! It was a part of my plan—the outcome of my duty."

"I do not understand your view of right and wrong," continued the old man, sadly. "When you were a child you used to sing 'Rule, Britannia' at your mother's knee."

"You say truly, father. But in those days, as an infant (I was considerably under one-and-twenty), I was unable to be a trustee."

"And has this new dignity entirely changed your nature?"

"No, not entirely. But I feel I must work my utmost for those whose estate is under my special protection."

"Then you stir up strife, and do your best to ruin your nation—to bring your country to the eve of bankruptcy—as a trustee?"

"You put the matter too strongly. I would not absolutely ruin my country. I would, for instance, not cause a repudiation of the National Debt. In fact, such a course as that to which I have referred would be inimical to my interests as a trustee."

"As a trustee! As a trustee!" cried the old man, angrily. "You always speak as a trustee! Why do you always speak as a trustee?"

"Because, father, I am one! I admit that I have been guilty of all of which you have accused me, and I will tell you the reason. Father, I have recently sold out of Consols at 110 on behalf of my *cestui que trust*, and I want to bring down the funds—I frankly admit it—to something under 90 before I reinvest the money. And now, father—as a trustee—can you blame me?"

But the old man could not reply. He was busily engaged in wiping his eyes on a union-jack handkerchief, and weeping bitterly.



**WELCOME!**

*Britannia*, "COME IN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! GLAD TO GIVE YOU A DECENT ROOF OVER YOUR HEADS AT LAST

[The New National Portrait Gallery was opened to the public on Saturday, April 4, 1896.]

## VOICES FROM THE NEW BRITISH VALHALLA.

(Overheard by Mr. Punch in the New National Portrait Gallery on the eve of the Easter Holidays.)

["From these walls to-day, nearly eight centuries of British and allied history look down upon us in the persons of some of their principal characters."—*Daily News*.]

*Nell Gwynne*. Well, here we are, housed in a palace again, and at home at last!

*Goldsmith*. In all our London wanderings here and there,  
In all our shifts—and we have had our share—  
I still had hopes, ere Time's last tocsin rang,  
In high palatial walls, like these to hang.  
I still had hopes, for pride was ever mine,  
Amidst kings, queens, and heroes bright to shine;  
Around my frame a holiday group to draw,  
And strike a gaping Cockney crowd with awe;  
And as great JOHNSON, whom great REYNOLDS drew,  
Points to the place whence with regret he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexatious past,  
Here to hang high and have a home at last.  
O—

*Johnson*. Sir, that sufficeth! If Art is long, that is no reason why poetic parody should be prolix. For my own part, I would rather have hung in Fleet Street, in the vicinity of Temple Bar, which I regret to hear the revolutionary iconoclasts of a democratic day have ruthlessly removed from its ancient and time-honoured site. The worse than Whig dogs! 'Tis pity their own empty noddles do not adorn it, as in my time they would doubtless have done.

How rarely reason guides the People's choice,  
Rules the Whig hand, or prompts the Tory voice!  
How nations sink, by rash reforms oppress'd,  
When senates listen to the Mob's request!  
Democracy wings each afflictive dart,  
Distorteth Nature and degradeth Art!  
With fatal heat rebellious rashness glows,  
With fatal fluency Rad rhetoric flows.  
Impeachment stops not the bold traitor's breath,  
And restless rowdyism meets not death.

*Elizabeth (briskly)*. Marry come up! hath mine illustrious successor, VICTORIA, neither headsman and block nor rack and thumb-screw, to take order with traitors and spouters of sedition?

*Henry VIII*. Verily, yes, my daughter, in effigy, or in rust, at the Tower, which is now, as we shall hereafter be, a holiday-show for England's modern ruler—the Easter Monday mob!

*Elizabeth (hotly)*. By mine halidom, I hold it foul scorn—

*Charles II*. Odds-fish, madam! Illustrious effigies should not excite themselves about the vulgar vagaries of the modern tag-rag-and-bobtail.

*Washington (coldly)*. Your Majesties forget that I have lived since ye died.

*George III*. Why—why—why, so much the worse, O rival and rebellious George! Short work would they have made with your monstrous Monroe Doctrine, which even a CECIL now seems too much disposed to parley and palter with.

*Milton*. "George did but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty."

Methinks, however, that "CHROMWELL, our chief of men," admitted in effigy, though not—shame on Englishmen!—at Westminster, would have taught the "Unspeakable Turk" a sterner lesson in Armenia than the modern CECIL finds "diplomatic."

*Garrick (cheerily)*. Tilly-vally, Illustrious Ones, how sombre and solemn, how pompous and pragmatical ye all are! At holiday season, too! Verily ye will not, at this rate, add much to the merriment of the Holiday Mob, or of that somewhat sardonic person, the British Workman, but the rather tend, as SAMUEL said of my decease, to "eclipse the gaiety of nations."

*Chaucer*. "—some men be too curious  
In studie, or too melancholius."

But let not this "temple for portreiture" be less lightsome than my earlier "House of Fame."

*Byron*. Right, my cheery "Well of English," undefiled (though sometimes, perhaps, a trifle thick and obscure). Emperors and kings (like most poets) are dull dogs, as QUEVEDO could tell you, and ALFRED THE LITTLE demonstrate. Whether opening picture galleries and museums, &c., on Sundays will brighten the lives of the sons of toil and seduce them from the venal shrines of the vulgar Bacchus as much as LUBBOCK and others imagine, is a question on which sentimentalists and cynics may take opposite views. But since we are "hung up to make a British holiday," let us not be as dull and cantankerous as modern Parliamentary debates, or the leaden lays of little would-be laureates.



## OUR SMOKING CONCERT.

*Irate Member*. "WELL, I'LL TAKE MY OATH I CAME IN A HAT!"

*Gay*. Life is a jest, and all things show it  
To all—except a Minor Poet!

*Beaconsfield*. Humph! Gaiety is a dangerous game to play with "Boetian BUTL," as chaffy ROSEBERRY is finding to his cost, and even the Rhodian rhetorician of Malwood knows, though he does judiciously qualify laborious sparkle with Philistine ponderosity. How say you, Swan?

*Shakespeare (with calm cheer)*. "There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit."

In Venice, *Gratiano* dubbed them "Sir Oracles." In England, they are known as rigid Sabbatarians. Like *Gratiano*, let us "fish not with this melancholy bait for this fool gudgeon." Here at last we be gathered in a great and worthy home. If we can give somewhat of pleasure to the proletariat, and lend something of brightness and beauty and brain to the proletariat holiday or the Puritanical Sabbath, we may indeed do a work worthy of worthies, e'en though it fall as far short of the hopes of enthusiasts as of the fears of those canting croakers who "sit like their grandsires cut in alabaster," and prophesy perpetually of wickedness and woe.

*Omnes (including Mr. Punch)*. Hear, hear! Let us learn of the greatest of genial sages, nourish modestly all good human hopes, and do unpretentionally our pleasant best.

## A STORE OF NEW JESTS.

["The Faithful Men of Jever," a place near the North Sea coast of Germany, are, according to their custom every Spring, sending Prince BISMARCK a hundred and one plovers' eggs for his birthday."—*Standard*.]

PRINCE BISMARCK, addressing our distinguished representative, Count BEN TROVATO, who has forwarded the report to us, and speaking excellent Anglo-German, observed, *a propos* of these Easter Eggs, "Ja, Herr, of deser eggs I lofe der vite, und do durroly abbreeshiate a good yoke. Vancy! ein onderd-und-von good yoke! all vresh und new! No Yomiller Yokes among dem! Dey are a vortune do a Brofeshonal Diner-out!"





She. "BUT WHY WON'T YOU ASK MR. ROBINSON? I'M SURE HE MOVES AMONG QUITE A GOOD SET."

He. "MOVES? YES, HE'S JOLLY WELL GOT TO. THEY WON'T LET HIM STOP!"

### OUR PROPERTY LIST.

"A volcano was put up to auction yesterday."  
*Daily Paper.*

MESSRS. HAMMER AND ROSTRUM beg to call the attention of the nobility and gentry to the following valuable properties, all of which will shortly be disposed of by auction, unless previously sold by private treaty.

(I.) *A Volcanic Island in the Western Pacific.*—This charming plot, consisting of a square acre of rock, 250 miles from the nearest mainland, is celebrated not only for the extensive views which it commands, but for the fact that, owing to the action of a submarine volcano, it is almost certain to disappear entirely within a few years' time. On this account its purchaser would probably let it at a high rent to any of his enemies. It would also be a very advantageous acquisition for a novelist wishing to dispose of his villain in a sensational manner. Cards to view it (unless it should have disappeared in the

meantime) may be obtained from the auctioneers.

(II.) *An Estate in Asia Minor.*—It is needless to give the exact locality; the important feature of this property is that scarcely a day passes without its being subjected to earthquakes of a most violent kind. The hurricanes, too, are considered by experts to be absolutely unrivalled. The estate may be bought outright, or may be rented from February to June, during which period the earthquake season is at its height. We need scarcely point out how desirable a residence this would be for elderly ladies of weak nerves, while it is unanimously agreed that it would be impossible to pass a dull day there. For the seismologist the locality offers special advantages, and it would be an excellent home for amateur architects. They would have the pleasure of designing a new house for themselves at least once a month.

(III.) *Four Acres of valuable Freehold Land in the Middle of the Sahara.*—Com-

plaint is often made of the overgrown character of modern estates. But this property is absolutely perfect in this respect, there is not so much as a blade of grass on the whole of it, the air is beautifully dry, and the thermometer in the shade (if there were any) would seldom rise above 130°. The spot is, therefore, peculiarly suitable for invalids. Lions are very plentiful, and there is the occasional society of certain tribes from the interior, who display quaint and amusing cannibalistic tastes. There is no dwelling place erected at present, but a tent would fully suffice for the occupier, and it could easily be exchanged, if desired, for the interior of a lion. The spot has been viewed, and is strongly recommended by H. RIDER HAGGARD, Esq., and H. M. STANLEY, Esq.

(IV.) *An attractive Iceberg (at present) in the Neighbourhood of Greenland.*—An ideal home for those desiring change of scene, as an iceberg travels many miles in the summer season. Charming variety is also afforded by the fact that its size changes from day to day, and it might even disappear entirely in an abnormally hot summer. All the valuable sporting rights—including whale-fishing and seal-shooting—will pass with the property. The drainage system is perfect, sea-bathing may be had (at the cost of a little dynamite), and the whole estate is lighted by the *Aurora borealis*. The mail system, which is carried out by messages enclosed in sealed bottles, to be ultimately picked up by Esquimaux, is slightly irregular; but it is hoped that a balloon-post may be established before long. Dr. NANSEN would also probably arrange for direct voyages on it to the North Pole for a very moderate fee.

It will be seen that no finer collection of properties than the above has been offered to the public for many years; and we feel confident that those who purchase them will be delighted with their bargains.

### NEW POLITICAL SONG.

*As sung by Lord Rosebery at Huddersfield.*  
(See *Daily Chronicle*, March 30.)

AIR—"Oh! Say not woman's heart is bought."

Oh! Say not coronets are bought  
With vain and empty treasures!  
Oh! Say not peerages are caught  
By any doubtful measures!  
Though Liberals may loathe a lord,  
Let not the world mistake them:  
For virtue's guerdon and reward  
They've made, and still will make them.

Oh! Say not that a peer's untrue,  
That like the bee he changes,  
Still seeking flowers sweet and new  
His fickle fancy ranges.  
Oh no! Such foolish doubts as these  
Will make us falter never!  
No other Party e'er could please:  
He's Liberal for ever!

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL MEM.—It is understood that our Gentle Jacobites, who roar like any sucking-dove for the "Return of the Stuarts," do not include in their platonically treasonable plans the "return" (to the County Council) of the Great Progressive and anti-Water-Company Paladin, and ex-Professor, well known in Parliament and Spring Gardens.

PARADOX FOR PUTNEY.—A Parliamentary Bill is utterly unlike an University Eight, seeing that it is never certain of success *until it is passed*.

CAPITAL NAME FOR AN ANTI-PROGRESSIVE COUNTY COUNCILLOR.—On-slow.









## OUR "OLYMPIC GAMES."

PARLIAMENTARY ATHLETES AT WESTMINSTER.





## FIGURES OF FUN.

[The revenue returns for the financial year 1895-6 show amazing and unexpected results. The total sum actually raised amounted to £109,339,946, as against £101,697,304, so returned for the previous financial year.]

*Impecunious Ratepayer loquiter:—*

O DEAR, and O dear! What a wonderful year!  
This beats DRYDEN'S *Annus Mirabilis*.  
And yet here am I with my half-pint o' beer,  
Simply penniless, pipeless, and cabbyless!  
These be figures of fun! And my funds will  
not run

To a cab to my den o'er the water.  
I must crawl home and plod half the night  
with my pen,  
In order to square my "last quarter"!

Seven-six-four-two-six-four-two!!! There's  
a nice sum,

To tot up the revenue's swelling!  
HICKS-BEACH will be able to make the thing  
hum.

Complacently now he'll be dwelling  
On HARCOURT'S Death Duties they slated so  
much,

But which now redound to their glory.  
With such a nice little nest-egg in their  
clutch,

By Jove, who would not be a Tory?

Over thirty-six millions for last quarter's  
pile!

Oh! HARCOURT, I just wish to heaven you  
Would give me the tip how to make fortune  
smile

On my twopenny-halfpenny revenue.  
Returns? My returns swell the Govern-  
ment's till;

I pay, not receive, rates and taxes.  
I hope I wish well to my country, but still  
It is not *my* income that waxes.

My income-tax does though! And then I  
suppose

Statisticians proclaim my "prosperity,"  
As one of the class whose emolument grows.

I wish, how I wish, 'twas a verity!  
Each quarter with me is far worse than the  
last,

However, I trudge it and drudge it.  
Expenditure outruns my earnings so fast,  
No surplus e'er crowneth my Budget.

Well, well, I'm a "patriot," though I am  
poor,

And so I must keep up my pecker.  
But if taxes were less and my takings were  
more,

'Twould vastly improve my Exchequer.  
I envy both HARCOURT and HICKS-BEACH no  
end,

When Surpluses swell in this manner;  
Whilst I, for a 'bus-fare, must hunt up some  
friend,

And—endeavour to borrow a "tanner"!

## Colourable.

"THE Education Bill in Black and White;"—  
That was the *Daily Chronicle's* capital  
"head."

But School Boards saw that Bill in a "Blue"  
light,  
When that same Bill was "Re(a)d"!

MEM. FOR "MODERATES."—Improvement  
Committees sometimes need—improvement.

PARADOXICAL, BUT TRUE.—All Great Powers  
have their little weaknesses.

NEW NAME FOR IT (after *Italy's Abyssinian*  
reverse).—The Cripple Alliance.



"OI TELL YEZ OI WILL NOT CLANE OUT ME OELL. OI'D LAVE THE JAIL FURST!"

## HER "BEDSIDE MANNA."

["Modern practitioners are too prone to order the attendance of a trained nurse for the slightest illness. . . . Women are complaining of their banishment by doctors from the sick-rooms of their friends."—"Vera" in *Lady's Pictorial*.]

Who dawned on me, a sick-room star,  
And shielded me from fret and jar,  
When down with bronchial catarrh?  
My Nurse!

Who's was the hand that gave me pap,  
And smoothed my pillows with a slap,  
So captivating in her cap?  
My Nurse!

Who, when I'm seedy, linseed bring,  
Makes poultices, and broths, and things,  
An angel—one, alas, with wings!  
My Nurse!

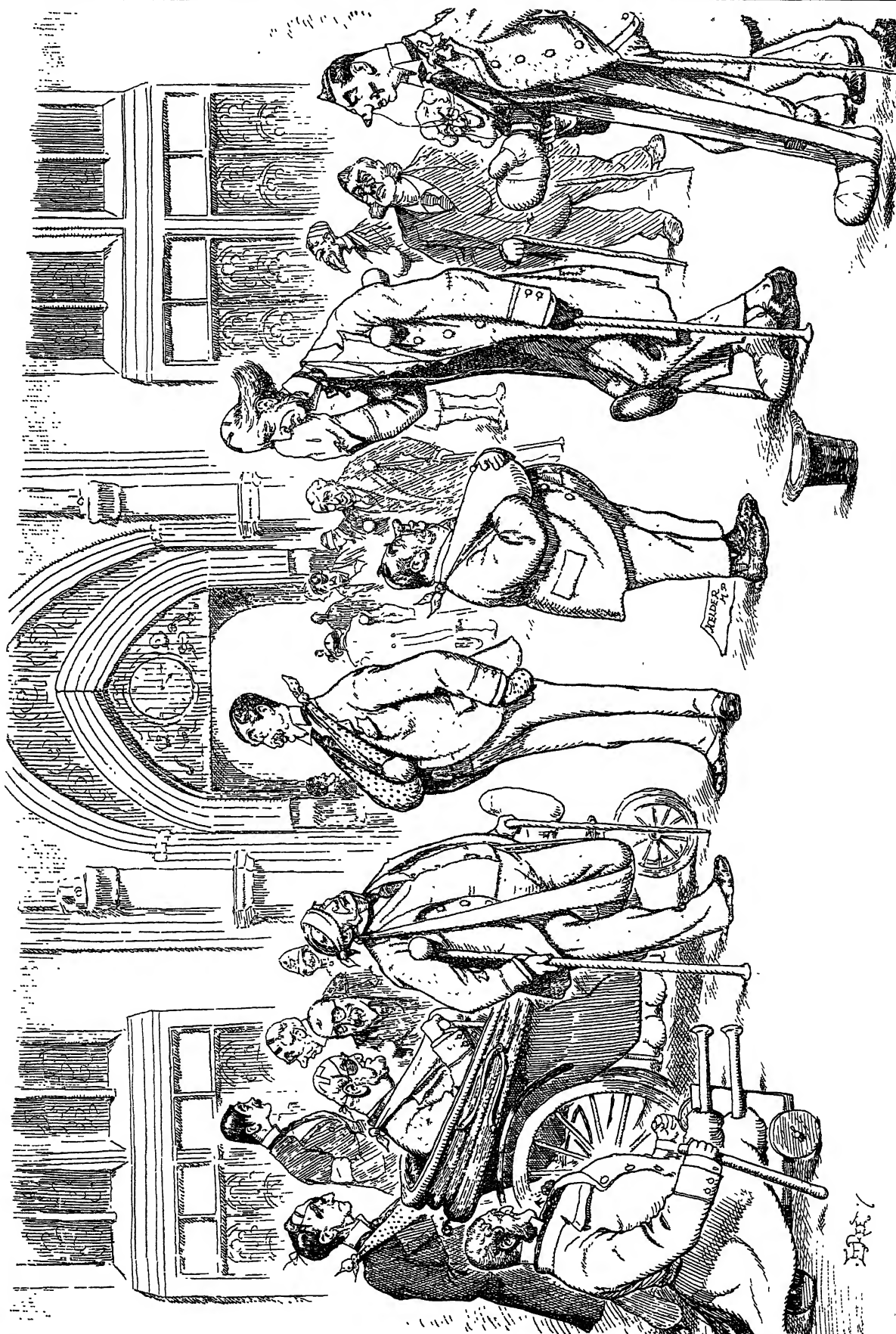
But who is now denounced ke mad  
As making worse a business bad,  
And being a mere physician's fad?  
That Nurse!

Who's said, when maladies are rife,  
To take the place of daughter, wife,  
And out of patients scare the life?  
The Nurse!

To families that cheapness seek  
Who seems a doctor's senseless freak  
Because she costs two pounds per week?  
A Nurse!

Still, of her praises I'll be chanter,  
Because when ill I'm sure to want her,  
That costly, needless, nice supplanter—  
My Nurse!

"FOREIGN RELATIONS" (NOT FRANCE'S).—  
"Cousins-German" and "Dutch-Uncles."



### DEPLORABLE RESULT OF THE EASTER RECESS.

HON. MEMBERS HAVE BEEN FIRED TO EMULATE THE SPORTING PERFORMANCES OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY. THEIR VIEWS ON CYCLING AND GOLF ARE FOR THE MOST PART UNPARLIAMENTARY.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, March 31, 4.50 A.M.*—Just going home with the milk. Been at it since House met at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. "The kettle began it," as it is written in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The kettle in this case represented by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. It was JEMMY LOWTHER who suggested the appellation. When last night PRINCE ARTHUR moved to appropriate Tuesday's sitting for Education Bill, SQUIRE made terrible onslaught on him, accusing him of muddling business of House.

"I have no wish," said JEMMY, with that magnificently judicial air that used to awe the court in the famous Jockey Club arbitration, "to interpose in differences of opinion which partake largely of the nature of those allowed to exist between the kettle and the pot."

Kettle (the SQUIRE) called the pot black; the pot (PRINCE ARTHUR) retorted with great vigour that the SQUIRE was another.

This smart enough while it lasted. Another burst of liveliness when GEORGE CURZON spoke disrespectfully of the CAP'EN. Even accused him of repeating his speeches. Told little story how, finding the CAP'EN had on Orders of the day motion calling attention to Treaty engagements with Turkev, he had turned up *Hansard*, read the old Salt's speech of last year, and, since it was repeated last night, found the task of answering it easy.

"Sir," said the CAP'EN, hailing the SPEAKER in voice of thunder, "I will not be misrepresented, even by a right honourable gentleman of the ability and pretensions of him who sits below me."

"Beautiful!" cried CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, smiling approval. "TOMMY is nothing if not nautical. See how, in the House of Commons, he recalls the manner of speech of *Peter Simple's* friend, *Chucks* the boatswain, who, you remember, when he was most aggravated, talked in most frigidly polite terms."

After midnight, and all through the night, drowsiness profound. Welsh Members to the fore. But they can't do the thing as the Irish used when JOSEPH GILLIS was still with us. Member for Mid-Cork came back as a bad TANNER proverbially does. Began several speeches; always stopped by SPEAKER; finally ordered to resume his seat; obliged to obey, but not to be debarred from crying out "Ho! ho!" or "Ha! ha!" These remarks occasionally varied by sharp cry of "No!" when someone advanced the affirmative. Kept his eye on the SPEAKER all the time, ready to bolt in case of red. SPEAKER ignored his existence. This unkindest cut of all.

"Nice state of things we're coming to," said TANNER angrily. "SPEAKER won't even suspend a fellow. Shall chuck this up, and in the County Council."

*Business done.*—Naval Works Bill read third time.

*Tuesday afternoon.*—JOHN OF GORST, time-honoured Cambridge man, brought in Education Bill. Explained clauses in speech that was a model of lucidity. Nothing left unsaid, and all said in a few minutes over the hour. Speech as adroit in argument as it was finished in style.

"Good gracious!" said SARK, who doesn't often indulge in the weakness of strong language. "Have often heard talk about Tories being the stupid Party. It's a cheap sneer; but really, when I think of how they've wasted their opportunities with JOHN OF GORST, I begin to think there's something in it. Give JOHN his chance, and he'd show



## THE POETICAL TEMPERAMENT.

"THERE WERE AT LEAST A THOUSAND BOATS ON THE ROUND POND WHEN I WAS HERE IN THE SUMMER, AUNT SYLVIA, AND NOW THERE ISN'T ONE!"

"HARDLY A THOUSAND, GEOFFREY!"

"OH, WELL! EXAGGERATING, QUITE A THOUSAND, YOU KNOW!"

himself what a few have always recognised in him—one of the dearest, cleverest Parliamentary Hands of the day. But, somehow or other, he's always been shown into a back seat."

There will be good deal of scrambling over Bill on second reading and in Committee, but as JOHN OF GORST walked up the floor bringing it in cheering unanimous and hearty.

Treasury Bench not deceived by this demonstration. Know it was a tribute to the man, not a note of approval of the Bill.

"Yes," said WALTER LONG, "we air a piling of it up. This Education Bill will of itself, with ordinary routine business, keep us going for rest of Session. There is the Irish Land Bill to ran with it neck and neck, and my modest little measure ordering the slaughter of seaborne cattle at the ports isn't through Committee yet. All the more reason why we should have a holiday. So

ta-ta!" and the Minister for Agriculture went off humming his favourite refrain—

Go call the cattle home,  
But ere they cross our fields,  
See that with fatal blow  
His axe the butcher wields.

*Business done*—Adjourn till Thursday the 9th for Easter holidays.

AN EQUINE PARADOX.—Our police-court reporter wishes to know whether, in view of a man being described as "a horsey-looking gent," it would be equally correct to allude to a lady as a "Mary-looking female"?

"'E WOS WERY GOOD TO ME HE WOS."—Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria says that the SULTAN has never wavered to him in kindness. Clearly a case of *chéri* and *Porte*.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

## No. IX.

*How he saw the practice of the University Crews, and what he thought of it.*

THE notorious Intercollegian Boat-race of this *anno Domini* will be obsolete and *ex post facto* by the time of publication of the present instalment of jots and tittles, still I am sufficiently presumptive to



think that the cogitations and personal experiences of a cultivated, thoughtful native gentleman on this coerulean topic may not be found so stale and dry as the remainder of a biscuit.

First I will make a clean bosom with the confession that, though ardently desirous to witness such a Titianic struggle for the *cordon bleu* of old Father Antioch the Thames, I was not the actual spectator of the affair, being previ-

ously contracted to escort Miss MANKLETOW (whose wishfulness is equivalent to legislation) to a theatrical matutinal performance which she would in nowise consent to renounce, alleging that she had already seen the Boat-race to the verge of satiety, and that the spectacle was instantaneous and paltry.

However, on acquainting my kind and patronising father, Hon'ble Punch, of my disappointment, he did benevolently propose, as a *pis aller* and blind bargain, a voyage in the steam launchboat of the official coachman of one of the crews so that I might ascertain how the trick was done.

And at 10 A.M. on the day of assignation I presented myself at the riparian premises of a certain Boating Society, and, on exhibiting my letter of credit to the Mentor or Corypheus aforesaid, was received *à bras ouverts* and with an urbane offhandedness.

After I had hung fire and cooled my heels on the banks for a while, I was instructed to enter a skiff, which conveyed me and others to a steamship of very meagre dimensions, whereupon, owing to the heel of one of my Japan leather shoes becoming implicated in the wire railing that circumvented the desk, I was embarked in a horizontal attitude, and severely deteriorated the tall chimney-pot hat which I had assumed to do credit to the hon'ble periodical I represented. (*Nota bene.* Hatmaker's bill for renovating same, rs. two-and-a-half—which those to whom it is of concern will please attend to and refund.)

On recovery of my head-gear and equanimity, I stationed myself in close proximity to the officiating coach for purpose of being on the threshold of inquiries, and proceeded to pop numerous questions to my neighbours. I ascertained, among other things, that the vessels are called "eights," owing to their containing nine passengers; that the ninth is called the "cock," and is a mere supernumerary or understudent, in case any member of the crew should be overcome by sickness during the contest and desire to discontinue.

It appears that the race is of religious and ceremonious origin, for only "good men" are permitted to compete, and none who is a wine drunkard, a gluttonous, or addicted to any form of tobacco. Moreover, they are to observe a strict fast and abstinence for many weeks previous to the ordeal. The most prominent ecclesiastics and Judges of the Supreme Court are usually chosen from this class of individuals, which is a further proof of the sanctimoniousness attached to the competition.

Consequently I was the more surprised at the disrespectful superciliousness of their *Fidus Achates* or dry nurse, who, stretching himself upon his stomach in the prow, did shout counsels of perfection at his receding pupils.

Such criticisms as I overheard seemed to me of a very puerile and captious description, and some of an approbrious personality, e.g., as when a certain oarman was taunted with being short—as though he were capable of adding the cubic inch to his stature!

Another I heard advised to keep his visual organs in the interior of the boat, though, being ordinary optics and not at all of a vitreous composition, they could not be removable by volition. Again, a third was reproached because of the lateness with which he had made his beginning; but, as it was not asserted that he was inferior to the rest, the tardiness of his initiation was surely rather honourable than disgraceful!

I observed that said trainer did stickle almost prudishly for propriety, being greatly shocked at the levity with which the rowers

were attired, and entreating them to keep their buttons well up, though indeed I could discern none, nor was there much which was humanly possible to be buttoned.

For myself, I must make the humble complaint that the Hon'ble Coach was defective in courteous attention to my inquisitiveness, which he totally ignored. For I could not prevail upon him to explain what thing it was that he directed the oarman to "wait for," to "spring at from a stretcher," and "catch at the beginning"; nor why they were forbidden to row with their hands, not being quadrumanous, and able to employ their feet in such a manner; nor whether, when he commanded them to "get in at once," he intended them to leap into the waters or to return to the landing-place, nor why they did neither of these things; nor why he should express satisfaction that a certain rower had got rid of a lofty feather, which would indubitably have added to the showiness of his appearance.

Again, hearing him anxiously inquire the time after a stoppage, I was proceeding to explain how gladly I would have given him such information, but for the unavoidable absence of my golden chronometer, owing to the failure of Masters TOMKINS and JOHNSON to restore the same, whereupon he treated me in such a "please-go-away-and-die" sort of style that I subsided with utmost alacrity.

On the return voyage the Collegiate eight was challenged to a spurning match by a scratched crew, which appeared to me to be the superior in velocity, though it seemed it was then too late to make the happy exchange.

When the practice was at an end and the Blues in a state of quiescence, I intimated my desire to harangue them and express my wonderment and admiration at beholding them content to suffer such hardships and perils and faultfinding without expostulation or excuses for their shortcomings, and all for no pecuniary recompense, but the evasive reward of a *nomini umbra*. And I would have reminded them of the extended popularity of their performance, and that it was an unfairness to muzzle the ox that treadeth upon one's corn, appealing to them to stand up for their rights, and refuse to compete except for the honorarium of a *quid pro quo*.

But the official instructor, seeing me about to climb upon the poop, to deliver my oration, entreated me with so much earnestness to desist that I became immediately aphonus.

## M.P. EMPTY, OR WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(A Hint from the Bench at the service of Possible Candidates for Parliament, to be used in the Future.)

"The expense of this inquiry is really most burdensome. A contested election is nothing to the expense of an inquiry like this."—*Mr. Baron Pollock, March, 1896.*

ALL was joy. The Newly Elected received congratulations on every side. The months of toil, the years of rhetoric, had brought their reward. No more the doubt of pleasing the majority of the constituents. No more the fear of a false step on the chosen platform. The returning officer had done his work satisfactorily. There had been no mistake about the counting. The return had been made. The roll had been signed. The right-hand of the Speaker had been cordially grasped, and warmly shaken.

It was at this moment that a knock was heard. The sound came from the street door.

"More friends with further pleasant speeches," murmured the Newly Elected. "Well, well, it is delightful to know that my happiness is a source of joy to others."

But, alas! it was no friend who had entered the sanctum of the People's Legislator. He was courteous, but distinctly business-like. In a few moments he made it clear that the object of his visit was to cast a gloom over the happy dream of the hon. gentleman he was professionally interviewing.

"A petition!" exclaimed the Newly Elected. "An inquiry!"

The visitor bowed and silently took his departure. For a moment the People's Legislator was lost in a brown study. Then he came to a determination. He sat down and wrote a short letter. He sealed it with a sigh, and handed it to his better half.

"You are writing to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Has he asked you to a full-dress Parliamentary Dinner?"

The Newly Elected smiled sadly and shook his head, then he murmured, with a voice broken with emotion, "It is better as it is."

"What is better as it is?" was the question.

Then came the reply.

"That I should retire at once. That I should relinquish my career as a legislator. That I should cease to be the chosen representative of the People. Yes, yes, it is wiser that I should accept the Chiltern Hundreds to save the balance at my bankers than to retain Parliamentary honours at the cost of a conceivable invitation to appear in Portugal Street!"

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A BEER BREWED SOLELY FROM MALT AND HOPS.—Quilter.





### THE GREY MARE.

"I WISH I KNEW WHAT MRS. RODNEY BLUEHOSE THINKS OF MY NEW BOOK. I HARDLY LIKE TO ASK HER!"

"ASK MR. RODNEY BLUEHOSE WHAT HE THINKS OF IT."

"POOH! WHO CARES WHAT MR. RODNEY BLUEHOSE THINKS ABOUT ANYTHING!"

"EXACTLY. AND YET, AS I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE ALWAYS THINKS JUST WHAT HIS WIFE TELLS HIM TO THINK, AND PASSES IT OFF AS HIS OWN—WRY, THERE YOU ARE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

### BOUNDABOUT READINGS.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

IN the *New Review* for this month Mr. F. ANSTEY discourses pleasantly on "An Old-fashioned Children's Book," namely, *The Fairchild Family*, written by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and published so long ago as 1818. *The Fairchild Family* consists of a layer of childish scrapes and adventures sandwiched between thick slabs of pious allusions, and spotted, like a currant cake (the simile cannot offend), with texts. Never were parents so prompt as the Fairchild couple to improve the most trivial occasion, and never were children so determined in dragging in the prospect of "hell, the place which burns for ever with fire and brimstone," as a punishment for the very least deviation from the narrow path of correct behaviour.

MR. ANSTEY accounts for the popularity of *The Fairchild Family* on several grounds. He is disposed to think that a great many children have a natural sympathy with priggishness, and that to others it must have afforded unholy joy to hear of the hot water the good children were constantly getting into. Moreover, as he points out, "throughout the book various good things to eat are chronicled with much feeling," and there are plenty of funerals and death-bed scenes, both of which, as is well known, have a curious fascination for childish or uninstructed minds. These reasons may account for something, but I think Mr. ANSTEY gets nearer to the real *causans* of the popularity of *The Fairchild Family* when he says "there are many incidental stories, all moral, but none absolutely uninteresting, and some ingenious and pretty. And finally, the story is really well-written in its old-fashioned way, and has a sincerity and earnestness that would go far to keep many a worse book alive."

THERE you have it. Incidental stories will help to keep almost any book popular amongst children. They enjoy nothing more than being whisked suddenly off the beaten track of their story into an entirely new region peopled with fresh inhabitants. Their little excursion over, they come back with renewed zest to the old familiar region, and the accustomed faces of the main plot. And above all things, good writing, sound, clear, straightforward, and graphic, but never precious or affected, is essential, if boys or girls are really to be interested in a book. They know nothing of the rules of criticism, and probably as little of the laws of grammar and composition, but in their own unconscious way they are the soundest of critics, and an ill-written, ill-constructed book has not the remotest chance of ever being widely popular amongst children.

PRIGGISHNESS in fiction certainly doesn't disgust children. For one thing, I am inclined to think that children never quite reach that pitch of imagination by which adults convince themselves that fictitious characters are actual flesh and blood. Children look upon fiction as a sort of game, and in the main they are content that the author should set up and clothe his own characters, and make them talk and act in whatever way seems best to him, even when that way lies entirely apart from the experience of his little readers. They want to be interested, and, if the author satisfies them in that respect, they accept without a murmur eccentricities which in real life would frighten or repel them. I never read *The History of the Fairchild Family* myself, but I did at a very early age read and enjoy most thoroughly *The Swiss Family Robinson*—those immortal, outrageous, platitudinous prigs. Their priggishness did not in the least appal me; if I was conscious of it (which I doubt) I accepted it as part of the convention laid down by the author, and hurried on breathlessly to discover how these solitary Swiss sufferers by shipwreck would extricate themselves from their innumerable difficulties. And *Sandford and Merton* I read with unbounded zest, principally on account of the incidental stories with which that excellent book is encrusted. I don't think I objected much to Mr. Barlow. He was not in the least like my own tutor of those early days, a breezy, hearty Cambridge man, who first guided my trembling footsteps through the mazes of Latin grammar and taught me not to stumble over vulgar fractions; but if there had to be a tutor in *Sandford and Merton*, Mr. Barlow, I thought, did as well as anybody else for the place; and after all it was the author, and not I, who had made him. I wasn't responsible for him.

ALL attempts to teach children to be good or religious or theological dogmatic by means of fiction are foredoomed to failure for the reasons I have stated. Fiction being a game to children, it is impossible for them to apply what they read in stories to the serious purpose of their little lives. All the purposeful goodness or religion in a story just glides off their backs: if there is a story they enjoy it, and, as a matter of fact, they don't trouble their heads for a moment with religious discussions or conversations about Heaven and the other place which may have been embroidered into it by the sanguine but deluded author. So with *Gulliver's Travels*. SWIFT's masterpiece owes its wonderful and extensive popularity as much to the interest that youngsters take in its marvels as to any delight experienced by their elders in its biting satire. Even the Big-endians are accepted as part of the convention, and no boy that I ever heard of troubles to apply the moral to politics—even if he knows what politics mean. It is a fine piece of satire in itself that the gloomy Dean's highest effort in satire should have afforded simple delight to generation after generation of young folk incapable of satire.

I HARDLY know what boys most care to read nowadays. A little fellow of ten, who is now staying with me, is deep in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, having lately finished *Huckleberry Finn*. In a day or two he intends to tackle *Battles of the Nineteenth Century*—a grand book for boys, lately published by Messrs. CASSELL. Do boys still read MARRYAT? Never can I forget the early joys of *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy*, the gloomy but fascinating terrors of *The Dog-Friend*, and the haunting mystery of *The Phantom Ship*. I read them all again, and with a fresh delight, not a year ago. BALLANTYNE, too, was a friend of my boyhood, as HENTY is a friend to the young generation of to-day, which reminds me that every work by Mr. HENTY is on the shelves of the small friend of whom I have spoken. Little boys, I think, are neither prigs nor lovers of priggishness. They like a gallant, breezy heroism, undaunted by dangers, and unscathed in the midst of the thunderbolts of war. About little girls I am not so sure. Quite early in their lives they pass through a preternaturally serious phase, when, weighted with innumerable dolls, they assume the responsibilities and the airs of motherhood, and are apt to rebuke little brothers for naughtiness. Yes, I think little girls are sometimes priglets—darling, but still undeniable, little priglets.

DEFINITION.—"The Present Day," i.e., My Birthday.



**"THE ENRAGED HOUSEHOLDER."**

*(Vide recent Letters in "Times" on Street Noises.)*



UNWILLING TO GIVE UP HORSES ALTOGETHER, CAPTAIN PELHAM EFFECTED A COMPROMISE. HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PARK CREATED QUITE A SENSATION.

### OWED TO THE MOON.

"O SWEAR not by the moon, the inconstant moon!" said poor love-sick *Juhet*, echoing blindly the anti-lunar prejudices of poets and other lunatics. The moon is now avenged. Mr. CLEMENTS, the great weather-prophet, *does* swear by the moon. In his earlier attempts at vaticination he was thrown out, owing to "neglecting the moon." Luna took her revenge by "throwing out" his calculations. Now Mr. CLEMENTS has conciliated the moon by "making a study of her"; and she has done for him, what neither the sun or the planets would or could do, namely, enabled him to foretell the weather for long years ahead, "within say eight or ten per cent. of correctness." To be sure slight discrepancies and delay, "due to the overlapping of the corresponding day of the past with the predicted day," may occasionally occur, and upset the practical arrangements based upon moon-guided prognostications. But what of that? If CLEMENTS—and the moon—prophecy that it will be fine to-morrow (when you are going to be married) and it is *not* fine until the next day, owing simply to "surface discrepancies," you needn't blame the Barry Road seer and his familiar satellite for so slight an error as that. It *will* be fine, sooner or later, and if a weather-prophet's prophecy is ultimately fulfilled, why quibble about a "discrepancy" of twelve hours, or even twenty-four? What is eight—or even ten—per cent. of error in such epoch-making estimates as those of Mr. CLEMENTS and the moon?

O, swear not *at* the moon, the inconstant moon,  
Who to our prophet is a blessed boon  
For she, and Mr. CLEMENTS linked together,  
Will tell you all about forthcoming weather.  
She "monthly changes in her circled orb,"  
But let the study of her ways absorb  
You, as it does the seer of Barry Road,  
And a new Ode to Luna will be owed.  
For, like a sporting tipster, she, no doubt,  
Will prove "upon the spot"—or thereabout.  
Just trust to her and Mr. C. together,  
And you may always hope for CLEMENT(s) weather

MOTTO FOR DESTITUTE ALIENS.—"Give me neither poverty nor RITCHIES!"

### LIGHT IN EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

(Extracted from the Chamberlain Sphinx.)

OUR policy's dark, do you venture to say?  
You cannot perceive what we mean?  
Well, you must be aware that the new RÖNTGEN ray  
Is light—though it cannot be seen!  
And so with our plan on the banks of the Nile,  
Which is—let us say—our "x ray."  
You just wait a bit—you will find it worth while—  
The result will be clear as the day.  
A tentative thing is our Soudan advance,  
But if it should meet with defeat  
(At the hands of the Rads, or the Mahdi, or France),  
We can then try—a sudden retreat!

FROM AN OLD CONSERVATIVE.—"I see there is a Commons Preservation Society. Why not a Lords Preservation Society? There may be one, for aught I know, but I live away in the country, and conserve myself to myself.

Yours,  
BABBLEBROKE OF GREENFIELDS."

QUITE THE APPROPRIATE PLACE.—It is proposed to start "A Smack Boys' Home" at Birchington. Excellent! Gratifying to the shade of "Ingoldsby." But whither shall the smack boys go for their "whackation"?

### Paradoxical.

It does, indeed, seem singularly strange  
That people pertinaciously prating  
Against Board Schools are anxious to arrange  
That all schools now should be exempt from "rating."

REMARKABLE DOMESTICITY OF THE "INCANDESCENT LIGHT."—It is very steady. It never goes out.

RACING NOTES.—Demi-semi quavers.





**"SAME IDEA ONLY ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT."**

*First Swell.* "HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY, OLD BOY?"

*Second Swell.* "ONLY MIDDLING. GOT A JOLLY GOOD COLD!"

*First Swell.* "THAT ALL? DOOSSED LUCKY, OLD FELLAH, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WRETCHED BAD ONE!"

**'ARRY ON SPRING-TIME AND SPORT.**

DEAR CHARLIE,—The trees is all blobby with buds and a-bustin' out green; Good old Easter is over and gone, and the early Spring fashions is seen. Mother Nature, like most other females, is 'aving a bran-new rig-out. And my winter "Immensikoff" now can with safety be put up the spout.

We ain't 'ad not no winter to speak of; no snow, and no pipes on the bust. The Water Cos. last year *wos* flummoxed; but now they feel O.K., I trust. With them plaguey Progressives knocked out, and the good old Conservatives in,

Beer and Water are both at their ease, and so likeways are Pulpit and Tin.

Oh, lor! wot a comfort it is to 'ave things right side uppard once more!

"Oly calm," as dear DIZZY once called it. I never 'ave felt it before. Not like I do now, dear old man; but since ROSEBERRY's gang got the sack, I 'ave been like a bee on a blossom, with 'oly calm all up my back.

Wuth living for, ain't it, old hoyster? I sits at our Union Club,—

Wich combines patriotic True-Blueness with all the delights of a pub,— And I thinks of that Hundred and Fifty as follows, dear ARTHUR and JOE,

Till wot with Spring feelings and Scotch, I declare I feel all of a glow.

In the Spring—as some poet remarks—young men's fancies *do* seem on the turn To love and to general lumminess. Sentiment's slop as I spurn, But somehow the lime-leaves and laylocks, laburnums and purple-topped flags, Stirs somethink within me as means a day off and a new pair o' bags.

My boss 'as no poetry in 'im, wus luck, and my tailor's the same. But Easter comes most *aprypo* to a chap as would keep up the game. Bosses can't do away with Cross Bun Day—thanks be!—and a bit of a spin. From Thursday to Tuesday, is yum-yum, old man, just as Spring-time comes in.

I mounted my bike this last 'oliday. Tell you, dear boy, I'm a dab. At the Safety by this time. It's proper! A toff as can tool 'is own cab, Or a gent on 'is 'ack ain't no freer nor more hindeppendent than me. When I fling my leg over the saddle and treadle away tords the sea.

The bike, mate, like cigarette-smoking, is levelling class, ah! and sex. When Princesses pedal, and Hempresses whiff, there are prigs it may vex; But biking and bacea, like love, are permiskus, and don't dror no line; And the Duchess FUMFUDGE on 'er wheel ain't no 'appier than me upon mine.

I know lots o' littery parties now freeze on to cycling like fun. A Society star, as I've met on the Healing Road, out for a run— Mister SAMUEL BONE is 'is name I 'ave 'eard, though I don't *know* the gent— On 'is wheel, with 'is boy at 'is back, is a picture of crimson content.

I once used to meet 'im on 'orseback, a lar Johnny Gilpin, you know, All elbers and knees; but, Jimimer! e's giva that the chuck long ago. And now bikes, a reglar fair buster. 'E is "a dead open and shut," As the Yankees remark; and I envy 'is style, and 'is pace, and 'is cut.

With 'is 'appy fat smile, and fine calves, and 'is changes of rippin' rig-out,— As my pocket won't run to, dear boy,—e's as jolly as jam, I've no doubt. If there's one man in London I envy it's 'im I am free for to own; And I'm told 'e's a genius, too; so 'ere's bully for Mister SAM BONE!

When swell parties like 'im and 'is pals take up biking all galliant and free, Can you wonder the game 'as its charms for a bit o' good metal like Me? I am thinking of writing a book called, *A Bhoj on a Bike*. Once afloat— I am told by a printer I know—it will run like *Three Men in a Boat*.

Ah! more so, I shouldn't arf wonder, for *everyone* bikes in these days. And it's only old fogies and frumps cook their nose at the sport as "a craze." A craze, my dear boy, is a popular game you ain't in, or don't like; And it's that's wy old crooks and fat dowdies are dreadfully down on the bike.

Don't they wish they *wos* in it, my pippin, old boys with no bellows or shanks, And mouldy old mivvies too hugly for knickers and pretty-girl pranks?



I'd a race on the road t'other day with a  
pooty young thing in serge blue,  
And if I was not licked, percisely, I 'ad to do  
all as I knew.

It was bellows to mend with the pair on us  
when we pulled up at a pub.  
Sez I, "Hatty Lanter ain't in it with you,  
Miss!" (The name of 'er club  
Called after a great Greek girl runner, I'm  
told.) "Ah, Milanion," sez she,  
"If I 'adn't been munching some happles at  
lunch—well, next time we shall see!"

Wy she called me that name I've no notion.  
But if *Mrs. Grundy* 'ad seen  
Us downing that 'ill neck and neck, the old  
trot would 'a' simply turned green.  
Not womanly? No, but it's girlish, and  
bully for girlhood, say I.  
They are doing some sports out in Greece, I  
am told. Will Greek girls 'ave a shy?

Wy not? If you've been to Olympia, and  
seen the she-cyclists at work,—  
The GRACES, and GAMBLEYS, and PAIL-  
LIARDES,—Great Scott! you must be a  
old Turk  
To turn on the vinegar-cruet. In spite of all  
Partington squeals,  
And Grundyish grumbles, the world must  
make way for the Woman on Wheels!

So among "Spring's Delights" now with me,  
mate, my Safety is one o' the fust.  
I am teaching my best girl to pedal. She'll  
turn out a scorcher, I trust;  
And when she's *ho fay* I shall bring 'er to  
see you. My tandem will carry—  
Though *she* ain't no light weight—my  
KITTY, and yours tellolbobbishly,  
ARRY.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

UP till now I thought that the patent for  
writing genuinely stirring romance, such as  
the gallant Knight of the Brush, Sir JOHN  
GILBERT, would love to illustrate, had been  
acquired by Messrs. "Q," HAGGARD, HALL  
CAINE, ANTHONY HOPE, FRANK BARRETT &  
Co., Limited, but now I find an opposition  
firm started by A. E. W. MASON, whose  
*Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, published  
by MACMILLAN & Co., is a most fascinating  
story of this class. Not only is it full of plot  
and counterplot, not only is its hero as  
original as any recently invented hero can  
possibly be, but there is a closely woven  
thread of details, every one of which is abso-  
lutely essential to the artistic design. So in  
the construction, though there be clouds of  
dust raised, yet is there no one figure in the  
*tourbillon* that does not fill its place of set  
purpose; and in the dialogue, no scrap of  
conversation without its definite object, nor,  
in the action, is there a single movement  
without its proper destination. The motive  
of the hero is, in one sense, of the noblest  
kind, inasmuch that it represents the spec-  
tacle of the highest form of manly devotion,  
namely, risking life for the purpose of re-  
venging the death of a friend, and so punish-  
ing one who had been to all intents and pur-  
poses a cowardly assassin. There is one cir-  
cumstance, an initial one, which, had the  
author taken advantage of his own ingenu-  
ity, would have intensified the interest  
throughout in a most remarkable manner.  
This will remain the Baron's secret, which,  
as title (*The Baron's Secret*, is it not a good  
one?), the present scribe doth "herewith,"  
and "hereby," with all the "neverthelesses,"  
"notwithstandings," and "all-to-the-con-  
traries" possible, register and appropriate to  
his own particular use. It is an omission  
which goes near to spoiling the character of



*Small Voice from under the Bed.* "No, I WILL NOT COME OUT! I TELL YOU, ONCE AND  
FOR ALL, BERNESIA, I WILL BE MASTER IN MY OWN HOUSE!"

the brave but ill-fated *Julian*, who appears  
for a brief span on this stage and then is  
heard no more. Yet on *Julian's* last moments  
depends the whole sequence of events. Per-  
haps the curiosity of my readers will be  
aroused by this innendo. Be this as it may,  
if this my hint will increase the number of  
readers, they will, unless gratitude be extinct,  
thank me for my strong recommendation as to  
the excellent entertainment provided for them  
in *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*.

If H. G. WELLS, whilst writing *The Island  
of Dr. Moreau*, had only preserved the  
courage of his original idea, he might have  
produced a romance out-Haggarding HAG-  
GARD, and relegating *Zanoni* and the "Vril"  
people to keep company with *Lemuel Gul-  
liver*, *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, and Co.,  
in the shades of the Almost Forgotten Ones.  
But after going through two-thirds of his  
uncanny tale, the author, apparently satisfied  
so far with his undoubted success in producing  
such grotesque and fantastic effects as could

be only attributed to a training course of  
heavy suppers and a superficial study of  
anatomical subjects, resulting in dream-fits  
of violent indigestion, became frightened by  
his own monsters, and thought his best course  
would be to announce to his readers that he  
had "only been puttendin' all along," and  
that these awful creatures of his imagination  
were in reality only intended to represent the  
stupidity, selfishness, sensuality, and all the  
lower qualities of animal man; and that, in  
fact, the whole story, from beginning to end,  
was a parable, and not the true record sup-  
posed to have been made by the uncle of  
*Charles Edward Prendrick*, and subse-  
quently published, for the benefit of society  
and science, by his enterprising nephew.  
When the author himself shows you "how  
it's done," there is an end of the mystery,  
the interest in the tale is dead, and the author  
in giving himself away causes the reader to  
regret ever having taken him at his own  
valuation.

THE BARON.



### A DECLARATION INDEED!

"AVEZ-VOUS QUELQUECHOSE À DÉCLARER, MADAME!"

"OH, WEE! JE DECLAR QUE NOOS AVONG PAIRDEW TOO NO BAGGARGE!"

### "WHAT WE ARE COMING TO NEXT."

WE understand that, after the Early Closing Bill has been passed, another measure, entitled the Household Regulation Act, will become law. The following is a rough *précis* of its chief clauses:—

(I.) At 5 A.M. in summer, and 5 30 A.M. in winter, the Householder is required to see that all his servants [\* in making return, state one or none] have risen from their beds. Should the Inspector of Morals on duty report that the kitchen fire has not been lighted by 6 A.M., he will issue a summons against the Householder.

(II.) By 9 A.M. the Householder must have all breakfast-tables cleared, and the cooking of eggs and bacon, kidneys, bloaters, haddocks, and other dishes, is expressly forbidden after that hour. No daily papers must be received after 8 A.M. Sunday journals are forbidden. Under this clause the Inspector may, for any infringement of the rule, claim a penalty not exceeding £20.

(III.) Partial weekly cleanings are permissible between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., but no general cleaning of the Householder's premises may occur save on the days allowed by this Act, to wit:—January 2, April 1, June 19, and October 17. Should such date (or dates) fall on a Sunday, the previous Saturday will be taken as the official day of observance. The Inspector is authorised to enter the house (or chambers, or flat) on all such occasions. Penalties vary from £1 to £100.

(IV.) Unless the Householder can prove an income exceeding £600 *p r annum*, no late dinner shall be permitted in his establishment. Meat-tea or supper (the bill of fare of which must be supplied on demand to the Inspector) can in no case be permitted after 6.30 P.M. Oysters, turtle soup, and champagne are absolutely denied to persons who are unable to certify to an annual expenditure of £400 or upwards in *indirect* taxation. Hot luncheons (hashes, resurrection pies, minced (cold) meat, and previously cooked vegetables being exempted) are forbidden. Fines for each and every infringement of this regulation may be ascertained by the schedule supplied to all Inspectors, who are authorised, in the execution of their duty, to taste dishes, as occasion may require.

(V.) The Householder must transmit to the Inspector, *without* demand, answers to the following inquiries:—

(a) Who is your wine merchant, and what is your monthly account for liquor supplied? [\* This need not include soda and mineral waters, but must comprise bitters, such as peach, orange, and Angostura.]

(b) Give the names of your baker, greengrocer, butcher, grocer, ironmonger, farrier, corndealer, newsagent, stockbroker (if any), medical adviser, tailor or milliner (or both), bootmaker, coach-builder, cycle manufacturer, tobacconist, fishmonger, musical instrument maker, haberdasher, washerwoman, cheesemonger, muffin-man, dairy-keeper, and solicitor.

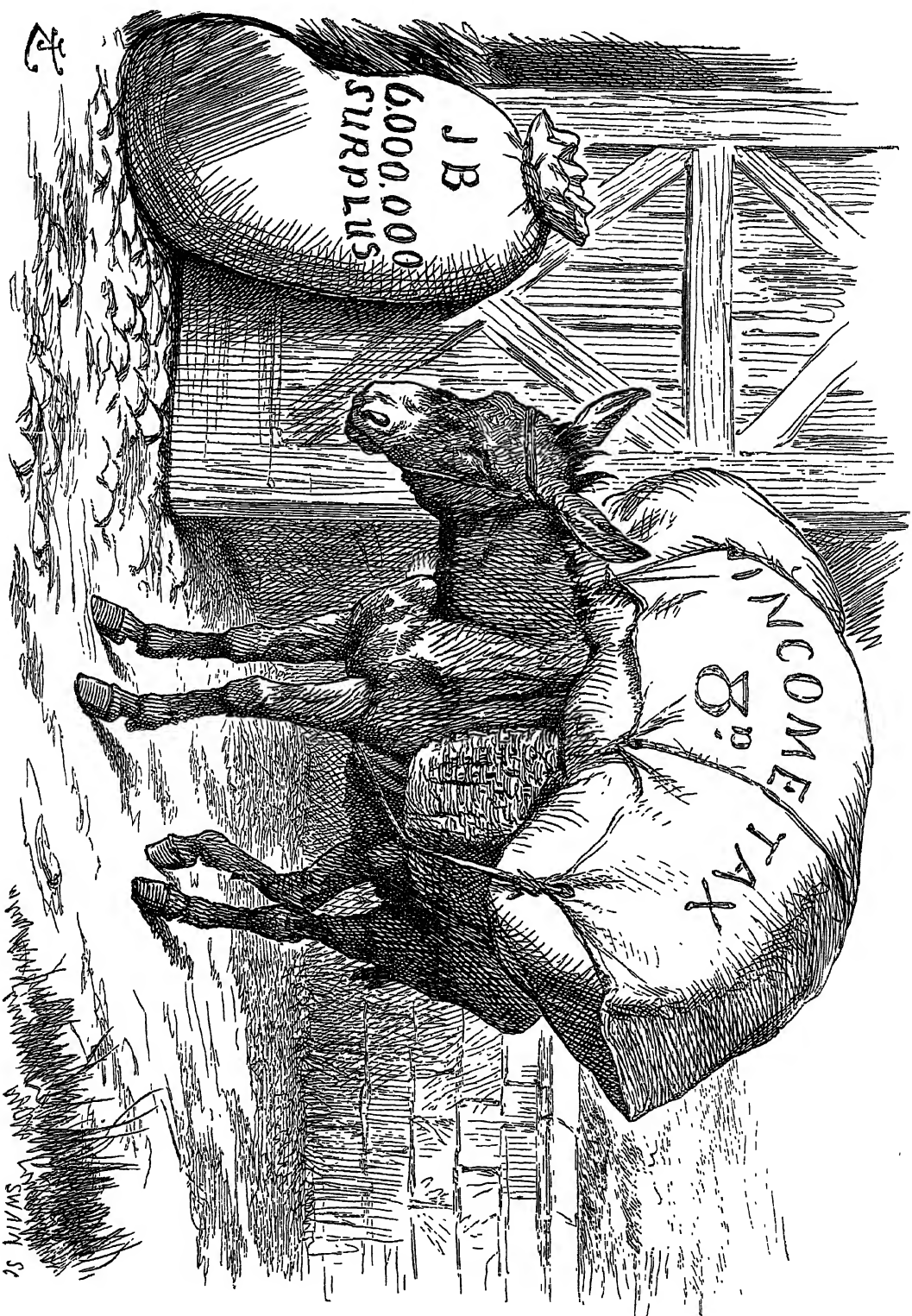
(c) State rent of premises [\* if a freeholder, title must be proved], and age of landlord [or landlady, or executors, or trustees].

(d) Furnish marriage certificates of yourself and wife (or husband), father and mother, grandfather and grandmother (paternal and maternal), also certificates of birth, vaccination, and school progress of your children. [\* If a bachelor (or spinster) claim stamped exemption (fee £2) under the Non-responsibility clause, Cap. 209.]

(VI.) The Householder is required to verify to the satisfaction of the Inspector the extinction of all lights on his premises by the hour of 10 P.M., grace of fifteen minutes being allowed in cases of visits to places of amusement, for which special permits (issued monthly, and available only on one occasion) will be made by the Inspector on payment of the following fees per head:—Opera 5s., theatre (light) 2s. 6d., ditto (serious) 1s., and music halls 10s. In event of the Householder neglecting to carry out the law with regard to the extinction of lights, he is liable to imprisonment *without* the option of a fine, at the discretion of the Inspector.

PLEASURES, PAINS, AND PENALTIES.—In the *Daily Telegraph* there appeared three separate paragraphs under the heading "Bicycle Accidents." It is to be hoped that, for the benefit of the "Common-Wheel," sufficient material may not be forthcoming to warrant the daily appearance of such a column. Anyway, this will give bicyclists a shake all round.

A VERY WATERY MEASURE.—The Raines Bill, as enforced in the city of New York.



### THE PATIENT ASS.

THE INCOME-TAXED ONE MURMURED. "I DON'T GRUMBLE, BUT—I SHOULD LIKE JUST A LITTLE TAKEN OFF."





## THAT GAME OF GOLF.—I.

POFFLES said I must learn golf, life was not worth living without golf; my liver was sluggish, according to POFFLES, I was altogether too fat, and, in fact, nothing but a course of golf would cure it.

One fine day, when we had been discussing the matter for the fiftieth time, and I had exhausted my entire stock of arguments against POFFLES's proposal, I feebly remarked that you couldn't play golf without "sticks," and as I hadn't any sticks, that ended the matter once and for all. POFFLES, however, was not to be so easily beaten, and that same afternoon, under some pretence, I was beguiled unexpectedly into the presence of a polite gentleman whose business it was to provide players with the necessary weapons for the prosecution of "the" game. Once inside the shop, POFFLES and his professional friend proceeded, in spite of all remonstrances on my part, to supply me (at my own expense) with an outfit of "clubs," as they called them, to enable me to learn the game at the shortest possible notice.

I really can't remember the names of all the awful instruments I purchased at that shop. They were all so new and nice that, after a time, I was quite interested, swinging the clubs in the most vicious way, to the manifest disturbance of POFFLES, who nearly got his head broken with a thing they called a "patent mid-spoon brassy bulger!" Then I purchased several "irons" and "drivers," two or three "cleeks," and a thing called a "mashie" or "niblick" or something. I did like that "niblick"—it was a real powerful club—it reminded me of a battle-axe, I felt I could "rely" on it all the time.

Well, after a time POFFLES got me away—not without the clubs, which I insisted on taking home to show my wife, MARIA, and we arranged to go down to Ranelagh (POFFLES belongs to Ranelagh) and have a quiet game next day, Saturday. On returning home, I practised in the drawing-room with the clubs, as POFFLES said I must get into the right "swing." That "swing" certainly turned out expensive, as during my practice I not only managed to clear the cabinet of several of MARIA's best wedding presents, but I also scooped a piece out of the carpet with the "niblick" which, to say the least of it, was unfortunate. While I was trying to glue the piece of carpet down again, MARIA came in suddenly and said unpleasant things of a very strong description. I felt very annoyed with MARIA, but then women are always so unreasonable, and MARIA never could sympathise with anything I wanted to do out of the common. When I put it to her in this way she retorted, "If you want to swing sticks about do it 'on the common.'" She thought this sharp. So did I: but I didn't say so. I only observed that it was not my fault if the drawing-room was the only room large enough to "swing" in.

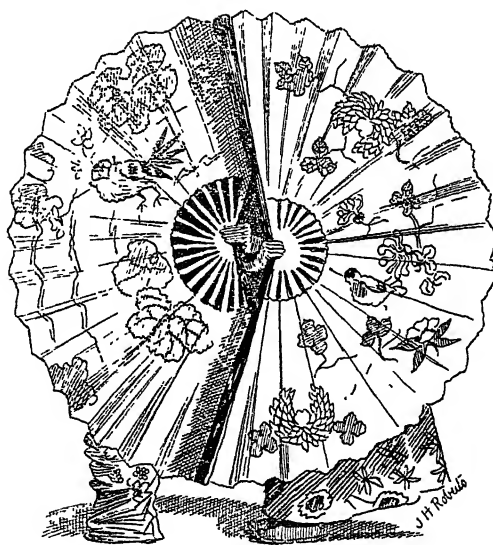
The next day we went down to Ranelagh. POFFLES appeared in a most remarkable costume, which certainly didn't add to his personal appearance. He had a large wide-awake hat of a description adopted by BUFFALO BILL in his great scalp-hunting operations. To this he added a brilliant red coat with brass buttons, a flannel shirt,

## SOMETHING JAPANESE.

FLIRTING WITH THEIR FANS.



EH?



OH!!!

knickers, and a pair of stockings with a pattern on them that reminded me of BROCK's fireworks. Then his boots were something to be remembered, and a pair of yellow spats didn't improve them at all. Altogether he seemed to me to be a kind of cross between a Texan cow-boy and a South Sea Pirate. I thought there ought to be something wonderful in POFFLES' play to justify that costume, but subsequent events didn't exactly prove it.

We had lunch first in the room which had been decorated so becomingly in green, to be in keeping, no doubt, with the other "green" and then we made a start. I had so many clubs that POFFLES said I had better have two "caddies" to carry them; I couldn't make up my mind to part with any of them, as I was quite sure I should want them all.

Then, just as we were going to begin, a friend of POFFLES came up, named SLOGUM, and said he would like to join us, so we decided to have a "three-some," as POFFLES called it. After that came the trouble. Of which I will tell you in my next.

## OUT OF SCHOOL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The chaps at our place always look upon you as our great friend. We all take you in. At least, one of our fellows buys your paper, in which is all the wit and wisdom of the world, and none of your horrid Greek, Latin, and other "preserved tongues." About me is no "familiarity which breeds contempt," as SHAKESPEARE (or some one) says. You will be surprised at my knowing that quotation. It comes of trying to floor our holiday task. Such a beastly shame! This is how I have answered the paper, which is headed "General Intelligence."

Here is the first question:—"What kind of books do you like best; give reasons for preference."

Answer. I like school books best. My reason for preferring them to novels is that they instruct me, and my progress is pleasing to my parents and to the credit of my pastors and masters.

That ought to satisfy them. Here's number two. "What would you like to be in after life; give full reasons for your answer."

Answer. After life I should like to be an angel. The full reason for this reply is surely unnecessary. What else could I wish?

Had them there! Here's another:—"A man blows his tea to make it cool, and blows his hands to make them warm—explain this seemingly funny proceeding."

Answer. Because he must blow something. When he has nothing else to blow he blows his nose.

And now for the last I attempted:—"Where do you get your sugar, salt, mustard, and vinegar, and what are they?"

Answer. I get my sugar, salt, mustard, and vinegar from my dear parents, and am told (by them) that they are paid for.

If that doesn't get me a reputation for filial devotion and simple credulity (I have looked those words out in the dictionary), call me a Dutchman!

But do protest against holiday tasks in play-time, there's a good chap. And now I can't write any more rot, as I am off to spend the ten shillings my Uncle CHARLES gave me for necessaries at the tuck shop.

Your sincere friend,

SMITH MINOR.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, April 9.—What Corporal HANBURY suffered throughout the watches of this night no tongue can tell. House reopened after Easter Holidays. Civil Service Estimates, as usual, taken, hoping that, in absence of Members still making holiday, a lot might be run through. Only a short year ago Private HANBURY, supported by Cap'en TOMMY, buttressed on other side by the Blameless BARTLEY, had high old time. In accordance with custom he and they made point of being in their place punctually on resumption of sittings. Financial Secretary to Treasury, glancing round scantily filled benches, eyes glistening with hope at prospect of running through pockets-full of votes, changed countenance as his glance fell upon the three privateers opposite on second bench above Gangway.

Knew what was in store from them; never disappointed. Private HANBURY made prodigious speeches on every vote. When discussion thus raised languished, Cap'en TOMMY, nailing his trysails to the jibboom, luffed, bore down, and fired a broadside that filled the House with smoke and the Minister in charge of the vote with mortification. Again sky cleared; conversation drooped; Chairman rose to put question that vote be agreed upon, when the Blameless BARTLEY, blushing like the harvest moon, discovered on his feet wanting to know, you know.

Ah, me! the days that are no more. To-night HANBURY, private no longer, but full corporal, with hope of further promotion, sits alone on Treasury Bench in charge of those very estimates whose passage he used to obstruct. Cap'en TOMMY's hammock empty. Blameless B., one of the gems the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear, blushes elsewhere unseen. Others take their places; ALBERT ROLLIT with his pragmatical postman, who at the General Election didn't care for Trojan or Tyrean, but would vote for the man who promised to knock off an hour from his day's work and nail on a shilling's pay; ARNOLD-FORSTER with his Orange Postmaster, a shining light in Catholic Sligo, who in the intervals of professional



Mr. Hanbury (Financial Secretary to the Treasury) to Mr. Hanbury (the representative of the Post Office in the House of Commons). "Money for the Post Office, dear boy; certainly, always delighted to oblige YOU." "The Treasury exercised control over Post Office expenditure, and it was therefore an advantage to the Post Office to be directly represented by a Treasury official in that House."—Mr. Hanbury's Speech, April 9.

duty beat the Protestant drum with the office stamp, and publicly prayed for the conversion of the parish priest. His name was SAMPSON, so they cut his hair and translated him to Protestant Ulster. Corporal HANBURY spasmodically passed his hand over his brow as he thought of what only a year ago he would have said on this case. Now he had to defend the DELLAH of the Post Office.

Then there was PICKERSGILL wanting to know why deaf mutes are not utilised as postmasters in rural parishes; OSBORNE MORGAN protesting against official recognition in the *Postal Guide* of Welsh places by Saxon nicknames; HENNIKER-HEATON, hot, as he told a

sympathetic Committee, from travel night and day a thousand miles, arriving only just in time to deliver (with extra penny stamp for late fee) his familiar speech.

These and others filled the air with murmur of multitude of words Corporal HANBURY would have uttered had he still been Private.

"Ah, TOBY," he said, when relief came with midnight, "you see the stripes on my arm that proclaim my rank. Happily for the peace of your kind mind you cannot see the stripes that lacerate my heart on a night like this."

Business done.—Post Office Vote worried through.

Friday.—Another night in Committee of Supply. Attendance small and, in accordance with practice in such circumstances, yield of votes large. By ten o'clock all estimates put down for sitting got through. No more work to do. Nothing for it but to go home, which Members reluctantly did. Gentlemen below Gangway, having nothing else to divide upon, took division on motion to adjourn. Ministerial

majority omnipotent here as elsewhere. Motion to adjourn carried by 95 to 29. Eviction forthwith carried out. Passers-by Palace Yard at half-past ten surprised to find JOHN BURNS, LLOYD-GEORGE, Dr. TANNER, DALZIEL, and the Boy ALLEN (not to be confounded with the Man ALLAN) camped out amid the sticks and stones of their furniture in shape of rejected Amendments.

"A pretty state of things we're coming to," said JOHN BURNS, gloomily. "Business all over by ten o'clock; shutters up at half-past. Always been in favour of early-closing movement, but didn't mean to have it apply to the Westminister Stores."

Business done.—Votes in Supply by wholesale.

## THE UNWILLING GUEST.

(A Telegraphic Comedy.)

(1) From J. C., London, to P. K., Pretoria.—Everything arranged. When may we expect you?

(2) P. K. to J. C.—What is the cost of the journey third class?

(3) J. C. to P. K.—Never mind cost. Guarantee all expenses, and use of Queen's ship.

(4) P. K. to J. C.—What about lodgings? Landlady must be moderate and certified respectable. Hymn-singer preferred.

(5) J. C. to P. K.—You can have Buckingham Palace. C-RTN-Y shall arrange hymns. But do hurry up.

(6) P. K. to J. C.—Hear that J-M-S-N and friends will be in London. Don't want to meet them.

(7) J. C. to P. K.—Pledge my word you shall not. This delay is most provoking.

(8) P. K. to J. C.—Your disagreeable haste has given me the gout.

(9) J. C. to P. K.—I apologise for over-anxiety. Sorry to hear of your gout. Best advice in London.

(10) P. K. to J. C.—Prefer my Pretoria doctor. What an excellent speech you made the other night. I read between the lines.

(11) J. C. to P. K.—Glad you liked speech. Never mind lines; take railway. Please name date of your departure.

(12) P. K. to J. C.—Don't be impatient. Household matters must be attended to. What is the weather like with you?

(13) J. C. to P. K.—Splendid weather, likely to improve. Anticipate your arrival with pleasure.

(14) P. K. to J. C.—Never anticipate anything. Don't esteem being anticipated.

(15) J. C. to P. K.—Are you coming or are you not?

(16) P. K. to J. C.—Your question implies distrust. If I were to tell you, evidently you would not believe me.

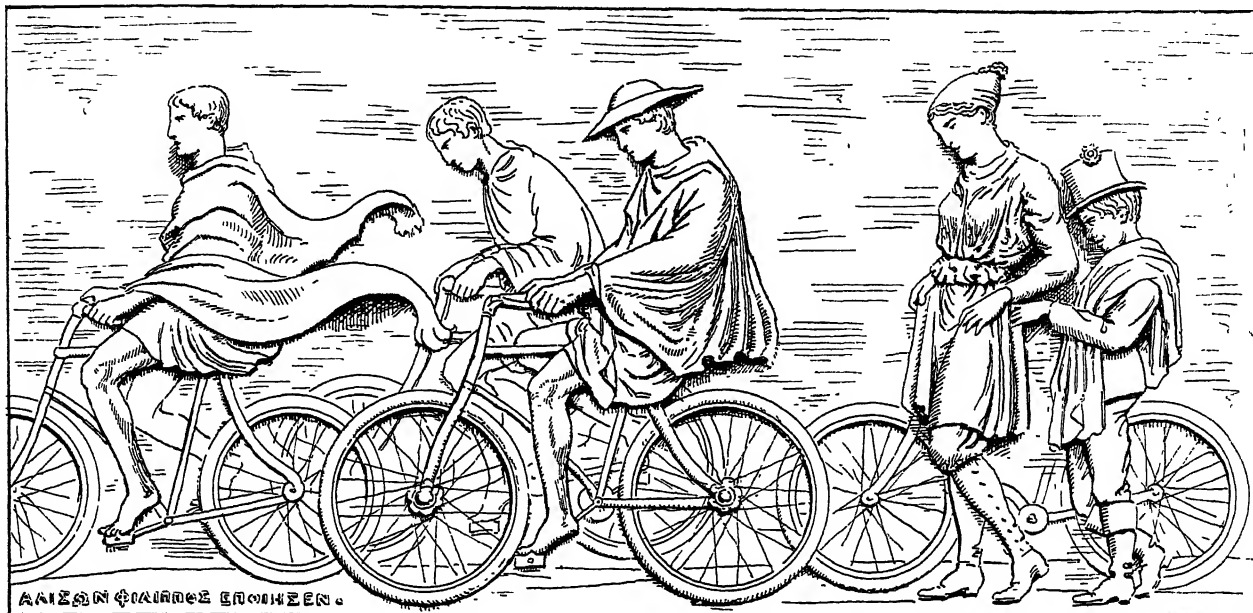
[Curtain abruptly falls, leaving J. C. at one end of the wire tramping on priceless orchids, and P. K. at the other calling for more tobacco and coffee.]

LITERARY.—Mr. THOMAS HARDY, we are told, has written a chatty preface for his *Wessex Tales*. Like all Mr. HARDY writes it will, doubtless, be well worth reading. But, as regards his later novels at least, is not the first syllable (in the title *Wessex Tales*) just a trifle superfluous?

Mrs. Grundy no doubt it must mightily vex To find HARDY's novels run so upon sex. But still more to find that, in halts and in hovels The sex makes so hardy a run on his novels.

THE BARRISTER'S FAVOURITE HYMN.—"Brief life is here our portion."

ORATORICAL AXIOM.—Self-possession is nine points of the "jaw."



### THE REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.

*Portion of a Design for the suggested restoration of the Frieze of the Parthenon in commemoration of the event.*

### JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. X.

*Mr. Jabberjee is taken to see a Glove-Fight.*

A YOUNG sprightly Londoner acquaintance of mine, who is a member of a Sportish Club where exhibitions of fisticuffs are periodically given, did generously invite me on a recent Monday evening to be the eye-witness of this gladiatorial spectacle.

And, though not constitutionally bellicose, I eagerly accepted his invitation on being assured that I should not be requisitioned to take part personally in such pugilistic exercises, and should observe same from a safe distance and cogn of vantage, for I am sufficiently a lover of sportfulness to appreciate highly the sight of courage and science in third parties.

So he conducted me to the Club-house, and by the open sesame of a ticket enabled me to penetrate the barrier, after which I followed his wake downstairs, through rooms full of smoking and conversing sportlovers mostly in festal attire, to a long and lofty hall with balconies and a stage at the further end with foliage painted in imitation of a forest, which was tenanted by press reporters.

The centre of the hall was monopolised by a white square platform confined by a circumambience of rope, which I was informed was the veritable theatre of war and cockpit.

Presently two hobbardhyos made the ascent of this platform with their attendant myrmidons, and did proceed to remove their trouserings and coats until they were in the state of nature with the exception of a loincloth, whereupon the President or Master of the Ceremonies introduced them and their respective partisans by name to the assemblage, stating their precise ponderability, and that these juvenile antagonists were fraternally related by ties of brotherhood.

At which I was revolted, for it is against nature and *contra bonos mores* that relations should be egged on into family jars, nor can such proceedings tend to promote the happiness and domesticity of their home circle. However, on such occasion when the youths were in danger of inflicting corporal injuries upon each other, the President called out "Time" in such reproving tones that they hung their heads in shamefulness and desisted. And at length they were persuaded into a pacification, and made the *amende honorable* by shaking each other by the hand, whereat I was rejoiced, for, as Poet WATTS says, "Birds which are in little nests should refrain from falling out."

The victory was adjudged to the elder brother—in obedience, I suppose, to the rule of Primogeniture, for he did not succeed in reducing his opponent to a *hors de combat*.

Next came a more bustling encounter between Masters BILL HUSBAND and MYSTERIOUS SMITH, which was protracted to the duration of eight rounds. I was largely under the impression that Mister HUSBAND was to win, owing to the acclamations he received, and

the excessive agility with which he removed his head from vicinity of the blows of Mister MYSTERIOUS SMITH.

It was truly magnificent to see how they did embrace each other by the neck, and the wonderment and suspicion in their glances when one discovered that he was resting his chin upon the padded hand of his adversary, and from time to time the Hon'ble Chairman was heard ordering them to "break away," and "not to hold," or requesting us to refrain from any remarks. And at intervals they retired to sit upon chairs in opposing corners, where they rinsed their mouths, and were severely fanned by their bearers, who agitated a large towel after the manner of a punkah. But, in the end, it was Misterious Mister SMITH who hit the right nail on the head, and was declared the conquering hero, though once more I was incapacitated to discover in what precise respects he was the *facile princeps*.

Around the hall there were placards announcing that smoking was respectfully prohibited, and the President did repeatedly intreat members of the audience to refrain from blowing a cloud, assuring them that the perfume of tobacco was noxious and disgusting to the combatants, and threatening to mention disobedient tobaccoists by name.

Whereupon most did desist; but some, secreting their cigars in the hollow of their hands, took whiffs by stealth, and blushed to find it fame; while others, who were such grandees and big pots that their own convenience was the first and foremost desideratum, continued to smoke with lordliness and indifference.

And I am an approver of such conduct—for it is unreasonable that a well-bred, genteel sort of individual should make the total sacrifice of a cigar, for which he has perhaps paid as much as two or even four annas, out of consideration for insignificant common chaps hired to engage in snipsnaps for his entertainment.

The last competition was to be the *bonne bouche* and *pièce de résistance* of the evening, consisting of a rumpus in twenty rounds between Masters TOM TRACY of Australia, and TOMMY WILLIAMS, from the same hemisphere, at which I was on the tip-toe of expectation.

But, although they commenced with dancing activity, one of the TOMs in the very first round sparr'd the other under the chin with such superabundant energy that he immediately became a recumbent for a lengthy period, and, on being elevated to a chair, only recaptured sufficient consciousness to abandon the sponge.

And then, to my chapfallen disappointment, the Chairman announced that he was very sorry and could not help it, but that was the concluding box of the evening.

I will reluctantly confess that, on the whole, I found the proceedings lacking in sensationality, since they were of very limited duration, and totally devoid of bloodshed, or any danger to the life and limb of the performers. For it is not reasonably possibly for a combatant to make a palpable hit when his hands are, as it were, muzzled, being cained, cribbed, and confined in padded soft gloves, I am not a squeamish in such cases, and I must respectfully submit that the Cause of True Sport can only be hampered by such nursery



and puerile restrictions, for none can expect to compound an omelette without the fracture of eggs.

Upon remarking as above to my young lively friend, he assured me that even a gloved hand was competent to produce facial disfigurement and tap the vital fluid, and offered to demonstrate the truth of his statement if I would be the partaker with him in a glove-box.

But, though doubting the authenticity of his assertions, I thought it prudent to decline the proof of the pudding, and so took a precipitate leave of him with profuse thanks for his unparagoned kindness, and many promises to put on the gloves with him at the first convenient opportunity.

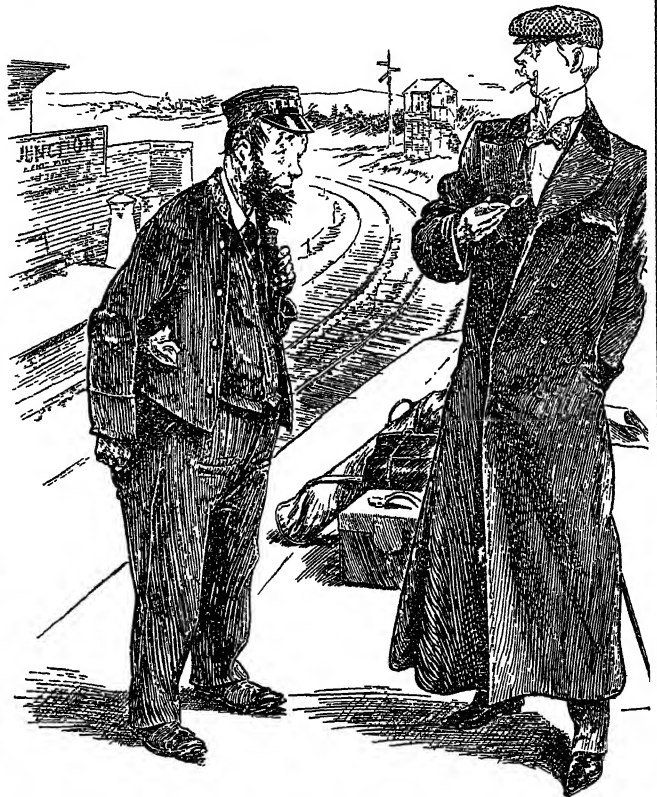
### A LITTLE WALK. (From Monte Carlo to Nice.)

THAT is, from La Turbie. Up to La Turbie by train. Not exactly a walk so far. Also rather prosaic. The romance begins at the top, on the famous and beautiful Route de la Corniche. Arrived there, find everyone strolls quite naturally into a *restaurant*, which might be in Paris, except that it is filled with English and Germans. Probably the romance begins further on. From the terrace look down, in both senses of the word, on the little mass of white buildings, variously described as "the plague spot of the Riviera," mostly in serious English books, and "*Un paradis terrestre*," mostly in frivolous French newspapers. Fine view of the gimcrack Casino, the showy hotels, the tawdry *cafés*. Can almost see the winners faring sumptuously at the *Café des Millionnaires*, or the *Restaurant des Richissimes*, and the losers hastening to the numerous little offices inscribed "*Avances sur Bijoux*." Can almost hear the music (!) outside the *café* in the Place du Casino, that execrable noise which some strangers may innocently imagine is produced by the Monte Carlo orchestra, celebrated throughout the world. It is not.

After *déjeuner* stroll along the Cornice Road, towards Nice, and meet a German tourist, carrying a grey umbrella. Did anyone ever see a German tourist without a grey umbrella? Ask him about the road. He speaks English excellently. He says, "You go on till you meet a public-house." Thank him, and stroll on, admiring the blue sea and the distant view, till I meet the public-house, which is inscribed "*Café Restaurant. Chambres et Salons Réservés*." No doubt very much *réservés*, since they all seem quite empty. But no. As I approach, two persons come out and walk before me. The lady is plump, though young. As I follow her I estimate that the circumference of her waist is about forty inches. Her dress is not elegant, and she wears a green, soft felt hat. The gentleman also wears a green hat, and he carries a grey umbrella. Possibly they are Germans. "*Wie? Ja! Ach so! Wo? Ja, ja, ja! Ach wunderschön! Ja, ja, ja! So? Ja, ja, ja!*" There is no longer any doubt. They walk on arm in arm, and the man's boots creak at every step.

Cannot possibly walk all the way to Nice behind a man who talks German loudly, who wears a green hat, and whose boots creak incessantly. Could have tolerated the green hat, as it reminds me, in form and colour, of the hat of Noah in my early childhood, but the boots are beyond endurance. Loiter about and let them carry their wearer out of hearing.

By this time there are clouds in the sky and the view is all grey—sea, sky, hills, trees. The only spots of colour are the green hats of the Germans, vanishing in the distance. It will probably rain soon. There is Villefranche just down below. Will step down in a few minutes and catch a train to take me back to Nice in time for dinner. Start down gaily. A peasant recommends a short cut. The usual sort of short cut in the Alpes Maritimes—all jagged stones. The cutting is chiefly of one's boots. To scramble down this takes longer than walking along the road. Try that. Very easy slope. An immense zigzag. Begin to think it will take more than a few minutes to get down to Villefranche. Hurry on a little. First I go half a mile towards Genoa. Then at last the road turns, and I career half a mile towards Marseilles. The only place I never seem to approach is Villefranche. At one time am almost at Beaulieu, at another seem close to Nice. Full speed ahead as much as possible. Arrive at a place where the awful zigzag divides, and forms two zigzags. The only person in sight is a peasant woman sitting on a step. Hope she speaks something besides the Nîçois dialect. She does, for she says, though speaking French with difficulty, "*Faut aller à la gauche*," at the same time pointing to the right. "*À droite ou à gauche?*" I ask wildly. "*Oui*," she answers. No time for further talk, so choose the road, less obviously leading in the wrong direction, and on again. Wish I had walked to Nice. Should have been nearly there now. At last see Villefranche station far below. Then speed on towards Italy, back again, another glimpse of station, apparently no nearer, and on towards Spain. On the return journey perceive the train in the distance down below, coming round the bay. Start running, still down zigzags. Ringing of bells, shouts, whistles, scream of a locomotive. Rush breathless into station. "*Le train est parti, monsieur.*"



Impatient Tr v Uler. "ER—HOW LONG WILL THE NEXT TRAIN BE, PORTAH!"

Porter. "HEAW LONG! WHEEL, SIR, AH DUNNO HEAW AH CON SAAT TO HAUF AN INCH. HAPPEN THERE 'LL BE FOWER OR FIVE CO-ACHES AN' A ENGINE OR SOA."

### THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.

(A copy of this hitherto unpublished document has come into the possession of Mr. Punch, who, out of consideration for his readers, has had it literally translated, and now offers it to the admiration of the world.)

MY DEAR HERR PRESIDENT,—Lately returned from a most beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten outfight, wherein I visited scenes by me not to be contemplated without deep-seated feeling, find I a State-paper from my Imperial Kanzler (he is a good fellow, the old HOHENLOHE, but slow, and through a brick-wall he cannot at all see) informing me that once more the young men of Cambridge have a boatrace lost. In foregone years, and in this year too, have I *sogar* deemed it my duty to send to Oxford my heartiest luck-wishes on their successful strugglings after victory. But, pot-thousand again, what does this mean that you seven times after one another into the bushes let yourselves be stuck? Thunder-weather! how can you endure it? My Imperial sympathy stretches itself to you. In my Palace have I a rowing machine put up, and daily every mornings, before I myself sponge in my tub, row I two thousand strokes at two hundred to the minute on the machine. That is more than your miserable thirty-four, not true? So I have overlaid these matters in my Imperial mind filled with goodwill towards you, and I announce to you what I will do. Next year I will imprison all my Editors for *lèse-majesté*, and for the Socialists will I a bloodbath set out. Thus I will be free of nuisances and will come to Cambridge in January with the EMPRESS and the whole family, not forgetting a monthly nurse for whom most comfortable rooms are to be taken in your Boathouse. I will then coach you all every day, and sometimes, surprise-visiting you in the night, I will make you row till Aurora appears over the Gogmagogish Mountains. I will live, together with my suite (500 persons), with your Vice-Kanzler. Daily I will conduct prayers in your University Church where all must attend, and will examine your young men for their mathematical knowledge three times in every week. For the Cambridge free-willers I will be a General and a Father. After this I know Cambridge will win. Your gratitude I accept.

WILHELM R. AND I.

Post-scriptum.—I have a new uniform for the University Crew. The helmets and top-boots that form part of it are colossally beautiful.





## INADEQUATE HOSPITALITY.

"WELL, GUY, DID YOU ENJOY THE PARTY?"  
 "YES, MUMMY; BUT I'M SO HUNGRY. THERE WAS ONLY A NOW  
 AND THEN TEA, YOU KNOW; WITH NO CHAIRS, AND NO GRACE!"

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

AT Easter time as at Christmas and towards the end of July there are feast-days and revellings and high solemn occasions at the various schools in which the youth of England faithfully learns the ingenuous arts which, according to Colonel NEWCOME, *emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros*. Easter is the season specially set apart in the school calendar for the holding of athletic sports, and from far and near streams of pleased and prosperous parents flow towards the school cricket-field to behold the efforts of their sons struggling for supremacy with the cricket-ball, over the hurdles, in the jumps, and in the various other competitions appointed for the testing of swiftness, strength, and endurance. Thither, too, come the old boys, some but lately released from the school fetters, others grey-headed and portly, to applaud the prowess of their young successors and to spend an hour or two in converse with old friends. Pleasant gatherings are these of men, parted by time and circumstance and the cares of life, who thus for a brief space renew their happy youth, fight the old fights over again, and tremble once more as they repeat the tale of their peccadilloes, and of the scrapes over which the familiar birch cast its baleful but undaunting shadow.

I BRACED myself the other day to climb the Northern height where my own school-days were passed. It was the day of the athletic sports, and a sense of things dimly remembered, seen as through a veil, came over me as I made my way down the lane and neared the old gate. Boys in caps and flannel shorts and stockings were hurrying along. They all seemed absurdly young, and there was about them a boniness (if the word may be pardoned) and kind of angular falling short of full development which has, I suppose, always marked the genus boy. Could it have been that I, too, once hurried as did these eager competitors; was I indeed so young, so bony, so angular, so eager; I who, with sober air and measured step, was pacing down the lane? Surely the boys of my time were older, fuller in build, less prone to rush up behind other boys and slap them violently on their backs, with the certainty that the outrageous

proceeding, far from breeding resentment, would be treated as an excellent joke. A group sped past me; I caught a scrap of their conversation. "So I told him I wouldn't have any of his beastly cheek. These small boys ought to be jolly well spanked." The speaker was not large, but he was evidently larger than some other boy, and that other boy had cheeked him. There was a familiar sound about the words, and something in me seemed to acknowledge that once in the long ago I might possibly have used them myself. No doubt twenty-two years are *grande mortalis ævi spatium*; they bring their hateful and inevitable changes, and the accursed tailor may, perhaps, have spoken the truth when he hinted, a few weeks ago, that he thought he would have to allow an inch or so more round the waist.

OUTSIDE the gate, with a table in front of him, sat an old gentleman at the receipt of custom. "Admission, Sir? Sixpence; programme, threepence. Thank you, Sir." Heavens! It was my old friend Mr. ROGERS, the hatter, from the High Street, whose tall form and brilliant auburn beard had been my boyish admiration. But now the snows of twenty-two years lay thick upon the auburn though his voice was still hearty. "It's a long time since we met, Mr. ROGERS," I ventured to say. "Yes, Sir, time will keep going; we're both getting a bit older than we were," and upon this somewhat painful aphorism I passed into the field. A grave, but kindly-looking gentleman came towards me, leading by the hand a rosy-cheeked little fellow of ten or eleven. He looked at me in a scrutinising way and paused as if intending to address me. Evidently he knew me; but where had we met? The face of the little boy seemed familiar enough—yes, of course, I knew the little boy; it was HARRY ROSS: we were in the same form, we got flogged on the same day, we learnt dancing together in the holidays, he swore he would marry my sister, in fact, wrote the vow down on a piece of paper and sealed it with black sealing-wax, "I swear that when I grow up and have one hundred pounds a year of my own I will marry your sister ALICE: signed and sealed, HARRY ROSS." I was about to shake him warmly by the hand and congratulate him on looking younger than ever when I woke with a start from my dream and realised that this was HARRY ROSS's son, and that the grave but kindly parent was indeed my old friend HARRY ROSS.

WE walked about the field together and managed to knit many old memories as we walked. In the pavilion a long table groaned under a gorgeous array of prizes. Here were clocks, dressing-bags, bats, cups, toast-racks, and even (with a pleasing anticipation of coming years of freedom) silver cigarette-cases—the trophies of the victors in the games then proceeding.

"My dear HARRY," I said, "do you remember that race in the hundred yards?" "I remember I beat you." "Yes, that's just it; you did beat me, but if I hadn't had the cramp—" "Cramp be blowed; I always could run a hundred yards faster than you." "You couldn't." "I could. I'll run you now."

But at this proposal the younger HARRY was taken with so violent a fit of laughter, that we went no further with it. Poor little boy! of course he couldn't realise how young we both felt at an age which to him, no doubt, seemed of an unattainable antiquity. Still a look at the pavilion wall might have justified him, for on the board of honour there the names of more than twenty School Elevens were painted after the Eleven that contained his father's name and mine.

In the field the sports proceeded merrily. Long boys flung themselves into contortions over the high jump, short boys toppled in heaps over hurdles, panting boys wore down opposition, and raced gallantly home in the mile; and in the School Handicap countless little boys, dotted about the grass like stars, awaited the firing of the pistol, and then sprang forward for the race. Need I say that all my sympathies went with the diminutive limit-boy. He struggled gallantly, but, alas! he was overborne at last by a sturdier and bigger rival, and was forced to subside into the rack. Finally came the glorious presentation of the prizes. How those boys cheered and shouted as the heroes of the day stepped modestly forward to receive their prizes, how they cheered (as though to show there was no trace of ill-feeling left in their minds) when the head-master stepped out and congratulated the victors in a few hearty, well-chosen words. Nor did we omit to praise and cheer "the *mens sana in corpore sano*," words not unknown, indeed, at school athletics, but true and welcome notwithstanding. It was a right pleasant day, and we wound it up not ingloriously with a dinner in the evening, a dinner for the old boys who had graced the occasion. Yet, as I stood on the station platform, awaiting the last train, I seemed to have had a few years added to my tale. But another "old boy" who had come from Cambridge, felt no such qualms. He had enjoyed his dinner, and he was now singing up and down the platform. "Isn't it splendid, old fellow," he remarked to a friend, "why, I've been proctorised for much less than this at Cambridge." Oh, daring and tremendous old boy, the melancholy time must come when even proctors will cease to be a terror.



*Lucy Vandenberg.*

### THE ALLIANCE TRIPLE TRICYCLE.

*German Emperor (inflating Italian wheel), "I THINK IT'LL RUN A LITTLE WHILE LONGER NOW!"*



A STUDY IN ANATOMY.

Dealer. "THERE, SIR! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PICTURE!"

Prospective Buyer. "H'M—YES—HE DOES RATHER SUGGEST ONE OF THOSE RÖNTGEN-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT shall the Baron say of *The Statement of Stella Maberley*, written by "Herself" (an entirely new authoress) and published by FISHER UNWIN? It appears to me, quoth the Baron, that, had not this work been "precursed," so to put it classically and not incorrectly, in more senses than one, by that awful story of the *Great God Pan* (a revival of the legend of *Le Succube, ou Démon femelle*) in the Key-note Series (when key-notes were at their highest pitch, or lowest, whichever it may have been), it might have attracted with all the glamour of such originality as, in the time of BYRON and SHELLEY, fascinated the readers of *Frankenstein*. *The Statement of Stella Maberley* shows undoubted cleverness, and it is consistent in its puzzlement and in its weird, real unreality. It might form the third of a new series, to be entitled "*The Lunatic Library*," of which the two first volumes, according to my selection, would be *The Germ Growers* and *The Wonderful Visit*.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN is a bold man, even for a publisher. He has invited the young men and girls who write books for him to sit down and discourse about their work and themselves. Overcoming natural and almost impassable diffidence, they have accepted the mission. The result appears in a little volume, entitled *Good Reading About Many Books, mostly by their Authors*. The innocent little thing (price one shilling nett) is appropriately issued in snow-white cover. Some of the biographical details are quite thrilling. Here, for example, is what Mr. HAROLD SPENDER, author of *At the Sign of the Guillotine*, says:—

"I come of a family that has now spilt ink in profusion for two generations, and I should not like to say how many reams of paper have been blackened by my relatives in their transit from the paper-mills to the waste-paper basket."

This graphic picture of Mr. SPENDER's relatives on their way from the paper-mills to the waste-paper basket, apparently oozing black blood, beats the primest efforts of the Fat Boy in the way of making your flesh creep. The *Good Reading* is not all quite as good as this. But, taken a little at a time, it is charming.

In *The Cloud of Witness*, the Oxford University Press has turned out a sumptuous book worthy their high renown. It is in every way luxurious, though happily not after the fashion of the ordinary *éditions de luxe*, with which the casual reader most conveniently wrestles prone on the drawing-room floor. As a work of the

printers' and bookbinders' art, it is so distractingly charming that my Baronite almost forgot to read it. This omission corrected, its contents, compiled by Mrs. LYTLETON GELL, are found to be worthy of their unique mode of presentation. Mrs. GELL has culled the poetry garden of the poets, and deftly arranges her bouquets in daily sequence following the Christian seasons. Some clear, high note is struck for every day.

One of the Baron's Deputy-Assistants has been sampling Mrs. HELEN BLACK'S *Pen, Pencil, Baton, and Mask* with satisfactory results. He says that the volume, which contains some sixty or seventy "portraits in quill and ink," is full of interest not only to the subjects of the sketches, but to the public at large. The biographies are capital blends of black and white; the authoress's name supplies the first, and her good-nature the second. "Quite a book," concludes the Deputy-Assistant, "to read for pleasure for a week, and to keep for reference for a century."

"THE BEAUTIFUL, BOUNCING BUDGET."

(Opinions of the Crowd.)

*The Chancellor of the Exchequer*. Caused by a most remarkable year of prosperity.

*Sir William Harcourt*. Entirely in accord with his predecessor's suggestion.

*An Admiral*. Should do wonders for the Navy.

*A General*. Should keep up the Army to its proper strength.

*A Schoolmaster*. Will afford desirable sustenance to many deserving scholastic establishments.

*An Agriculturist*. Will very likely be of some assistance to the British farmer.

*An Imperialist*. Will enhance the credit of the greatest nation upon the earth's surface to a limitless extent.

*A Patriot*. Will carry the British Flag in a blaze of triumph from pole to pole.

*A Foreign Critic*. Proves that JOHN BULL was never so wealthy.

*A Man in the Street*. Yes, but Income Tax at eightpence in the pound! Oh lor!

CHANGE OF NAME.—Detective BURRELL, the young detective officer who "unearthed" the whereabouts of Messrs. FOWLER and MILSOM at Bath, should be known as "Detective BURROW."

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XI.

*Mr. Jabberjee finds himself in a position of extreme delicacy.*

It is an indubitable fact that the discovery of steam is the most marvellous invention of the century. For had it been predicted beforehand that innumerable millions of human beings would be transported with security at a headlong speed for hundreds of miles along a ferruginous track, the most temporary deviation from which would produce the inevitable cataclysm and awful smash, the majority would have expressed their candid opinion of such rhodomontade by cooking the contemptuous snook of incredulity.

And yet it is now the highly accomplished fact and matter of course!

Still, I shall venture to express the opinion that the pleurability of such railway journeys is largely dependent upon the person who may be our travelling companion, and that some of the companies are not quite careful enough in the exclusion of undesirable fellow-passengers. In proof of which I now beg to submit an exemplary instance from personal experience.

I was recently the payer of a ceremonial visit to a friend of my boyhood, namely, BABOO CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, with whom, finding him at home in his lodgings in a distant suburb, I did hold politely affectionate intercourse, for the space of two hours, and then departed, as I had come, by train, and the sole occupant of a second-class dual compartment divided by a low partition.

At the next station the adjoining compartment was suddenly invaded by a portly female of the matronly type, with a rubicund countenance and a bonnet in a dismantled and lopsided condition, who was bundled through the doorway by the impetuosity of a porter, and occupied a seat in immediate opposition to myself.

When the train resumed its motion, I observed that she was contemplating me with a beaming simper of indescribable suavity, and, though she was of an unornamental exterior and many years my superior, I constrained myself from motives of merest politeness to do some simpering in return, since only a churlish would grudge such an economical and inexpensive civility.

But whether she was of an unusually ardent temperament, or whether, against my volition, I had invested my simper with an irresistible winsomeness, I cannot tell; but she fell to making nods and becks and wreathed smiles which reduced me to crimson sheepishness, and the necessity of looking earnestly out of window at vacancy.

At this she entreated me passionately not to be unkind, inviting me to cross to the next compartment and seat myself by her side; but I did nill this invitation politely, urging that Company's by-laws countermanded the placing of boots upon the seat-cushions, and my utter inability to pose as a *Romeo* to scale the barrier.

Whereupon, to my lively horror and amazement, she did exclaim, "Then I will come to you, darling!" and commenced to scramble precipitately towards me over the partition!

At which I was in the blue funk, perceiving the *arcana* of her design to embrace me, and resolved to leave no stone unturned for the preservation of my bacon. So, at the moment she made the entrance into my compartment, I did simultaneously hop the twig into the next, and she followed in pursuit, and I once more achieved the return with inconceivable agility.

Then, as we were both, like *Hamlet*, fat and short of breath, I addressed her gaspingly across the barrier, assuring her that it was

as if to milk the ram to set her bonnet at a poor young native chap who regarded her with nothing but platonical esteem, and advising her to sit down for the recovery of her wind.

But alack! this speech only operated to inspire her with the *spretæ injuria formæ*, and flourishing a large stalwart umbrella, she exclaimed that she would teach me how to insult a lady.

After that she came floundering once again over the partition, and, guarding my loins, I leapt into the next compartment, seeing the affair had become a *saute qui peut*, and devil take the hindmost; and at the nick of time, when she was about to descend like a wolf on a fold, I most fortunately perceived a bell-handle provided for such pressing emergencies, and rung it with such unparalleled energy, that the train immediately became stationary.

Then, as my female persecutress alighted on the floor of the compartment in the limp condition of a collapse, I stepped across to my original seat, and endeavoured to look as if with withers unwrung.

Presently the Guard appeared, and what followed I can best render in the dramatiocal form of a dialogue:—

*The Guard (addressing the Elderly Female, who is sitting smiling with vacuity beneath the bell-pull).* So it is you who have sounded the alarm! What is it all about?

*The Elderly Female (with warm indignation).* Me? I never did! I am too much of the lady. It was that young coloured gentleman in the next compartment.

*[At which the tip of my nose goes down with apprehensiveness.]*

*The Guard.* Indeed! A likely story! How could the gentleman ring this bell from where he is?

*Myself (with mental presence).* Well said, Mister GUARD! The thing is not humanly possible. *Rem acu tetigit!*

*The Guard.* I do not understand Indian, Sir. If you have anything to say about this affair, you had better say it.

*Myself (combining discretion with magnanimousness).* As a chivalrous, I must decline to bring any accusation against a member of the weaker sex, and my tongue is hermetically sealed.

*The Eld. F.* It was him who rang the alarm, and not me. He was in this compartment, and I in that.

*The Guard.* What? have you been playing at Hide-and-seek together, then? But if your story is watertight, he must have rung the bell in a state of abject bodily terror, owing to your chivving him about!

*The Eld. F.* It is false! I have been well educated, and belong to an excellent family. I merely wanted to kiss him.

*The Guard.* I see what is your complaint. You have been imbibing the drop too much, and will hear of this from the Company. I must trouble you, Mam, for your correct name and address.

*Myself (after he had obtained this, and was departing).* Mister Guard, I do most earnestly entreat you not to abandon me to the mercies of this female woman. I am not a proficient in physical courage, and have no desire to test the correctness of Poet POPE's assertion, that Hell does not possess the fury of a scorned woman. I request to be conducted into a better-populated compartment.

*The Guard (with complimentary jocosity).* Ah, such young good-looking chaps as you ought to go about in a veil. Come with me, and I'll put you into a smoker-carriage. You won't be run after there!

So the incident was closed, and I did greatly compliment myself upon the sagacity and coolness of head with which I extricated myself from my pretty kettle of fish. For to have denounced myself as the real alarmist would have rendered the affair more, rather than less, discreditable to my feminine companion, and I should have been arraigned before the solemn bar of a police-court magistrate, who might even have made a Star Chamber matter of the incident.



"A beaming simper of indescribable suavity."



All is well that is well over, but when you have been once bitten, you become doubly bashful. Consequently, this humble self will take care that he does not on any subsequent occasion travel alone in a railway compartment with a female woman.

## THAT GAME OF GOLF.

No. II.

WELL, there we were, POFFLES, SLOGUM, and myself. POFFLES went off first, but the ball didn't seem to me to go as far as POFFLES meant it to, judging by the energy he put into it. It couldn't have travelled more than twenty yards in all. SLOGUM said that POFFLES "sliced" it, and one of my caddies said he "topped" it, and SLOGUM's that he "pulled" it, and a gentleman we didn't know came up and said that POFFLES "toed" it a bit and didn't "play it through." We argued this for a quarter of an hour, and then POFFLES got sulky, and said he hadn't come there to be talked to by a lot of "foozelers," and that he knew what he had done, and had done it on purpose to get a "good lie." I thought this was "a good lie," but I didn't say so.

Then SLOGUM went off, and his ball went much farther than POFFLES' ball, but it made a funny sort of curve round to the right, and landed in a bush. After that it was my turn. I wanted to play with that "niblick," but POFFLES and the gentleman we didn't know wouldn't let me. They said it wasn't the game. So I took the "m'd-spoon bulger driver," and let fly at the ball for all I was worth.

POFFLES gasped when he saw me let out at that ball, and the caddie nearest me said "Strike me," under his breath, and another caddie said "S'elp me." Then we looked to see where the ball would come down, but it didn't come down. I said I must have driven it into the river, and felt proud, and POFFLES said it must have got fixed up one of the trees, and the gentleman we didn't know said it was most curious. We were just going to put down another ball, when one of my caddies who was making the "tee" suddenly gave a "guffaw," and digging down into the ground about six inches produced the ball. There it was safe enough, deep in the earth below the tee, and we had another argument to explain how it got there. POFFLES said I was too near the ball, and SLOGUM said I "pressed too much," and the gentleman we didn't know said he thought I "took my eye off the ball." We couldn't settle it any way, so I drove off again, and this time I did hit it, and to everybody's surprise (though it was what they called a short hole) it landed on the green, just over the "bunker," as they said, "in one." (I didn't know what a bunker was, but I wasn't going to say so.)

Then we went and looked at SLOGUM's ball, which had stuck in the middle of a big bush, full of thorns and things. POFFLES said SLOGUM must "play it out," according to Rule 29, which says, a ball is to be played "wherever it lies." SLOGUM, however, said that, according to Rule 18, when a ball is covered with "fog, bent whins," &c., as much shall be set aside as will give the player "a view of his ball," and he hadn't any view of that ball at all when he was in a position to strike, so the bush ought to be "set aside." Then POFFLES' caddie said, according to Rule 12, a player must not "move, bend, or break anything, fixed or growing, near the ball, except in placing his feet on the ground to address the ball," and the gentleman we didn't know said that the bush was a "hazard," and according to Rule 14, nothing must be touched or moved before the player strikes the ball when it lies in a hazard. Then SLOGUM got savage and said he would lie down under the bush and "scrape it out," but POFFLES said that was against Rule 4, which says, you mustn't "push, scrape, or spoon a ball." So SLOGUM had to play it out after all, and a glorious time he had with that bush, whilst we sat round and encouraged him, POFFLES particularly advising him to "go right in and hit it."

After that, POFFLES and SLOGUM got on the green somehow, and one of the caddies offered me a "putter." SLOGUM said I must "put" the ball down next, and I wanted to "put" it with that niblick, but they wouldn't let me, so I had to use the putter and I got the ball quite near the hole, and SLOGUM, who "putted" next, knocked my ball in and one of the caddies said it was "bogey," though I couldn't see what "bogies" had to do with it any way. Then POFFLES said he was down in twenty-seven, and SLOGUM said he wasn't, and they argued that ten minutes, and the caddies all argued too. While they were arguing, there was a funny man behind me shouting "four" at the top of his voice, and I wondered what was the matter with him. I reckoned, from the way he was going on, that he felt really bad, so I sat down on the grass to watch him. As I did so he seemed to be taken much worse, for he jumped round, and screamed, and waved his club in a way that was simply frantic. Then on the other side of him there was another man who suddenly seemed taken in the same way, as he also commenced to dance round and yell "four," too. I thought they might be playing "nap" or something, or that they had both been drinking, and wondered why they were not turned out. Just as I turned round, however, to ask

POFFLES (who was still arguing) about it, something caught me in the back like a bullet, and I sat down on the grass again and used language that must have been painful to listen to. Then those two lunatics who had been shouting "Four" came up and asked me why the "blank blank" I didn't take my "blank blank blank anatomy" out of the way when I saw them coming up, and POFFLES, who was already as mad as he could be, asked them what the "blank blank" they meant by playing on people when they were still on the green, and SLOGUM said they ought to know better, and then the lunatics said they weren't going to wait our "blank blank" pleasure all the "blank" day while we argued on the green, and then two of the caddies began to fight, and I was getting my niblick ready for one of those idiots when the gentleman we didn't know came up and implored us to be calm, and not to disgrace the precincts with an undignified dispute. So we parted the two caddies, and SLOGUM said we had better let the other party pass us; and so we waited till they had gone, and how we played on, and what we did, I will reserve for my third and last.

## LONG AGO LEGENDS.

### Y<sup>E</sup> FFUNNIE MAN AND Y<sup>E</sup> BEGGAR MAN.

ONCE was a ffunnie man whose custome it was toe make offe hande ryddles, jokes, quipes and cranks in y<sup>e</sup> banqueting hall, devysyng them wythe moche care and laboure before hande. One daye whyle out a walkynge he dyde make up a ryddle he dyde thynke ryght



goode, when he came upone a stalwarte beggar man a restyng hymselfe under y<sup>e</sup> shade of a dede wall.

"Ffry ende," sayd he, "I have made a ryddle whych I woulde teste on thee. Now, if y<sup>e</sup> can guess it in one houre, I will presente y<sup>e</sup> wythe a groat." And he slapped hys well filld pouche and pulled out hys dyal. Then he asked y<sup>e</sup> beggar man y<sup>e</sup> ryddle, whych y<sup>e</sup> Chroni-clere forgetteth, but it will be ffounde wythe othere in *Muggyn's Boke of Merrie Jestes*.

And y<sup>e</sup> beggar man knyte hys browes, and stampd, and banded hys head untill one mynute of y<sup>e</sup> tyme, but to no avayle, when he cryed, "What a ffoole am I!" "Not so," sayd y<sup>e</sup> ffunnie man, a smyllynge; "rather what a clevere man am I to puzzle you so." "I mean not that," sayd y<sup>e</sup> beggar man; "but here have I been a cudglynge my pate one houre ffor a groate, when I myght have had y<sup>e</sup> groate and lykewyse your pouche and dyal in no tyme by symple cudglynge yours wythe this grett jagged staffe. Hande over!"

Y<sup>e</sup> ffunnie man, who felt no longere soe, complyd ryght quycklye.

### "The Best Costume for Lady Bicyclists."

(Dedicated to "The Woman at Home," by an old Curmudgeon.)

If woman of her wheeling brags,  
And flaunts upon the "biking" track,  
Let her not only don the "bags";  
Give her, at once, the "sack."

THE rooks that inhabit the Isle of Man have got themselves seriously disliked. A deputation, representative of the Manx farming interest, waited upon the Agricultural Society's President and "lodged a complaint" against them. It was pointed out, says the *Liverpool Courier*, that the depredations had reached extensive proportions, "farmers having lost half, and even two-thirds, of their crops." But how can birds be expected to do without "crops"?

EPIGRAPH FOR A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.—"His life was spent on pleasant lines."



### NOT SO HEARTLESS AS IT SEEMS.

*She* "HERE IS A STAMP FOR YOUR LETTER; YOU CAN REPAY ME WHEN YOU COME BACK FROM LONDON THIS EVENING."

*He.* "AND SUPPOSE I'M KILLED IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT."

*She.* "OH, WELL—THE LOSS WOULDN'T BE VERY GREAT!"

### COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

I.—A PLEA FOR THE WALL-FLOWER.

PLAIN, unpretending, homely, shy,  
It clings against the wall,  
A blossom there are few to spy,  
To gather none at all.  
The wall-flower, only eyed afar,  
Poor foolish man supposes  
Less lovely than the lilies are,  
Less fragrant than the roses.

To pluck the flowers that seem more fair  
The crowd in blindness hastes,  
Its sweetness on the desert air  
The lonely wall flower wastes:  
And yet its beauty being concealed  
From casual passing glances  
Its worth to whom it is revealed  
A hundred fold enhances.

I know a garden fair and bright,  
With wealth of blossom blest,  
Where man may choose for his delight  
The flower he loves the best;  
And, though the lily, violet,  
And rose within it all flower,  
He oft might choose without regret  
To win and wear a wall-flower!

### Poetry on a Pewter.

(From Sir Wilfrid's Point of View.)

BEER is a compound so adulterate grown,  
As to be hated needs but to be known.  
But fully foaming, at the pint-pot's  
brink,  
Men first distrust, then dally with, then  
DRINK!

### POLICEMAN X JUNIOR ON SCIENCE IN THE FORCE.

["The scientific burglar must be met, or better, perhaps, followed, by the ultra-scientific policeman."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

"Mr name," too, is "Pleaceman X," jest like him sung of old by THACKERAY,  
And I don't know as my brains, or bull's-eye, burns with slower, slacker ray;  
But I own it gives me beans, and seems a prospect most 'orrible.  
This here talk about a Bobby being "ultra-skyentifico."

I can spell a trifle better, I emagine, than did him,  
Wich his notions about grammar were, I think, a little dim,  
But if our hexaminations is to be on that And on similar mistries, we shall 'ave to strike for 'igher pay.

Ultra-skyentifico Bobby may sound grand, but in a tussle  
With BILL SIKES—the new or old one—give me common sense and muscle,  
A steel saw drove by petroleum, wot then there French burglars used  
For to crack the money-changer's safe, shows science much abused.

Stillsomever if you arm us Bobbies with ingenious fakes  
From the Royal Hinstitution, it may turn out no great shakes.  
"Open up a vista"? Ah! But wot if "happyratus" jib,  
And Bobby's arm git out of gear whilst BILL is "opening up" a crib?

The "New Burglary," no doubt, like the "New Woman," is a bore;  
But the "New Bobby," made to horder, might, perchance, prove no great score.  
Portable batteries, instead of fists and truncheons, may sound prime;  
But I should fidge about their busting in my pocket arf the time.

Even revolvers we ain't nuts on, pistols is contrary things;  
And new skyentifico fakes, all tubes, and sparks, and screws, and springs,  
Would give me the ditherums—straight! Look at them tubes of squeeze-up gas—  
Hoxygyn, ain't it?—If they bust, you're just blowed up like BALABAM's ass!

I don't want galvanic shocks about me packed in brass or steel.

If I got 'em wrong end uppards, and went pop, 'ow should I feel?

Wouldn't BILL the Burglar bust—with larfter—at Policeman X  
Parylised by 'is pocket-battery? Sech new-fangled notions wex!

If these "RÖNTGEN Rays" enable him to look through doors and shutters,  
Likewise walls and burglars' bags, crib-crackers at their little flutters,  
P'r'aps, might funk it. But suppose they're also fly to the new game?  
Skyence against skyence set might leave the hupshot much the same.

Wot you want to match a burglar after all gents, is a Man! [skyentifico plan,  
And the Perlce Force horganised on this new With their pockets full o' batteries, and the new (Pleaceman) "X ray"  
Up their sleeves, might look imposing, but I've doubts if it would pay!

SOUNDS LIKE IT.—When one goes to pay a bill at the Horseferry Road Gas Office, why will it be a saving of time to buy your cocos for breakfast there?—Because that company advertises as "The Gas Light and Coke Co."



“ONE AT A TIME.”

IRATE IRISH BILL. “SHURE I’VE BEEN WAITIN’ A DIVIL OF A TIME ”  
HAIRDRESSER (MR. A. J. B-L-F-R—*blandly*). “BEG PARDON, SIR,—THIS GENTLEMAN FIRST!”  
EDUCATION BILL (*rather nervous*). “NOT TOO MUCH OFF, PLEASE!”





## WONDERS ON WHEELS.

(By an Old Beginner.)

Wonder if my doctor was right in ordering me to take this sort of exercise.

Wonder whether I look very absurd while accepting the assistance of an attendant who walks by my side and keeps me from falling by clutches at my waistbelt.

Wonder whether it would have been better to go to Hyde Park instead of Battersea.

Wonder whether the policeman, the postman, the nurse with the perambulator, the young lady reading the novel, and the deck passengers on the passing steamboat are laughing at me.

Wonder whether I shall keep on now that my attendant has let go.

Wonder whether the leading wheel will keep straight on until we have passed that lamp-post.

Wonder whether the next spill I have will be less painful than the last.

Wonder why mats are not laid down by the County Council in the roads for the comfort of falling cyclists.

Wonder why the cycle suddenly doubled up and landed me in the gutter.

Wonder whether the pretty girl in the hat, whose face is hidden by a novel, smiled at my misadventure.

Wonder whether the person who has just come to grief over yonder is using good language or words of an inferior quality.

Wonder whether my attendant is right in urging me to remount and have another try.



## THE TURN COMPLIMENTARY.

She. "OH, FRED, MY HEAD DOES ACHE SO TO-DAY!"

He. "LUCKY!"

She. "LUCKY! OH, HOW BRUTAL OF YOU! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

He. "SHOWS YOU 'VE GOT A HEAD. SO FEW WOMEN HAVE NOWADAYS!"

Wonder whether I look well wobbling.

Wonder whether the elderly spinster with the anxious manner and air of determination is really enjoying herself.

Wonder whether, when I have completed my first hour, I shall want another.

Wonder whether the imp of a boy will run with me.

Wonder whether my second fall in five minutes beats the record.

Wonder, considering the difficulty of progressing half a dozen paces in as many minutes, how those marvellous feats are performed at Olympia.

Wonder if I shall ever advance upon my present rate of speed, i.e., three-quarters of a mile an hour.

Wonder, finally, if the placards warning cyclists in Battersea Park against the dangers of "furious riding" can possibly be posted for my edification.

## "Off Colour."

"Is life worth living?" poor NARCISSA cried,

Finding youth's gold-tints from her tresses flying.

Gravely the jet-lock'd LALAGE replied,

(Placing a mystic bottle at her side.)

"Not without dyeing!"

AB-SIRDAR NEWS FROM THE SOUDAN.—There is no truth in the report that Sir H. KITCHENER will attack the Dervishes with a *batterie de cuisine*.

## JOURNALISM MADE EASY.

(Advice to Novices.)

HERE are a few paragraphs, which, like brown paper and string, will always "come in useful."

(1) "The Exhibition this year at the Royal Academy will be exceptionally brilliant it is said by those who have been privileged to inspect the studios of (mention names of President and leading R. A.'s and A. R. A.'s), and most of those exponents of the beauties of the brush who are not yet included within the Academic fold have very promising canvases in preparation. We need scarcely say that we allude to Messrs. (names of likely exhibitors). The Academy Banquet will be attended by an unusual number of Royal and other celebrities, including (give some certain guests)."

Mem.—A graceful allusion to the style of the P.R.A. may be made, but when dealing with a versatile genius avoid facts. Be careful to ascertain that the Academy Banquet will be held. Never give an unknown artist a lift. It will only make him more conceited than he is.

(2) "The supply of coal from Durham, Northumberland, the Midlands, and South Wales still continues undiminished, but in view of the large order given the other day by the (Russian, French, German, any nationality will do) Government, we would urge that some limit should be placed upon the exportation of that combustible, which is as invaluable to the householder as it is to the battle-ship. Perhaps Mr. (name of badgering patriot) or Mr. (name of would-be Minister) will raise this important question in the House."

Mem.—It is not absolutely necessary that any coal should have been ordered. If disposed to be friendly to the Prime Minister, admit that the matter is safe in his hands. If facetiously inclined—this is dangerous, however—suggest that a coal-owning M.P. should raise the question.

(3) "This is Midsummer Day, and never has the Clerk of the Weather given us greater proof of his versatility. It is many a long year since he supplied his anxious clients with such a spell of (sun-

shine, rain, brightness, or dullness). It has been observed that England has no fixed climate, and certainly facts go to prove the assertion. Scientists may disagree as to the cause, but in this year of grace that long-suffering man the British Farmer has no reason (or 'abundant reason') to complain of the meteorological phases. Recent reports made to the Board of Agriculture give a correct idea of the present (flourishing or deplorable) condition of the country."

Mem.—If the weather be satisfactory, offer congratulations to the British Farmer; if otherwise, assure him of your condolence. A very slight reference to the advantages of Light Railways might now and then be made.

(4) "It would be manifestly unfair to divulge any details of the new (play, drama, tragedy, comedy, comic opera, burlesque) which will be produced to-morrow night at the (state name) theatre, but this much we may say after witnessing the dress rehearsal, that no pains have been spared by the management to insure success. All London will anxiously await the verdict of the first-night audience. Misses (throw in names of leading actresses) and Messrs. (supply names of actors) ought not to complain of their opportunities. The scenery, by (name again), is most realistic, and the dresses, by (name once more), are truly magnificent."

Mem.—In the case of a "star" actor or actress, provide a substantial halo in advance, and suggest enormous booking for seats. Be careful of praising the piece beforehand lest it should turn out a failure.

## To the Blue Primrose in Kew Gardens.

You once were yellow, fairest flower,

How came you by this stranger hue?

Is it because a robber shower

Brought down some drops of cloudless blue?

But oh! beware the unforeseen,

For blue and yellow give us green.

The Green's a common sight at Kew!



Young Bride. "DO YOU LET YOUR HUSBAND HAVE A LATCH-KEY, MRS. JONES?"  
Mrs. Jones. "NO, MY DEAR; IT WOULD BE USELESS. I GIVE IT TO THE MILKMAN!"

### TRUE BLUE.

(Mr. Punch welcometh Peace Portents from Philadelphia)

[It is said (by the *Daily Telegraph*) that a Philadelphia physician, after long personal experiments, has discovered, in his own veins, the real, genuine, and inimitable "blue-blood corpuscle." It is hoped that this corpuscle—only one has as yet been identified—will be carefully nourished. . . . In this way the "blue-blood" will be gradually extended throughout America.]

INFINITE azure! Prospect sweet!  
America hath mind and muscle;  
But JONATHAN will be bad to beat  
Now he hath found that blue corpuscle.  
Of blood that's red much hath been shed,  
Although than water it be thicker;  
But could we fight with veins full red  
By true blue ichor?

Forbid it heaven,—and dear DEBBET!  
Forbid it Philadelphia sawbones!  
Can blue-blood kin at odds be set  
By MONROE or by Jingo jawbones?  
Nay! CLEVELAND, SALISBURY, all the crew,

Surely won't make two nations tussle,  
Whilst in their veins both bear the true  
"Blue-blood corpuscle!"

It cannot be! From sea to sea  
Our poor old world will feel a shiver  
Should Uncle SAM and old J. B.  
Fight, with a blue (not a white) liver.  
The very notion might amaze  
Satan himself, in mood sardonic!  
Scare CLEVELAND, and still further craze  
The *Daily Chronicle*.

Only one blue corpuscle found?  
That's sad! But do that one drop  
nourish!  
From Philadelphia all around  
'Twill spread, and peace and joy shall  
flourish!  
Just fancy dear Columbia's cry,  
Just picture poor JOHN BULL's condition  
If you should let that blue drop die  
Of inanition!

Columbia, *Punch* spies a chance  
That's better e'en than arbitration;  
It makes his blue corpuscles dance  
With extra azure animation,  
*Punch* ever was your faithful friend,  
He ever spake kind word for you, dear,  
So let this true blue tie extend  
Till all is blue, dear!

RESULT OF THE MUZZLING ORDER.—The  
Cur-few Krell.

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE EASTER LAMENT OF A MARRIED  
TRAVELLER.

I've no wish for a holiday now. No! not I,  
But I'm forced *nolens volens* to roam.  
To some horrible sea resort I must hie,  
When I'm looking for comfort at home.  
Here it is! where the beach boasts no bathing-  
machine,  
Where the wind cuts me through like a  
knife,  
Where the trees have an ever funereal green—  
And I do it because of my wife.  
It is she who reminds me that Easter days  
bring  
A revival of honeymoon joys;  
And she talks about birds that must sing in  
the Spring,  
When the seagulls are raucous with noise.  
So I have to put up with the smell of new  
paint,  
With the waiters, who can't understand;  
And I bear with the air of an up-to-date saint  
All the strains of an out-of-tune band.  
There's the table d'hôte—oh! how I loathe the  
repast,  
With its dishes of dubious taste; [cast  
Where the 'ARRYS their "h's" unfeelingly  
Without reeking of aspirate waste.  
Where 'ARRIETS flock and complacently chew,  
Garbed in gowns of iniquitous style.  
It's a kind of a feeding-time sight at the  
"Zoo,"  
But I bear it, for her, with a smile.  
I have travelled afar both by land and by sea,  
And have wandered in many a clime,  
But I never have felt such a longing to be  
Safely back, as at this Easter time.  
'Neath an African sun, in the snowy Wild  
West  
I've not thought of a civilized life;  
And to-day, how I yearn for a haven of rest!  
Yet a martyr, I'll not tell my wife!

### SIMPLE AS SMOKE!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have discovered the  
*modus operandi* of becoming a millionaire.  
It is no visionary scheme, but one based on  
solid facts and figures. If you refer to Sir  
MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's statement, you will  
find that the right hon. gentleman, while  
being a non smoker, protests (to quote the  
*Times*) "against the wastefulness of a prac-  
tice involving the throwing away of one  
million sterling a year in cigar and cigarette  
ends!" And no doubt there are other sources  
of loss in other directions. What are done  
with the omnibus tickets when they have  
been examined? What becomes of the crumbs  
that fall from luncheon biscuits? Who col-  
lects the dropp'd pins? Who utilises the  
discarded steel pens? But to return to the  
cigar and cigarette ends. Anyone we see,  
with their assistance, can become at once a  
millionaire. All he will have to do is—to  
collect them! Yours, obediently,

A PHILANTHROPIST IN FIGURES.  
*Pipe Place, Tobacco.*

Jenner-al[Criticism on Gloucester.  
GREAT FOODLE and NOODLE once evolved]  
A campaign against all vaccination;  
Their tactical problem now is solved  
By General Extermination.

SHAKESPEARE FOR TAMMANY.

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this "Big New  
York."

## A RARE, OLD WINE

Old-crusted port, Sir, is the stuff  
To make you wise and merry,  
For he would be an awful duff-  
-er who selected sherry.  
Maderia if made cheaper would  
Be certainly worth trying;  
Your Rhenish wines I never should  
Consider worth the buying.

Now Burgundy, I will admit,  
Is worthy of attention,  
Tho' connoisseurs have made of it  
The *beaune* of much contention.  
Good claret it is hard to find,  
Unless you're an importer;  
*Vin ordinaire* is, to my mind,  
Like vinegar and water.

But here's a picture, oaked in dust,  
Now steady, do not shake it,  
There's an aroma! there's a crust!  
'Twould be a crime to break it;  
A wine like this, you little thought  
To pour into *your* throttle,  
No finer vintage can be bought—  
At one-and-three the bottle.

Then up arose the guest to post  
A most important letter,  
Thought he, "Such rare, old wine, good  
host,  
The rarer 'tis, the better!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 13.—  
GEORGE WYNDHAM made to-night what, though not the best speech he has delivered since he sat for Dover, was certainly the most immediately effective. All his speeches are full of matter, admirably phrased, and with the making of a good delivery. But his more elaborate efforts have not succeeded in catching ear of House. For one thing they have been too elaborate, too lengthy, lacking in spontaneity. Moreover, by malign ill fortune they have always chanced to be essayed at unfortunate periods of a sitting, either in dinner-hour or towards close of debate already wearisomely long. On one occasion in last Parliament, having come down prepared with speech that was to blow up Ministry with dynamite force, matters took a sudden turn that, in interests of Opposition, called for suppression of the speech.

That not the only disappointment of a still young life. WYNDHAM served his party sedulously and effectively when in Opposition.



A THORNY SUBJECT!

Sir John Goss(e)t in blossom.



"WHERE DID YER SPEND YER 'OLIDAYS, BOB?"

"SOUT O' FEARNCE, O' COURSE!"

His intimate personal relations with PRINCE ARTHUR, with whom he worked as unpaid Private Secretary, seemed to point him out for Ministerial office. Weighing in the balance his claims, capability, and suitability, against those of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS for example, PRINCE ARTHUR with Spartan inflexibility was bound to admit that his brilliant young friend was quite out of it. So WYNDHAM wended his way across what is not always the Styx of the Gangway, and, in the clearer atmosphere that broods over that part of House, perceives that whatever PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues in the Ministry do is not always right.

To-night, *à propos de bottes*, and talking of morning sittings on Tuesdays, he said so, to immense delight of gentlemen opposite, who would not have listened to him had he risen, as he might have done a year ago, to

demonstrate the inevitableness and real beneficence of the arrangement.

"A delicate and difficult part to play, that of below-the-Gangway-candid-friend," says the veteran SARK. "Looks so easy; has in several instances, more especially to be found on Front Opposition Bench, proved successful, that anyone thinks he can do it. As SILOMTO has discovered, it's harder than it looks. Requires certain supreme qualities quite distinct from glibness of speech. GRANDOLPH had these; so has DRUMMOND WOLFE; so has JOHN OF GORST; and so, of course, though they were not primarily developed below the Gangway, has PRINCE ARTHUR. An earlier generation displayed them in the person of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and his sometime brother freelance, now Lord JAMES OF HERFORD. Later came DON JOSÉ starting from the same point. The Gangway is literally a

bridge, crossing which some men hasten by years the natural trend of their footsteps towards the Treasury Bench. But it is a narrow slip, an unrailed plank, bridging a gulf of permanent obscurity and deathless disappointment."

*Business done.*—Another Irish Land Bill brought in.

*Tuesday.*—"Never so astonished in all my life!" said Sir WILLIAM HOULDSWORTH, Bart., M.P., of Coodham, the Carlton and the Constitutional.

Only the other day THE BART. was in board-room of London and North-Western Railway. Question under discussion the carrying through Commons of Bill authorising widening of section of line between Chester and Holyhead.

"You leave it to me, dear boys," said THE BART., hitching up his coat-tails and standing in favourite attitude before board-room fire. "I'll see the thing through. Not anything by way of oratory in the House, you know." (Lord STALBRIDGE, Lord RATHMORE, Lord LOCH, T. H. ISMAI, and other directors: "Yes! Yes!") "No, dear boys," said THE BART., drawing an inch nearer the fire and shaking his head. "I know exactly what I can do. I'm not a GLADSTONE; never was a BRIGHT; but I know all the ropes of the House, and if there's a man in it can get a private Bill through, his name is WILLIAM HENRY HOULDSWORTH."



"Never so astonished in all my life!"  
(Sir W. H.-ldsw-rth.)

Bill came on at morning sitting to-day. THE BART., suffusing neighbourhood of corner seat above Gangway with air of benignant prosperity and calicoe-at-paying prices, moved second reading. Expected it to pass this stage straight away, any objection occurring to presumptuous men being deployed in Committee. Unfortunately for THE BART., Irish Members just brought over in large numbers for Land Bill. Nothing to do this afternoon. Thought they'd have a lark with London and North-Western Railway. The Company refuse to attach third-class carriages to mail trains. Irish Member crossing and re-crossing to attend Parliamentary duties, bang goes a five-pound note.

North-Western want to run a little Bill through the House, do they? Irish Members block the line. FIELD in great form. Has put on clean shirt-front; lavished an extra penn'orth of hair-oil on his ambrosial locks; out another button off his waistcoat, so that it may fold an inch lower down; thrusts a cambric pocket-handkerchief in his manly bosom; and in voice of thunder declares it "absurd, in the middle of the nineteenth century," that there should be no third-class carriages on the limited mail.

TIM HEALY in most truculent mood. Others chime in; Welsh Members lend a hand. To inexperienced eye things look serious. THE BART. unmoved.

"Leave 'em to me," he murmured. "I'll settle 'em."

*The Old Man of the Land.* "We ain't doon so badly aout o' yon Boodget-me, an' t'maaster, an' t'p'arson!"

So he moved closure. Rode on the whirlwind, and directed the storm through three divisions. Been a hard fight, but had got the second reading of Bill. Whilst mopping forehead, and thinking proudly what they'd say in the board-room, he observed LLOYD-GEORGE on his feet. His interposition nothing to him. Had got his Bill read second time; might now rest from his labours. Startled by hearing his name, LLOYD-GEORGE was moving that his vote be disallowed, seeing that he was pecuniarily interested in

question submitted to House! THE BART. gasped for breath. No joke this; meant seriously; SPEAKER, appealed to, ruled motion in order; commotion on all the benches; PRINCE ARTHUR hurriedly sent for; TIM HEALY seconded amendment in voice trembling with indignation as he contemplated "hon. Members, going out into division lobby, rubbing shoulders with interested persons." Calls for THE BART. He rises a very different person from successful general of only ten minutes ago. Would hardly be recognised in Euston Square. If there was a fire in the room, would no more think of standing with his back to it than he would of getting into the SPEAKER's chair.

Admitted his directorship, but pathetically pleaded that his pecuniary interest in the company was very small. This said, SPEAKER directed him to withdraw. Forth he went like whipped schoolboy, JOHN WILLIAM (MAC-LURE) dropping silent tear of sympathy as he remembered how he, too, had once suffered in similar circumstances.

"What a world it is!" JOHN WILLIAM said, his voice choked with emotion and dry sherry. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow! Yes, waiter, give me another."

*Business done.*—Sir WILLIAM HOULDSWORTH, Bart., gets into a sad mess.

*Thursday.*—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD thought he had done pretty well leaving his successor in Downing Street little legacy of six millions and a half to set new Government up in life. A little taken aback to-night to hear himself reproved by HICKS-BEACH. "The triumph of a Chancellor of the Exchequer," said that high authority, "is when the exchequer receipts agree with his estimates." "Instead of which," as the judge said, SQUIRE had so seriously under-estimated his receipts, that there was a balance to the good of a trifle over four millions even after the store had been heavily looted for supplementary estimates.

At this recollection MICHAEL'S mood melted. Didn't want to pain the right hon. gentleman; was even grateful to him. Nevertheless, bound to point out that the tide had turned in June, which, by strange coincidence, was the very month that saw defeat of Liberal Government, and preceded the dawn of Conservative supremacy. Up to that epoch revenue had actually fallen off. Following on it, income had advanced by leaps and bounds. During existence of Liberal Government, well-to-do people from whose estate dropped fatness in the shape of Death Duties, declined to die. Once the Conservatives in, millionaires, chanting *nunc dimittis*, departed in groups, swelling the revenues accordingly.

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow!"  
("J-hn W-ll-m" M-cl-re.)

"Providence, as usual, on the side of the big battalions," said the SQUIRE, repressing a sob. *Business done.*—Budget brought in.

*Friday.*—Lament sometimes made that palmy days of Irish membership are no more. New times, new men, new manners. One rare flash from below Gangway bids us hope. Mr. MURNAGHAN—melodiously murmurous name—on his legs discussing private Bill. Proposed to step aside and say a few words on the Orange controversy. SPEAKER gently pointed out that that was a topic scarcely cognate to matter formally before the House.

"I obey your ruling, Mr. SPEAKER," said Mr. MURNAGHAN, with fine rich brogue, "and I will just reiterate what I was going to say."

For the exquisite workmanship of unpremeditated art the record of Sir BOYLE ROCHE, apocryphal and real, contains nothing to beat this.

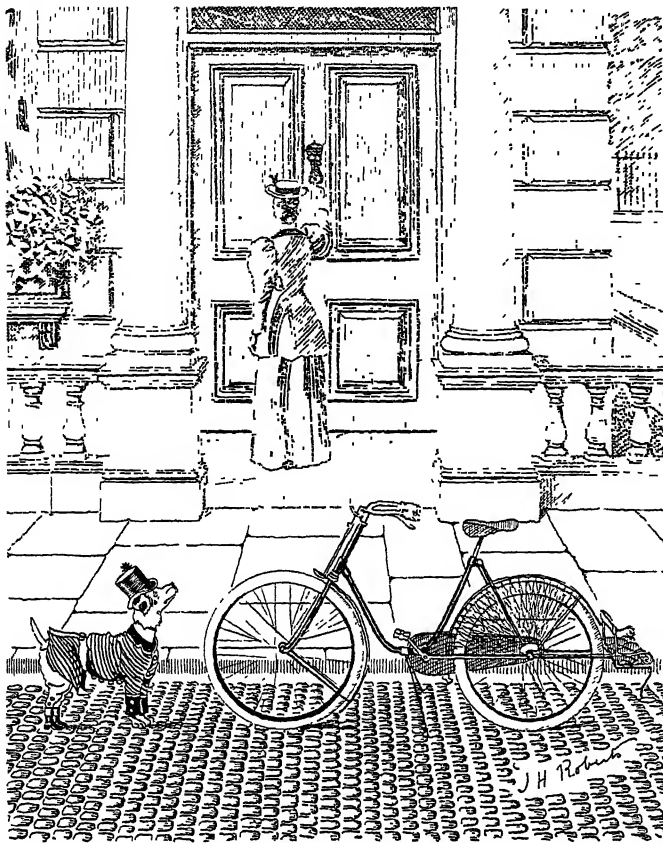
*Business done.*—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.



#### Tip for Teachers.

'Tis one of Popular Education's delours  
That Board Schools badly ruled lead to bored scholars!  
Where genial wisdom checks the prig's vagary,  
And love looks after little BOB or MARY,  
Scholars, as well as schools, are voluntary.





## DOGS AS "TIGERS."

(The very latest innovation in smart Cycling circles.)

N.B.—The Dog not only lends brilliance to equipage by his liveried presence, but guards the machine, in the absence of his master or mistress, against that ubiquitous miscreant, the cycle thief.

## THAT GAME OF GOLF.

## No. III.

WELL, the row being over, and the objectionable parties gone, we continued, that is, POFFLES, SLOGUM, and myself. All more or less ruffled, as you may imagine if you remember the scene I described in the previous number. We managed to get through the next four holes somehow without coming to blows, although it was wonderful what a number of strokes it required. I saw POFFLES slogging away in one place for about a quarter of an hour, swearing all the time; it was a sort of ditch, with stones in it, and he drove every mortal thing out of that ditch except his ball, including about a cart-load of earth. I couldn't think why he should choose that ditch to play in.

SLOGUM was not much better; and as for my ball, it went on in the most extraordinary way. Sometimes it went round to the left, and sometimes to the right; but mostly it *stayed where it was*, or hopped a yard or two. One of my caddies said I ought to "take a bit of the turf with it," and the other said I played "too much of a cricket stroke"; and a man who was looking on said he thought I didn't hit hard enough, and smiled. Sometimes I got a bit mad with it, and then I always used the niblick, and that generally fetched it along together with some square feet of turf and a shovelful of mud and stones.

POFFLES and SLOGUM argued all the time, but I couldn't understand what they said. SLOGUM said he didn't like POFFLES' "style" at all; that he hadn't any "swing" to speak of, and didn't "go through with it"; and POFFLES said that it was better to have his style than to have none at all, like SLOGUM; and then SLOGUM got riled, and whenever POFFLES got in a bad place, which he did mostly all the time, SLOGUM would go and watch him, and offer him sarcastic advice.

While they were slanging each other I got into more trouble, too. I didn't know exactly where the next hole was, and it didn't seem to me to matter much, so I just played about on the best grass I could find. My caddies got tired of offering me different clubs, as I stuck to my

niblick, so they went off and played cards under a tree. POFFLES had got into another ditch, as far as I could see, and SLOGUM was showing him how to "loft" a ball out of six inches of mud.

Well, while I was practising with the niblick, I found a beautiful new ball which I picked up and put in my pocket, and not far off there was another one, which I also picked up, and looked round to see if there were any more. Presently an old gentleman comes up, with a flaming red face and his eyes starting out of his head, and stutters out, "What the blank blank do you mean by picking up my ball?" So I said it wasn't his ball, and that I had found it. That seemed to make him worse, and he got so mad that he couldn't speak, and another man behind him came up and said I had better "put the balls down and get off the green," or he'd break my head first and report me to the committee afterwards. Then I got angry, and was just telling them what I thought of them, when POFFLES and SLOGUM came up, and said I was a fool and took the balls away and gave them to the old gentleman; but even that didn't satisfy him, as he kept turning back and swearing at us at intervals as he went away, and muttering something about losing a medal through a darned jackanapes who didn't know a golf ball from a mushroom. The other man appeared to be trying to console him with some remarks about "Dormie 4," and the "rub of the green," but what he was driving at I don't know, as the green didn't seem to me to be rubbed anywhere, and if it was I hadn't done it. In fact I couldn't see what was the matter at all, and POFFLES and SLOGUM talked so fast and made such a noise that I couldn't hear what they said, so I said I should go home, as it seemed to me a silly sort of game, in spite of the niblick, and I was fairly mad too.

We agreed to play one more hole, however, and the drive was over a large pond. POFFLES drove first, and got beautifully into the middle of the pond, and SLOGUM did the same thing. Then POFFLES said they would both drive again; which they did, and they put two more balls into the pond, and then two more after that. I began to think the hole must be in the pond somewhere, but I wasn't sure. Then POFFLES said he could get the balls out if SLOGUM would help him; and they both got into a kind of punt, and floated out, and POFFLES scraped about after the balls, while SLOGUM steered the punt. Then, just as POFFLES was reaching after a ball, he lost his balance, and clutched at SLOGUM, and they both went wallop into the pond together, and fought each other in the water. I didn't know if this was part of the game, but the caddies and I enjoyed it thoroughly; and then we hauled them out, and they were a sight for the gods.

After this we went back to the kit-cat room, and changed, and had dinner. POFFLES and SLOGUM were quite pleased with themselves, and talked so much about their strokes, that I came to the conclusion I had missed some extraordinary play by not watching them closely enough; but, though I had not covered myself with glory in the same way, yet I felt I had spent quite a lively afternoon, and it would be a long time before I forgot that game of Golf.

## AFTER THE PLAY WAS OVER.

SCENE—Smoking-room in the Parthenon. PRESENT—The customary habitués.

Novice (country member). What do you think of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new piece, *The Rogue's Comedy*?

Old Playgoer (member of twenty years' standing). It recalled to me many pleasant memories.

Young Playgoer (just elected). Speak for yourself. The character of Mr. Bailey Prothero was quite new.

Old Playgoer. To you, my dear lad; but you never saw Gor as Mercadet and CHARLEY MATHEWS in the *Game of Speculation*.

Young Playgoer. But surely the sudden rise to fortune of the Rogue, and the as sudden fall, were quite original?

Old Playgoer. So you imagine in your inexperience.

Young Playgoer. And the notion of making Bailey Prothero spare his son the knowledge of his disgraceful past was fresh?

Old Playgoer. Not entirely, because *Madame de Fontaine* was equally reticent to her son in *Long Ago*, and *Odette* was as kind to her daughter in the play to which she gave the title.

Young Playgoer. And surely Mr. Robert Cushing, as the confederate and sneak, was a novel creation?

Old Playgoer. Would have been had not Robert Macaire introduced Jacques Strop.

Young Playgoer. But, come, the piece was interesting?

Old Playgoer. Certainly. Oh yes. Certainly.

Novice. Then if you agree upon that point you will accompany me to the *Rogue's Comedy* at the Garrick?

Both Playgoers (hurriedly). Thanks; but we have seen it once! [Curtain.]



### "STRATFORD ON WASHINGTON."

*Punch* (to *Shakspeare*). "SIR, HOW LIKE YOU THIS LETTER?"

*Shakspeare*. "THE PRESIDENT PROTESTS TOO MUCH METHINKS!"

"Surely if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted international mission, we do well to honour fittingly the name and memory of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE."—*Letter from President Cleveland, read at the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club on the Thirty-second annual Shakspeare Commemoration. Vide "Times," April 22.*

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE ROMANTIC GUARDSMAN TO A' DIVINITY  
AT HAWTHORN HILL.

ON Hawthorn Hill we meet to-day,  
And pic-nic 'mid the springtide sheen,  
Where dainty promises of May  
Are given by the April green;  
Where dame and damsel deck the stand,  
And blossom-girt the paddock grace;  
They love the luncheon and the band,  
And lamblike gamble on each race.

From near and far, on pleasure bent,  
They've flock'd to see the equine strife,  
And so to Berkshire fields is lent  
A passing thrill of London life.  
This is the morning of the year!  
The starting of a new campaign!  
And Coldstream, Soot, and Grenadier  
Bring sunshine with a deal of rein!

And you, the fairest maid of all,  
Make music with your merry tones!  
You laugh to see the riders fall,  
And never think of broken bones!  
Of life-guards you might have your choice—  
Your spirits would not stand the "blues"—  
Too well I know how you rejoice  
To fence a question—yet refuse.

The day is done, and once again  
You've waved your hand and smiled  
"adieu!"

Still in the rumbling of the train  
Hope sings a song that tells of you.  
Love in a cottage! 'twould be heaven!  
We will not care for wealth or rank!—  
Great CÆSAR's ghost! it's nearly seven!  
And I'm on duty at the Bank!

## NAVAL INTELLIGENCE?

THE eye of *Mr. Punch*, rolling as usual in a fine Imperial frenzy over land and sea, losing sight of nothing that makes for the greatness of our glorious empire, has not failed to rest for a moment upon the special number of the *Navy League Journal* for the current month, in which novel and brilliant ideas abound. The most brilliant of all flash from the editorial pages, for which the *Navy League* itself is responsible. A truly noble spirit animates these official pages, for although the British sailor receives the highest praise, even the British soldier is, in a sense, recognised as a sort of brother. "England's soldiers are England's sons, though their coats are red instead of blue." Why they should be blue is not stated. As it is obviously by birth that both soldiers and sailors become England's sons, it is hard perhaps to see why it is a reproach to the soldier to be "red instead of blue." We have it on high authority that the son of *Dombey* was born very red, and this may probably be some excuse for the young soldier. But the *Navy League* considers that he should be blue, and certainly the gallant record of the Blues gives some encouragement to its idea.

We pass to higher matters. "For generations past," says the *Navy League*, "the horizon spread before the eyes of our young manhood has been almost boundless in extent, and the field for the exercise of their energies and for the cultivation of all the nobler powers of the mind, almost limitless." Surely the grandeur of these thoughts must be apparent to everyone who pays himself the compliment of reading *Punch*! Cavillers may object that an horizon "spread out" and "almost boundless" must have been a curious object for our young manhood to have gazed upon; but no exception can possibly be taken



Photographer. "I THINK THIS IS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT OF YOUR WIFE."  
Mr. Smallwood. "I DON'T KNOW—SORT OF REPOSE ABOUT THE MOUTH THAT SOMEHOW DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT."

## SONG OF THE RATELESS LAND.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SALIS(BURY).

AIR—"Song of the Silent Land."

ON to the Rateless Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Tory and Liberal Unionists together  
(Whilst ROSEBERRY's wreck lies shattered on  
the strand)  
Will lead us gently hand-in-hand  
Thither, O thither  
On to the Rateless Land!  
On to the Rateless Land!  
To you, ye rural regions  
Of CHARLTON's preference. Bright and hopeful  
visions  
Haunt the Protectionist! The Union band,  
ARTHUR and JOSEPH, who together stand,  
Will strew Hope's beauteous blossoms  
Over the Rateless Land!

O, Land! O, Land!  
Lately so broken-hearted  
At Corn Laws smashed, and rubbishing  
Allotments.  
JOE, with inverted policy, doth stand  
To pour wealth, from the Cockney hand,  
(Blest boon 'twixt Squire and Parson parted;  
On to the Rateless Land!

## PLAYING "YORKERS."

*The Gay Parisienne*, libretto by GEORGE DANCE and music by IVAN CARYLL. What combination of names in connection with the authorship of a musical piece could be happier than those of DANCE and CARYLL? With Mr. LIONEL RIGOLD out of Drury Lane melo-



The "New Woman" at the Duke of York's.

drama and pantomime, Mr. DENNY, late of the Savoy and elsewhere, and Mr. FRANK WHEELER particularly good as a French spy (especially when he sings in plain English, without any trace of foreign accent), the ball is kept up. But it would come to the ground were it not for the sprightly Miss ADA REEVE singing and dancing as the *Gay Parisienne*, quite the ideal of "perpetual motion," and the fascinations of the fascinating daughter of the Major, represented by Miss VIOLET ELLICOTT. Then the stately Miss EDITH STUART, and other ladies, who can act a little, sing a little, dance a little, and do generally very well a little of everything, all contribute towards the general success.

Besides, there is that extraordinary little person, Miss LOUIE FREEAR, representing a maid-of-all-work with plenty of play, and reminding everyone forcibly of HABLIT K. BROWNE's gobliness presentment of the *Marchioness*, who, after being bullied and starved by the *Brasses*, was finally washed, costumed, and made presentable in order to become *Mrs. Suiveller*. Miss LOUIE FREEAR's eccentricities have "caught on," and the house, without exception, applauds to the echo, and redemands five times over this queer little lady's song and her dances. With regard to the overpowering humour of this performance I find myself in a distinct minority. But then, I have the bad taste not to be amused by "LITTLE TICH," let him do his very quaintest. And though Miss FREEAR is by no means a LITTLE TICH, yet there is something uncanny and gobliness about her in this "make-up," which is not to my taste. But that it is to the taste of the public is evident, and what's the odds as long as the public is happy?

Mr. IVAN CARYLL's music throughout is light and catchy, but I consider that of his first act is the better. I suppose Mr. CARYLL was compelled to do a "plantation song," and this being so, he has successfully introduced into it as much novelty as possible, in order to differentiate it from other plantation songs, notably "My Honey," sung by MAY YORK. To do something new successfully in this line is a triumph, and composer, as well as Miss ADA REEVE and chorus, well earn the encore awarded them. As to the plot—well, there is a plot, but you must get a detective to go with you and discover it. The piece, which is in two acts, beginning at eight and ending at eleven, yields a good three hours' entertainment of the Variety-Dramatic-Operatic sort. It can be renewed from time to time with "a little song here and a little song there," being so constructed as to admit the introduction of any possible dance, song, speech, or dialogue, not having the remotest connection with anything that has gone before or anything that may follow. You come away without a headache, without a side-ache, but, thank you, you've had a very pleasant evening.

## LITIGATION IN ENGLAND v. QUARRELLING "MADE IN GERMANY."

(Extract from a Coming Romance, "The Law's Rival.")

"SELECT your weapon," said the second.  
"Must I really contest this matter?" was the query the unfortunate principal put in reply.

"I am afraid, yes. But you have your choice. Either will do. But one must be chosen."

"Perhaps you can describe them," said the unwilling principal, anxious to gain time.

"With pleasure. This piece of paper is a summons. When you have received it you will be at liberty to reply. You see, you are accused of certain actions bringing with them the possible penalty of heavy damages."

"You say 'possible penalty'; perhaps there is a chance of escape?"

"I am afraid not. You see, you depend upon counsel, judge, and jury, and the odds are against the defendant. You may not be quite fit when you enter the witness box, the barrister entrusted with your cause may be 'devilish' for a more learned and yet absent brother, the judge may be pigheaded, and the jury obstinate. It is as likely as not that the verdict may be against you, and then you will be mulcted in damages, and have to pay two heavy bills of costs."

"And I may be anxious for weeks?"

"Don't stop at weeks—say months. You will go through tortures of doubt and mistrust. And, until it is all over, you will never be able to call your banking account your own."

"And the alternative?" demanded the principal.

"Oh, that is simple enough. It is a German custom. You stand at so many paces distant—and fire. You may certainly find it awkward; but then you are saved from a good deal of agitation and suspense."

The yet reluctant quarreller paused. He glanced first at the paper, and then at the firearm.

"Give me the pistol," he said, at length.

"I think you have decided wisely," replied his second.

And the admission was all the more remarkable, as the last speaker was a solicitor. And not only remarkable, but reprehensible. Of course regarding the matter from a professional point of view.

## THE SPRING CLEANING.

By TOOHARD TIPPLING.

(Copyright in Newington Butts, 1896.)

THERE was a spirit of restlessness abroad among the Bungle People. The males looked at each other uneasily, but spake not, wandering hither and thither aimlessly, while their customary cheerfulness was replaced by a gloom—a heavy, dreadful gloom. Indeed, it was as though Fear had spread the shadow of his terrible wings over them. They were cowed, if not crushed, taking no interest in anything; even their betting-books remained unopened; the races tempted them not; and the jovial Bukmahkrs mourned. They assembled in the Klubb Groves—where they were wont to resort for noisy discussion of Bungle matters, or for abuse of their common enemy, the monster Inkum-taks—and consulted together awe-struck and in whispers. Only PAH PHAMILLAS once raised his voice to exclaim, in bitter anguish, "Alas! alas! my poor brethren, IT is upon us; let us resign ourselves to the annual season of woe." And a general groan followed. Some, courting slumber, buried their heads in the luxurious leaves of the Times Tree; others sought solace in copious draughts from the exhilarating Beeness Brook which fizzed near at hand.

Now MAH PHAMILLAS and all those of her sex became exceedingly busy, and assumed airs of the utmost importance. No longer did they treat the better-half with usual tenderness and consideration; but made his home uninhabitable, driving him from corner to corner till he knew not where he was. For it was the season when the Female, with her 'Ousemayds and Pahlamayds, is allowed by the inexorable laws of Bungle to have full power over her consort and his habitation. During the time of the Spring Cleaning she is supreme; and none may gainsay her. All the man population of Bungle suffered alike. "Mimsy" and forlorn they remained long hours in the Klubb Groves; but the Bhilyards were lonesome; only the Brook bubbled on. Once PAH PHAMILLAS actually forgot the sadness of the season. Joyfully howling the songs of his youth, he returned to his lair long after the Mylk Bird—whose shriek is a terror—had passed upon its rounds. And MAH PHAMILLAS—who, like the rest of her tribe, loathed the Klubb Groves, fearing the fascinating influence of the Beeness Brook, and would have had them destroyed—was very wroth with him, upbraiding him for a "heartless wretch to come home at that hour; and wasn't he ashamed of himself?" But PAH PHAMILLAS only smiled vaguely, and murmured, "Sprinclean." Then he stumbled upstairs. And how he suffered the next day, and found the season of the Spring Cleaning more trying than ever must serve for yet another story.



ACCORDING TO THAT HAPPY VOYAGER SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

ALL sun, no cloud; all joy, no grief:  
There is no pique at Teneriffe.

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW ORDER.—C.B., Commander of the Bicycle.





## EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

*Proficient Bicyclist.* "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?"  
*Commencing Bicyclist.* "THANK YOU, NOT BADLY; BUT I FIND I CAN GET OFF BETTER."

## ROUNDOABOUT READINGS.

## SPRING IN OUR VILLAGE.

IN the beautiful weather that Heaven has sent us during these last days Spring has indeed been rushing in upon us with Summer bearing her train. Where only lately gaunt and forbidding boughs tossed sorrowfully in the bleak winds, and the hedgerows were bare and black, there has come, first, a timid glint of delicate green, and then a glorious effulgence. The orchards have taken on their shimmering white robes, and velvet lawns, unparched as yet by any fierce heat, invite the casual saunterer. Life itself seems to have put away all effort, and resigns itself in calm contentment to the cool breath of the morning breeze.

HERE, in our quiet village, we seem to have made up our minds to bask and enjoy ourselves. Existence with us lies apart from the stress and struggle of the great world where Ministries battle and diplomatists indite despatches, where the loud roar of the Stock Exchange fills the air, and the street-musician exercises his woeful calling, where the peaks of Society tempt the armies of the envious to attack, and peace is shattered amid the clash of causes and questions and movements. Of these an echo reaches us now and again, as when we elect our Parish Council, or muzzle our dogs in obedience to the alarmed authorities of our county, but for the most part, as I say, we bask and enjoy ourselves, and feel the stir of spring in our veins without any furious desire to burst away from the easy trammels of our little conventions. Yet it is certainly strange that the dwellers in cities coming for a day or two into our remoteness do not always see and hear as we do. It was only the other day that my friend PRYCE-LYSTER (guard yourself carefully, if you wish for his goodwill, from substituting an "i" for a "y" in his name), who had come to me for a breath of country air, arrived in the breakfast-room on his first morning here with a haggard and desperate expression. "My dear GEORGE," said I, with some concern, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you hadn't slept a wink." "Slept!" he answered, bitterly; "how the deuce is a man to sleep when the blessed sun comes dancing in at his windows in the middle

of the night, and two confounded larks howl and scream outside all the time?" Saying which he plunged morosely into his correspondence from the City, and only broke his silence to say he feared that business would call him back earlier than he had anticipated.

I SAW the father of the village sunning himself outside his garden-gate yesterday. How this venerable old gentleman acquired the parental position which our universal consent has assigned to him, I have never been able to discover; for there are in the village men who have not only lived there longer, but are older in years. No doubt the possession of his little freehold counts for something, and a certain old-world courtliness of manner, a hearty friendliness bearing up gallantly under the weight of age, a genial address, a nice conduct of the sturdy stick that supports his steps—all these have their influence. Whatever be the cause, he is acknowledged as the father of the village. It is rumoured of him that he is an Oxford man, and that he once wrote a book. For myself, I have never ventured either to doubt or to inquire into these statements. I accept them as part of the atmosphere in which a father of a village should move and have his being. The salutations we exchange, though always friendly, have never declined into a flippant familiarity. "Good morning, Mr. JACKSON; how pleasant these warm mornings are." "That they are, Sir: it's a God's blessing to be able to move about again without being frozen." "I trust Mrs. JACKSON is better." "Thank you, Sir, she is no worse; we hope that the coming summer may bring her back to health." Such in the past has been the manner of our brief interviews.

BUT on this particular morning I hesitated to approach the kindly old gentleman, for the cold winds of March had broken down his invalid wife's resistance, and ten days before she had been carried to her rest in our little churchyard. Since then I had not seen him, for he had shut himself up in his home to mourn over his loss, and no one had dared to disturb his sorrow. However, I judged he would not resent a friendly word, so I went up to him. "Mr. JACKSON," I began, "I was deeply grieved—" "Thank you, Sir," said the old man, "thank you, but don't say any more. I don't think I could bear it. Ah, Sir, you don't know what it is to me. Forty years we were together, forty years and never an angry word. Look at my little house, Sir; isn't it bright and pretty, with the creepers growing over it, and the windows open to the sun? Well, Sir, to me it's dark, quite dark. I've been through all the rooms over and over again; but I can't bear to stay in it any longer. Forty years, Sir—think of it. Always kind and good. I wish I had gone first; but then, what would she have done? No, it's better as it is, perhaps; but it's a hard blow, and I'm an old man—too old to bear such a blow. What a woman she was! You should have seen her, Sir, when we were both young"—he raised his head, and drew himself up—"always bright and cheerful, always busy, till she took ill. But I was there to help her, and attend to her. And now—Ah, well, Sir, thank you for your kindness; but you see it's hard for an old man to bear." He turned away, his face streaming with tears, and walked slowly up the gravel walk. "Thank you, Sir, it was good of you to speak to me; but forty years is a long time, and I can't forget all she was to me."

## COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

## II.—THE GOOSEBERRY.

IN praise of wall-fruit I am dumb,	And as for cherries, I refuse
For me the peach may rot,	The sweetest Kentish "hearts,"
For me unheeded bloom the plum,	Red currants I will only use
Safe hang the apricot.	With raspberries in tarts:
With JESS I've brotherly dispute,	No apple tempts me as a rule,
We never can agree,	However crisp it be,
About the most delightful fruit—	I do not care for rhubarb "fool"—
The gooseberry for me.	The gooseberry for me.
The early strawberry I hate,	So, when AMANDA comes to stay
A hot-house <i>tour de force</i> ,	In summer-time with JESS,
The vine I'd even extirpate	We often down the garden stray,
Without the least remorse:	A trio, I confess.
A pineapple's peculiar charm	And JESS (dear JESS goes off to look
I never yet could see,	For pears—a special tree
A humbler fruit must bear the palm—	That grows in some far distant nook—
The gooseberry for me.	The gooseberry for me!

CORRECT DEFINITION OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN TERRITORY BEHIND OUR AFRICAN COLONIES.—Hinder-land.



## IN A GOOD CAUSE.

*Lady Member of the Girls' Friendly Society.* "I WANT TO SEE HARRIET BROWN. IS SHE IN?"  
*Page-boy (pointing to area gate).* "VISITORS FOR MISS BROWN THAT WAY, PLEASE."

## NEW RULES FOR CYCLISTS.

I.—WHAT SOME OTHER PEOPLE WOULD LIKE.

CYCLING to be included in the prohibitory clauses of the "Spurious Sports" Bill.

Every cycle-rider to pay a tax of fifty per cent. on the total income that he would have if every mile ridden brought him in a sovereign, and every tinkle of his bell a ten-pound note.

Nobody to cycle without a license, issued by the Governor of Newgate, after a fortnight's strict examination (on bread and water) in elementary mechanics, advanced hydrostatics, riding on the head down an inclined plane, and the *obiter dicta* of all the Judges on compensation in accident cases.

Any person found riding without such a

license to receive a minimum penalty of ten years' penal servitude, followed by police supervision for the rest of his natural life.

If caught on, with, or under a cycle within fifty miles of any town of five thousand inhabitants, the culprit to be fined a hundred guineas and bound over in his own recognisances to abandon cycling and take to golf instead.

When a cyclist on any road sees, or has reason to believe that he might see if he chose to look, any horse, cart, carriage, gig, or other vehicle, or any pedestrian approaching, he (or she) to instantly dismount, run the machine into the nearest ditch, and kneel in a humble and supplicating attitude till the said horse, cart, &c., has got at least a mile away.

Every cyclist to be presumed, in all legal proceedings, to be a reckless idiot and on the

wrong side of the road, unless he can bring conclusive evidence to the contrary.

All tourists on wheels to report themselves at every police station they pass. If unvaccinated, they may be taken to the nearest doctor and compulsorily inoculated with any old lymph or "anti-cyclin serum" he may have handy. Baptismal certificates to be carried in the bag or on the person: penalty for non-compliance, twenty-five lashes with a pneumatic cat, well laid on.

## NII.—WHAT ALL CYCLISTS WOULD LIKE.

Cyclists to be given a special track on all roads, quite half the width of the thoroughfare, and well asphalted: the expense to be met by a general tax on vehicles propelled otherwise than by foot.

In case of any accident, coachmen and car-drivers to be bound over to keep the pieces, and supply a brand-new machine.

All vehicles of every description to at once skedaddle up side streets when a lady cyclist is descried in the offing on a main road.

No bells, horns, or lamps in future to be required. Pedestrians to keep to the sidewalks or take the consequences. Cyclists to have the right to use the sidewalks as much as they like, and at any pace.

The City streets to be cleared of traffic and left as practising-grounds for new wheelmen and wheelwomen.

Rate-supported stations (with free meals) for blowing up burst tyres to be provided on all roads.

Cycles (and cyclists) to travel free by rail.

And, finally, any person reasonably suspected of not owning a cycle or being about to get one to pay a fine of five thousand pounds to the Exchequer, be handed over to the Lunacy Commissioners, and detained during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure.

## GRASSE.

O GRASSE, I thought that thou wast sweet,  
 So sweet to eye and nose alike!  
 I started, eager for the treat,  
 By train much slower than a bike.

Thy train from charming Cannes I see  
 Is meant, by its delay, to call  
 Attention to the fact that we  
 Had better never go at all.

I climbed thy hill, as I was told  
 Thy view was marvellously fine;  
 Thy barracks, frightful to behold,  
 Would spoil a view much more divine.

I saw thy dusty, dismal streets,  
 Thy graceless church, and then I went  
 To see the sweetest of thy sweets,  
 A manufactory of scent.

Alas, sweet perfumes of the rose  
 Or lily I had not to face!  
 An oily smell assailed my nose.  
 The scent of Grasse is scent of *graisse*.

O dusty, evil-smelling town,  
 O grassless, graceless Grasse, all *graisse*,  
 I do not want to run thee down,  
 But thou art not a pleasant place!

Then, luckless wretch, quite bored by thee,  
 I sought thy station to await  
 Thy train, which always seems to be  
 Three quarters of an hour late.

One moment's joy was mine that day;  
 It was when thy belated train,  
 O Grasse, at last took me away!  
 I never shall come back again!

TURFOLOGY.—"The chance of *St. Frusquin* winning the Derby is threatened by *Teufel*." Evidently "the Devil a saint would be."



## “THE HORSE AND THE LOADED ASS.”

“A MAN WHO KEPT A HORSE AND AN ASS WAS WONT IN HIS JOURNEY TO SPARE THE HORSE AND PUT ALL THE BURDEN UPON THE ASS’S BACK.”  
[See Right Hon. Mr. Chamberlain’s edition of “*Asop’s Fables*”—to be continued.]





## THE MOUNTED PEDESTRIAN'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Prejudiced Promenader who Objects to Cycles in the Park.)

*Question.* Is the new manner of riding in the Drive attractive?

*Answer.* Certainly not; as the up-to-date velocipedist seldom possesses grace, and nearly invariably lacks comfort.

*Q.* Is there not constantly an expression of care upon the countenances of cyclists?

*A.* Very frequently; and this aspect would cause mirth, did it not suggest approaching affliction.

*Q.* What is the meaning of a "spill" to a votary of the wheel?

*A.* Any upset; from the first, requiring the services of a medical student, to the last, demanding the recognition of a coroner.

*Q.* Does a male rider appear to advantage mounted on wheels?

*A.* Never; and when he scales fourteen stone or more, the picture he presents is pitiable.

*Q.* Does a lady-rider who takes her hands from the guiding-iron and progresses solely with the assistance of her feet deserve commendation?

*A.* Distinctly not; as her performance invites disaster, and is merely suggestive of the preliminary antics of an "extra turn" at a fourth-rate music-hall.

*Q.* Should a general-officer ride a cycle?

*A.* Not within view of the barracks, as no sentry could salute him with a feeling of sincere respect.



## TOUJOURS PERDRIX!

*Jacky* (just back from his first day at School). "OH, SCHOOL IS A JOLLY PLACE, AUNTIE MATH. I WAS NEVER SO HAPPY IN ALL MY LIFE!"

"YOU'LL LIKE IT EVEN BETTER TO-MORROW, JACKY!"

"TO-MORROW? HAVE I GOT TO GO AGAIN TO-MORROW?"

"WHY NOT, SINCE YOU'RE SO HAPPY THERE?"

"AH, YES—BUT I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A HABIT OF IT, YOU KNOW!"

*Q.* Should a judge or magistrate progress on wheels?

*A.* Not when the police are about, as the performance would be calculated to prejudice the dignity appropriate to the Bench.

*Q.* Who are the chief benefactors by the craze for cycling?

*A.* The Coventry manufacturers and London doctors.

*Q.* Is there any explanation for the apparently accident-inviting and mirth-provoking movement?

*A.* Yes; one that is less a solution than an excuse—"it's the fashion!"

## Land Ho!

(By a Disappointed Town-Dweller.)

JOE once insisted, in a manner handsome,

That Land should pay the landless heavy ransom;

But now—most paradoxical of fates!—

The landless must pay half Land's "local rates."

It once was held as worthy of belief

That one should "set a thief to catch a thief."

But now I fancy we should understand it:

"The greatest foe of ransom's an ex-bandit!"

PARADOX (as it strikes a Venal Voter).—With his cash at least a Conservative is sometimes vastly Liberal, and a Liberal tremendously Conservative.

SPRING THOUGHT, BY A FLO-  
RIST.—The finest field for the growth of primroses is—Beaconsfield.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ON JOHN SMITH'S *Platonic Affections*, the most recent of the "Key-Note Series," published by JOHN LANE of Vigo Street, the Baron's opinion is that the story is thoroughly interesting as long as we are concerned only in the history of two lovers, a couple of noodles

old enough to know better, who, not believing in themselves as lovers and wishing to live together as brother and sister, became man and wife in order to avoid scandalising Mrs. Grundy. The dialect conversations are probably excellent, but to the majority of readers not up in the Lingo of Lippert, this portion of the book becomes rather wearisome. To sum up, this book is an example of excellent material inartistically made up.

*Briset's*, who gives her name to Mr. BLACK'S last novel, just published by SAMPSON LOW, will take her place in the front rank of the fair women of whom the novelist has dreamed. She is,

in quite another way, as charming as the Princess in Thule. Mr. BLACK has struck a fresh note in bringing his heroine from Greece, though, as usual, he plants her out in Scotland, and lends her on long visits to London. Besides *Briset's*, herself a perfect work of art, the story is full of human people, beginning with the Greek girl's old uncle the naturalist, including delightful Aunt Jean and detestable Aunt Clara. The novel is published in a single six-shilling volume; a new departure, my Baronite thinks, for Mr. BLACK. The arrangement will give early opportunity to tens of thousands to read a delightful book. The Baron recommends *The Flaw in the Marble* in HUTCHINSON & Co.'s Leisure Library. Well written, interesting, likewise handy for pocketing, honestly. B.



## GOLDIE.

Mr. John Haviland Dashwood Goldie, the famous Cambridge oarsman, who led his University Eight to victory on three several and successive occasions, died on April 12, aged 47.

GOLDIE gone, true, "gentle GOLDIE," genial man, and glorious "stroke,"

Who the nine-year spell of evil fortune for Cam's champions broke, Stroking them three times to triumph! Sure the nymphs of sedgy Cam

(If young Titans of to-day will tolerate poetic flam)

Mourn a later LYCIDAS! 'Upon his all too early bier

Many manly hearts at least will drop the fond, regretful tear;

Followers of the Cambridge fortunes will remember with what pride

They beheld, in Eighteen Seventy, gallant GOLDIE turn the tide Of the Light Blues' long defeats; and how the thronged Thames reaches rang

With the shouts of ancient Cantabs. Worthier hero never sang Muscle-praising modern PINDAR. Cambridge needs a GOLDIE now, And when next her "ship," well captained, pushes home a winning prow—

May it be next year!—fond memories on her grand old stroke will dwell,

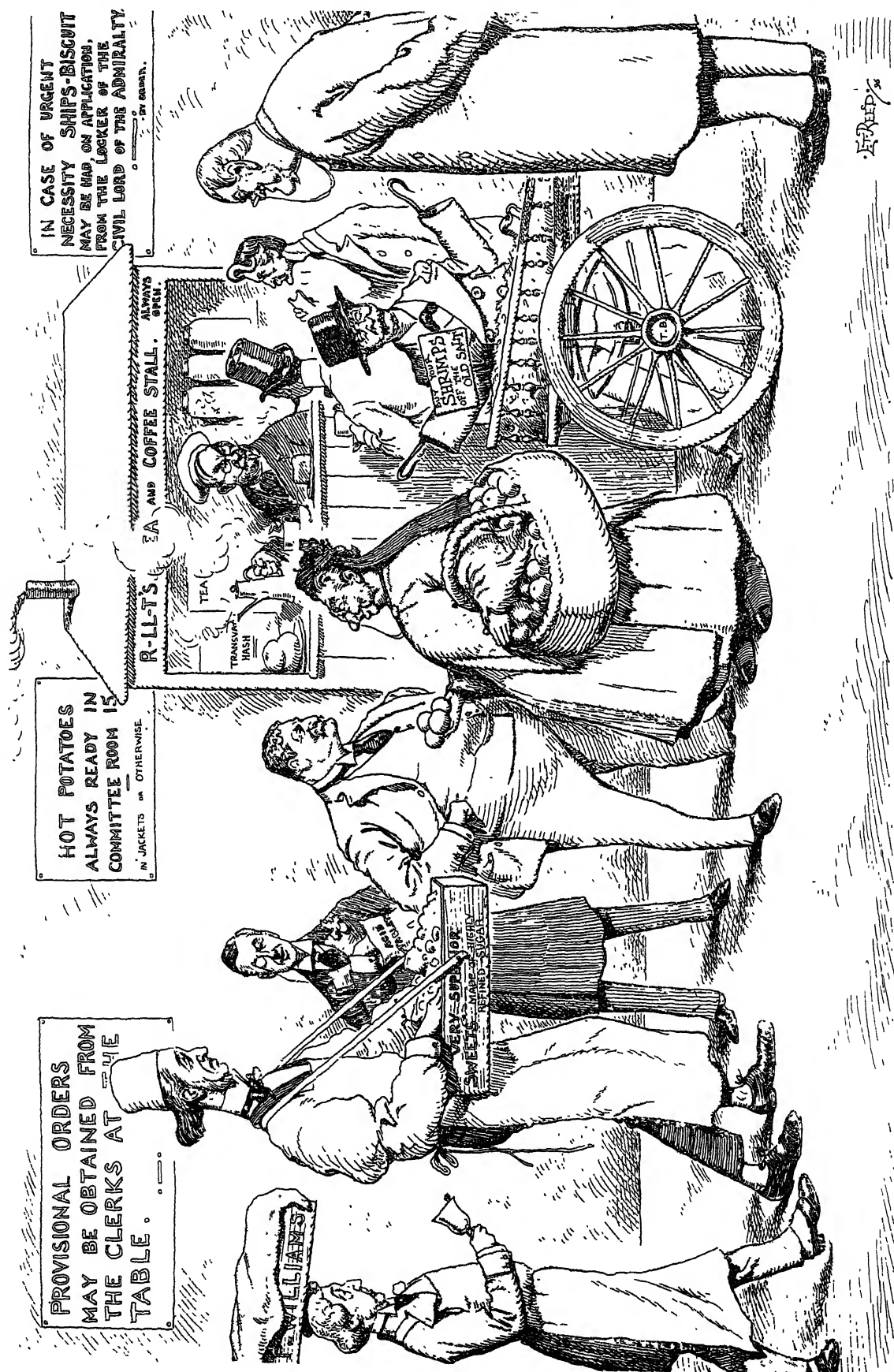
Dreaming that they hear his shout amidst the mob's mellifluous yell. Good as gold must be that Captain! Echo answers "It will do

If he be as good as GOLDIE!" All survivors of his crew, All his friends—and who shall count them?—hivie his memory in their hearts.

Every brave young Briton mourns when such a champion departs.

Enviably fate, my masters! Loved all round and unforget, With fixed name on a great roll of victors. 'Tis a glorious lot!

Had we, too, a parsley crown or olive garland for our brave, These with honour might be laid most fittingly on GOLDIE'S grave!



### "GOING INTO 'SUPPLY'!"

OWING TO THE PROSPECTIVE COLLAPSE OF THE KITCHEN ARRANGEMENTS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS THERE IS LIKELY TO BE AN OPENING FOR ENTERPRISING INDIVIDUALS OF THE LOCALITY TO FURNISH HON. MEMBERS WITH THE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE AT CHEAP RATES!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 20.*—GRANDOLPH used to say, "CHAPLIN's speeches would be first-rate if he would only sit down before he began his peroration." That was, however, merely jealousy. No one would like to have missed peroration to-night in speech introducing Agricultural Rating Bill. It came a little suddenly after matter-of-fact lucid explanation of details of Bill. But how full-toned it was; how rotund; how reminiscent of DIZZY, just now, from his pedestal in Parliament Square, looking down over the poor faded primroses with sardonic smile on the gaping crowd that blocks the pavement. To see the Farmer's Friend fling on the table the last sheet of the manuscript notes of his speech was most convincing. BURKE and his dagger east on floor of House a puny performance by comparison. And then the Jovial frown on his usually smiling countenance when he resumed his seat was worth another shilling in the pound to the ruined farmer.

"Glad you liked my speech, TOBY," he said. "Fancy there is, as you say, a touch of the antique about its style. But I wish I could do even more for the famishing farmer. Often I think, when I come out of the Amphitryon, after a bread-and-cheese lunch, how would it be suppose I were to sit down on the pavement, and, as representative of the agricultural class, display a card bearing the legend 'I am starving'? Don't you think that would fetch 'em? I'm told there's a great run just now on living pictures."

"Capital idea," said SARK, who's always ready to answer for other people. "You were made for the part. Your haggard cheek, your attenuated form, your curved-in chest, your general appearance of tasting meat only once a week, and then in the form of bacon, always seem to me to mark you out for a model Minister of Agriculture in times of exceptional depression. It added to-night to the picturesqueness of your speech. You'd make an immense hit in the character you suggest. Be sure you plant out your hat brim uppermost, like the other fellows who draw landscapes and sea pieces on the pavement. You'll get more coppers than you can conveniently carry home."

"Hum," said CHAPLIN, looking dubiously at SARK.

*Business done.*—Agricultural Rating Bill brought in. Danced on by FOWLER and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

*Thursday.*—Dr. TANNER is beginning to think there's something uncanny about the SPEAKER. Long practice has enabled him to wrestle with Chair, whether it be filled by SPEAKER or Chairman. But he likes business conducted according to ordinary rules of the ring.

"I don't mind being occasionally suspended," he said. "It brings one's name well to the front, and supplies an opportunity of spending eight hours at the sea-side. Also, I have grown accustomed to being ordered to resume my seat just when, after a quarter of an hour's gabble, I am beginning to approach my subject. Moreover, it is quite common for a motion to be declared carried when I have for some moments bawled out 'No!' Those are ordinary experiences of a Member of my legislative habits. But when half-a-dozen fellows jump up to second an amendment, to have the SPEAKER fix upon you in particular as the seconder, and when, half an hour later, you come in prepared with a speech that shall further block business, for him to say you have already spoken—well, now, that's what I call hitting below the belt."

Incident certainly a little hard upon Member of TANNER's industrious habits. Motion before House was that Grand Committee on Law might sit till four o'clock, instead of observing usual practice of adjourning in time for meeting of House. Benefices Bill has stuck in throat of Grand Committee. Church and Nonconformity wrangling round it. Never get through unless Grand Committee works overtime. Nonconformity objects. Dr. TANNER, attraction

of row irresistible, takes off coat, tumbles in, and whirls shillalleg to common danger of friend and enemy. LLOYD-GEORGE moves overtime shall cease at half-past three instead of four. TANNER springs up to second Amendment. Two or three other light hearts below Gangway carol to same tune. SPEAKER lies low and says nuffin. Presently TANNER, believing that as so many had risen to second Amendment he was free from responsibility, began his speech. "Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER; "the hon. Member has already spoken."

"No, Sir," said TANNER, with air of conviction, for he had only been shouting.

"The hon. Member seconded the amendment."

"No, Sir," insisted the Doctor; "it was the hon. Member behind me."

"Several Members rose, and I took the seconding of the hon. Member;" and the SPEAKER forthwith put the question.

TANNER temporarily subsided; House roared with laughter; at least a quarter of an hour of precious time saved.

*Business done.*—Budget resolutions agreed to.

*Friday.*—Member for South Monaghan consumed with thirst for knowledge. Whenever Carrickmacross can spare the Chairman of its Town Commissioners, he comes up to Westminster, and floods paper with questions. In the Chief Secretary's office he is known as *The Daly Inquirer*. Amongst questions in to-day's paper standing in his name is one "to ask the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland if he is aware that national school teachers have, out of their own pockets, to supply maps, tablets, school pictures, and charts."

Assuming question is based on fact, here is fresh injustice to Ireland. Why should national school teachers in that country be thus inconveniently loaded? Some of them, SARK tells me, live long distances from scene of their labours; have to trudge to and fro daily. Why should they be required to bulge forth their pockets with maps, tablets, school pictures, and charts ready to meet capricious demand of school-children?

The form of Mr. DALY's question suggests a way out of the difficulty. As he puts it, it is "out of their own pockets" the hapless teachers have to procure these articles, some of them (charts and school pictures) of considerable bulk. There might be someone else's pocket out of which they might take them; the county Member's or the Chairman of the Town Commissioners', for example. But that obviously only modification of a difficulty that really seems arbitrarily created. In England or Scotland the schoolroom would be fitted up with cupboards or drawers in which these indispensable articles might be stored, to be drawn upon in case of need. The Member for South Monaghan has called attention to a real grievance, which GERALD BALFOUR, still anxious to kill Home Rule by kindness, will do well to remove.

*Business done.*—Scotch Votes in Committee of Supply.

## IN NUCE.

ONE man's "noise" is oft another's "music";  
And what delights the many makes the few sick.  
"Relieve the few, and yet not rob the many,"  
Is the lawmaker's aim—if not a zany.

*GEOGRAPHICAL ITEM.*—The town of Grasse is celebrated for its floriculture: it is also "where the widows come from."

## THE WAY OF THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.

THE only "Water Question" I will watch,  
Is—how much should man mix with "Special Scotch"?

FIVE-O'CLOCK "TEES."—Suburban golf.



AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

## AN APRIL SHOWER.

SWEET BAB and I  
Sat under a tree.  
Oh, blue was the sky  
And the wind blew free.  
Our cheeks were close,  
But she little heeded;  
Hers flushed like a rose,  
Mine paled, as I pleaded  
For—maybe you'll guess.  
Ah! bad luck is a bore.  
Had I but said less,  
Or, perhaps, done more,  
All had yet been well.  
But—my chance was gone;  
The free wind fell,  
And the rain came on.  
She sighed "It thunders!"  
I hadn't a "brolly."  
Alas for the blunders  
Of human folly!  
I huffed, she tified;  
How the rain did pelt!  
I frowned, she sniffed.  
Ah! she would not melt.  
Her eyes of blue,  
Like the sky, were veiled.

Such chill showers, too!  
One had sworn it hailed.  
It hailed—a cab.  
Dull, dreary, damp.  
We sulked. Sweet BAB!  
For the lack of a gamp,  
I lost that kiss  
And thee, too, alack  
The chance we miss  
Comes never more back.  
Rain, soft Spring rain!  
As you wet the leaves,  
With repentance vain  
One broods and grieves.  
And the other? Faith!  
She is rich and gay,  
And she shows small scathe;  
Yet methinks to-day,  
When by chance we met  
In the lime-tree walk,  
With the small rain wet,  
That, though blithe our talk,  
She felt, as I,  
The malignant power  
Of a word awry,  
And an April shower.

## AS IT MAY BE.

["... a solution of the difficulty might, perhaps, be found in empanelling, at a reasonable rate of remuneration, some of the unemployed members of the Junior Bar as special jurors."—*Daily Press*.]

*Mr. Justice Jowley (summing up case to jury of Barristers).* In deciding upon the momentous issues involved in the case now before you, gentlemen, it will be for you, in the first place, to say—

*A Juror (rising in the box).* Pardon me, my Lord, it will be for you, in the first place, to say whether you intend to hold that the communication made by A. to B. is privileged or not. (*Slight applause from rest of panel.*)

*Mr. Justice Jowley (rather taken aback).* I—er—well, you see, gentlemen, I—I was coming to that in due course; but if you prefer me to deal with it now, I may tell you that there is a case which settles the law upon that point conclusively. In *Tomkyns v. Trout* it was laid down by no less an authority than Mr. Justice—

*Foreman of the Jury (interrupting).* Your Lordship is evidently unaware that *Tomkyns v. Trout*—which I may mention for your Lordship's guidance is reported in 10 Queen's Bench Division, page 392—has since been over-ruled in the Court of Appeal, see 2 Appeal Cases, New Series, page 1263.

*Mr. Justice Jowley (rubbing his spectacles, nervously).* Oh, indeed, indeed—er—yes—thank you very much. I had overlooked that, but I dare say the Foreman of the jury is quite right. Well, then—let me see—where was I? Oh, yes, I remember. This action is one brought for the express purpose—

*Another Juror.* Pardon the interruption, my Lord, but my colleagues in the box and myself are all agreed that it would be sheer waste of time to go into that matter, and travel all over the same ground again. We know perfectly well what the action is all about. We are only waiting to know if your Lordship has any new light to throw upon the subject. We do not suppose you have. Still, we are willing to wait and see.

*Mr. Justice Jowley.* I—I thank you. The question of privilege is, of course, one for me to decide, and I have no hesitation in holding that, on the authority of *Baker v. Johnson*—

*A Juror (from the back of the box).* Then what about *Somers v. Smart*?

*His Lordship.* Really, really, gentlemen, this is most irregular. If you will kindly permit me to sum up this case in the ordinary way—thank you. Perhaps I had better first deal with the testimony given by the witness C. He is a clerk in the employ of the Plaintiff, and what he says, in effect, is this, that on receipt of the—

*Foreman of the Jury.* We need not trouble your Lordship on that point. It would not in any case be evidence against the Defendant.

*Mr. Justice Jowley (surprised).* But if his act was within the scope of his authority—

*Foreman (imperturbably).* It wasn't. It was *ultra vires*. See *Bryce*, page 1403.

*His Lordship (bursting into tears).* Then, perhaps, Gentlemen, you had better take this matter entirely into your own hands; I seem to be quite superfluous here.

*Foreman (in kindly tones).* Oh, I don't know that. Your Lordship certainly is a trifle obsolete—a fact to which, I fear, we shall

have to call attention in a rider to any verdict we may return. Perhaps we had better settle the matter without you.

[*They retire to consider their verdict, whilst Mr. Justice JAWLEY is removed from the Bench in a state of collapse.*]

## NOTES OF AN AFTERNOON'S "AMUSEMENT."

WIND blowing a hurricane, with occasional heavy showers. Still, it won't do not to appear at the "meet" of the bicycle paper-chase in which the JONESSES have asked me to take part. Accordingly, mount my machine and ride through three miles of mud. Find about two dozen riders assembled at the meet, including four or five ladies; likewise a crowd of rusties, who greet each fresh arrival with loud cheers and personal remarks. Some delay in starting the hares. There were to have been an 'are and 'ares, but the latter declines to go, so a gentleman takes her place. At last the hares ride off amid a whirlwind of scraps of paper. Ten minutes' "law" to be given them—great excitement. Forty-five seconds before we are to start, Miss BROWN asks me kindly to inflate her tyre for her. Refuse firmly. Starter drops a flag, and a seething mass of bicycles rushes headlong downhill. Can only escape collision by a miracle. Miss BROWN charges straight for my hind-wheel. Elude her, and in so doing nearly knock over several others. More bumps from behind. Wish that I had one of the insurance-newspapers in my pocket, expecting every minute to be smashed up. However, we all get away somehow.

Road going uphill now, with gale full in our faces, should like to walk up this hill, but too proud to do so. Glance at the faces of my fellow—"hounds" nearest me. They don't look as if they were enjoying themselves. One unknown gentleman wastes his breath in talking to his bike as if it were a horse. "Come up, you beast. . . Would you, then. . . Come up, confound you." Just in front is a curate, with a very high stiff white collar; as we proceed, collar gets gradually limper. Still going uphill. Wind worse than ever. Begin to wish to exchange present position for a nice comfortable treadmill. Someone asks me if I have "seen any scent." Tell him not to be a fool. Afterwards discover that the paper dropped by the hares is called "scent." . . . Still going uphill. Ask a rustic whether he has seen the hares. Idiot answers, "Naw, an' naw rabbuts neither." Reach cross-roads. Which way are we to turn? Refuse to ride against this wind any longer, and so make off to the right. Presently find that that right is wrong, and have to come back again. Why, everyone has stopped—has anyone been killed? No, the hares have been caught. Fresh pair despatched. Stragglers come up from behind. Everyone dismounts, and says what a delightful ride we are having. Wish I knew the way home.

Off again, still uphill. "Hounds" go off in every direction, intending, I expect, to sneak home. Suddenly the chain of one machine breaks in half, with surprising results. Another gentleman takes a corner too sharply, comes down and cuts himself badly. Interval for refreshment and bandages. Only four of us together by this time, the rest scattered all over the county, trying to find their way home. The hares, as we learn subsequently, almost kill themselves by racing for about twenty miles, laying elaborate false tracks, and riding at their utmost speed. As a matter of fact, no one at all is now pursuing them. Those of us whose machines haven't been smashed up ride slowly home. The remains of one are left at the nearest house, to be forwarded by Parcel Post. Am nearly killed by my companion mistaking her right hand for her left on the way home. However, we get back at last, and the rest straggle in at intervals. Then we drink to the success of the glorious sport of bicycle paper-chasing.

## Pity a Poor (Liberal) Leader.

(*By one who, if not the Rose (bery), has been near it.*)

DEAR ME! I had thought that the public was quite in love with Arnoldian "Sweetness and Light"; But I seem to put the quidnuncs in a twitter, Unless—as a speaker—I'm "Heavy and Bitter."

THE NEW CAMPUS MARTIUS.—Judging by the *Daily Telegraph*, "our War Correspondent" stops at home to report on the troops starting for the battle-field. It may therefore be laid down that inspection is the better part of valour.

A SPRING EXHIBITION.—A cat jumping over a wall.





## HISTORY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SCENE—*Burlington House.*  
Two Critics before the  
Picture of the Year.

*Male Critic.* Now, this is quite the best thing in the show, in my opinion.

*Female Critic.* Oh, yes; very good indeed. But I have lost my catalogue—what is it about?

*M. Cri.* Scarcely wants any description, as it tells its own story. Don't you see RICHARD THE THIRD is wooing the late Queen?

*Fem. Cri.* Oh, yes. And who was the late King? Wasn't it HENRY THE FIFTH?

*M. Cri.* Was it? I almost forgot. But didn't he win the Battle of Agincourt?

*Fem. Cri.* Yes, and that's where he killed RICHARD THE THIRD. Don't you remember, he cried out for a horse?

*M. Cri.* To be sure. But if RICHARD THE THIRD was killed by HENRY THE FIFTH, how could he be attending his conqueror's funeral? That sounds wrong somehow.

*Fem. Cri.* Not if the subject is taken from SHAKESPEARE. Wouldn't that be called "poetic licence"?

*M. Cri.* When one comes to think of it, I suppose it would. And then you see they are off to HENRY THE FIFTH's Chapel at Westminster Abbey.



## SONS OF THE POETICAL MUSE.

*Robinson.* "OH YES, WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF PROMISING YOUNG BARDS. WHY, THERE'S THE SON OF DAVID, AND THE SON OF WAT, AND THE SON OF THOMP, AND THE SON OF DOB; NOT TO MENTION THE SON OF ROBIN, IF I MAY MAKE SO BOLD!"

*Grigson.* "AND THE SON OF GRIG! BUT NONE OF US WILL EVER QUITE COME UP TO THE SON OF TENNY!"

*Fem. Cri.* HENRY THE SEVENTH you mean. Of course, how silly we have been! It is HENRY THE SEVENTH's funeral—not HENRY THE FIFTH's! And I suppose the lady to whom RICHARD is speaking must be one of HENRY's Queens.

*M. Cri.* His widow, of course—CATHERINE PARR. You remember she survived him. But what is RICHARD THE THIRD doing with her?

*Fem. Cri.* He was Duke of GLOUCESTER then, because surely MARY came after HENRY THE EIGHTH. Didn't she? And wasn't HENRY THE EIGHTH the Royal Bluebeard?

*M. Cri.* Ah, to be sure, so he was! Then it wouldn't have been his funeral.

*Fem. Cri.* No, perhaps not. But, whoever it is, the picture is, as you say, capital.

*M. Cri.* No doubt about that. And it doesn't matter which King it is, considering he is dead.

*Fem. Cri.* Yes. And it is better he should be dead, when his widow so soon commences a flirtation! [The Critics pass on, and the scene closes in with a chorus of approval.]

FRENCH INFLUENCE AGAIN.—An important member of the Burmese troupe at the Crystal Palace is a caster of horoscopes. His name is MOUNG GYEE. Surely it should be MOUNG SEER.

## CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Your reproaches are not wholly reasonable. I have been silent because I flatter myself that I am not an idle tittle-tattler. *Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.* In a word, I am not *chiffonniere* to the extent of some of my colleagues, who think nothing of intruding themselves unbidden into circles with which they have neither scot nor lot. There is Mrs. FROUFROU-DABB, for instance, of *The Grand Duchess* (her *nom de plume* is "Sweet Seventeen," though to my certain knowledge she has worn a *toupet* for a quarter of a century), she presented herself at the Countess of COCKALEEKIE's reception the other night without having received the necessary card of invitation, and by her Fouché-like proceedings was enabled to give a tolerably correct account of the *toilettes* which foregrounded. But how she could have been deceived by Lady SHUTTLECOCK's tiara of false diamonds passes my understanding! It is well known that the real stones have for long been in the custody of that eminent judge of gems Mr. MEDICI KONK, most of whose unredeemed pledges of misplaced confidence are well worth the attention of artistic *connaisseurs*. On my last visit to his establishment (I, of course, did not wish to consult him *professionally*) I was especially attracted by—\* However, to revert to Mrs. FROUFROU-DABB, I can only suppose that sooner or later she will reap the reward of her *outré* conduct, and be forcibly removed from some fashionable assembly by one of those *chasseurs* (dear Lord ARTHUR calls them in his quaint old *patois* "chuckers-out") who guard the portals of the stately homes of England.

"BLABETTE," of *The Peri*—her real name is MARY ANNE WINKLE—is, to my mind, quite as impudently obtrusive as is Mrs. DABB, only her method is quite different. Mrs. F. D. (*quelle décadence de nom!*) is a sort of female Prince RUPERT, and charges into the ranks of Society on the slightest provocation; Miss WINKLE subdues opposition by the feigned artlessness of the *ingénue*. She manages, by her time-serving humility, to scrape acquaintance with the great and omnipotent. She began by intriguig at charity bazzars, where she would work for the Duchesses

\* Mr. MEDICI KONK is an old and valued friend of ours, and we are sure that he would be the first to protest against the disclosing of the secrets of his jewel house. We have therefore suppressed our correspondent's subsequent reference to his stock-in-trade.—ED.

and other eminent stall-holders like a slave born and bred, and never tired of going about with sofa cushions and smoking-caps for the (illegal) purpose of a raffle. Papa, who is rather *myope*, says that she is pretty, with a Greuze expression. I suggested that he was an excellent judge of *painting*, as applied to the fair sex. I could see that he quailed beneath my repartees, though he answered "Charity begins at home," one of those pitiful thrusts which only a father, and that father an Englishman, could direct against his own flesh and blood. I sarcastically recommended him to get a new *lorgnon* from the eminent Mr. SEEBRIGHT,\* and so the matter ended. Meanwhile Miss WINKLE pursues her career of sycophant prying with a success which may be accounted for by her too frequent praise of the doings and raiment of certain *grandes dames*, whose good nature has been exploited at the expense of good grammar. I could give you a dozen instances, *ma mie*, of the way in which an honourable profession is degraded to the level of a self-assertive trade, which is brought before the public by a ravenous *meute* of female Paul Pry's. For myself, I am conscious that, when I am privileged to record the exquisite taste of this or that *châtelaine* of our *fin-de-siècle mœurs*, I am as impartial as when I am devoting my time, my pen, my paper and my brains to the judicious exaltation of some hard-working sister, whose name is not, and cannot be, associated with the *Court Circular*.

Ever, dear, Your loving Cousin, KADJ.

\* We have substituted the name of our own oculist, as in duty bound, for that of the optician recommended by KADJ.—ED.

THE HAIR UN-APPARENT.—*À propos* of the Wyndham celebration last week, there appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* for Saturday, May 2, a portrait of the actor "in the uniform of the U. S. Army," which was described as "an early photograph." The photo was so early and so rapid, that the likeness was produced with only half a moustache; the other half probably not having had time to grow during the operation. This deficiency allows the future comedian to exhibit more cheek than would have been otherwise shown; and this, perhaps, may be characteristic.

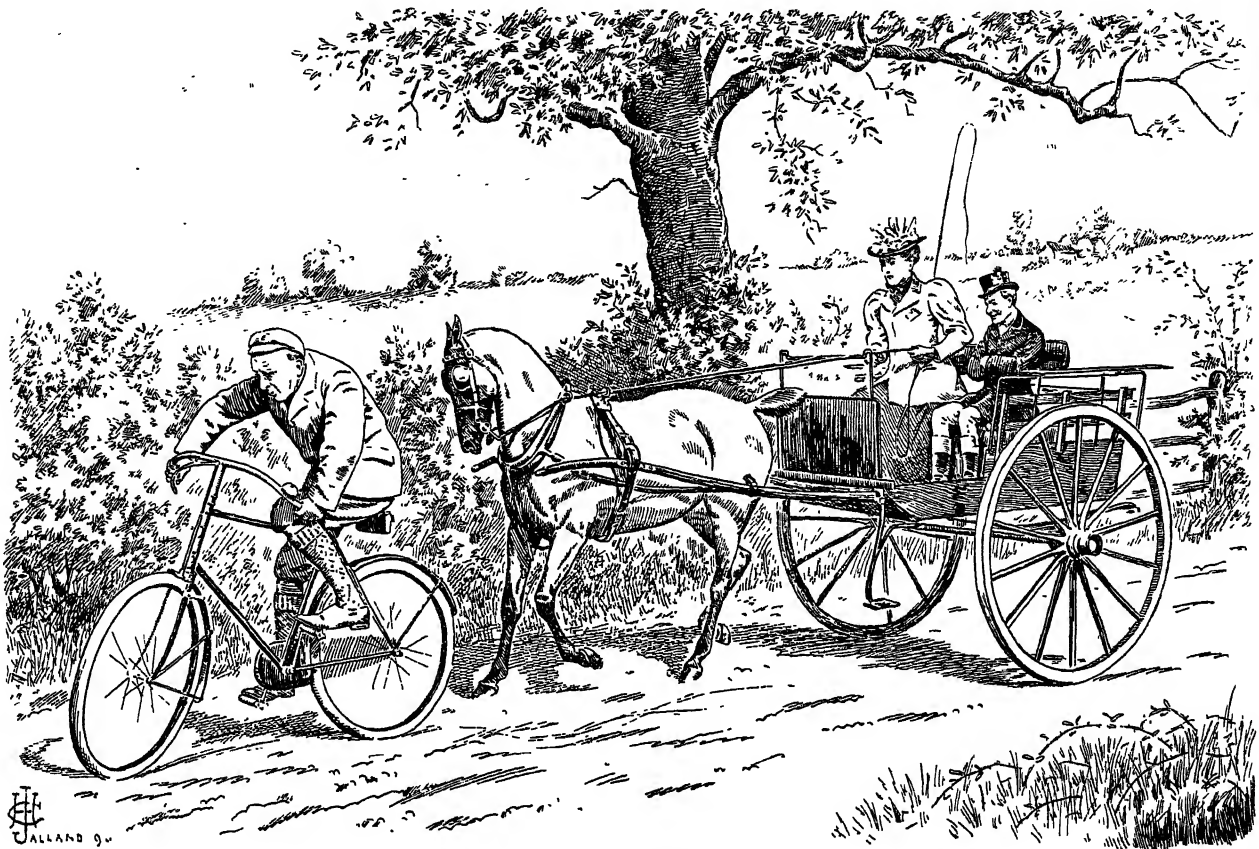
ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. BARLOW is standing for Frome. It is to be hoped that Messrs. SANDFORD and MERTON will enable their old friend to obtain a seat.



### THE MILKMAID OF COWES.

*German Emperor.* "THEN I'LL NOT YACHT WITH YOU, MY PRETTY MAID."

*Milkmaid.* 'NOBODY AS'D YOU, SIR! SHE SAID.'  
[The German Emperor has decided not to attend the Cowes meeting.]



### GREAT SELF-RESTRAINT.

*Lady in Pony-cart (who has made several unsuccessful attempts to pass persevering beginner occupying the whole road). "UNLESS YOU SOON FALL OFF, SIR, I'M AFRAID I SHALL MISS MY TRAIN!"*

### LATEST STYLE IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.\*

My readers will doubtless expect from me a full account of Herr THUMPOFFSKI's opening concert. It took place on Tuesday last, and on that evening I had dined at the house of an hospitable friend, who insisted, however, on my eating *suprême de volaille*—a dish which never did agree with me. Why is it that an ordinary English cook, &c., &c. . . . (*A lengthy gastronomic paragraph is omitted here.*) . . . So it was in rather an unamiable frame of mind that I betook myself about nine o'clock to St. James's Hall, intending to hear the last half of the programme. The cab in which I made my journey almost ran over a passing bicyclist. In my opinion, bicyclists, &c. . . . (*The question is discussed here at some length.*) . . . But to resume my account of the concert. I worked my way carefully to my stall, and began to look around me. In front was an old lady with a peculiarly hideous red dress. That particular shade always makes me quite ill. Just behind me two young ladies discussed between the pieces the ethics of flirtation with charming candour. . . . (*A full report of their conversation follows.*) . . . Then I betook myself to the study of my programme. Before I had arrived someone had sung, "*Waft Her, Angels.*" Now, although I hate digressions, I must be allowed to quote a charming story I heard lately in connection with that aria. . . . (*Twenty lines of rapid anecdote are here omitted.*) . . . The British Public likes HANDEL, which is only another proof of the British Public's folly. . . . (*The superior merits of the Wagner school are here demonstrated at some length.*) . . . But all through the evening I felt displeased with my environment. Was I influenced by the *suprême de volaille*? Suddenly I seemed to see . . . (*Thirty lines are here deleted.*) . . . Anyhow, when I awoke, &c., &c. . . . (*Twenty lines of reflections on dream omitted.*) . . . Still musing upon it, I lit my cigarette; and, squeezing my way with some difficulty through the crowd of Philistines, left the Hall, and went home to bed.

Such was Professor THUMPOFFSKI's first concert; and, if I have seemed to describe it at unreasonable length, it is only because

\* We have found it necessary to make a few excisions in this article. The nature of the omissions is noted in the course of it.—ED.

I wish it to be clearly understood that it was momentous—an artistic event of the first magnitude. Prolixity well may be forgiven when its cause is the advancement of Art.

I almost forgot to mention that some people, whose names I forget, played the piano, and sang, in the course of the evening.

### JOURNALISM MADE EASY.

*Advice to Novices.*—Always have on hand "paragraphs"; thus:—

(1) "Yesterday being the (*here fill in number*) anniversary of the natal day of H.R.H. (*insert name of Personage*), a Royal Salute was fired in the Long Walk of Windsor Park, and the bells of St. George's Chapel rang out a merry peal."

*Mem.*—Vary with "The Royal borough was *en fête*," and describe weather.

(2) "The noblemen and gentlemen who are students at Eton College have broken up for the (*Christmas, Easter, or Midsummer*) vacation. The collegians reassemble on (*give date*)."

*Mem.*—Vary with, "The school list now includes a roll-call of (*give number*) Oppidans and King's Scholars."

(3) "According to ancient custom the Queen's Bounty was yesterday (Maunday Thursday) distributed to a number of deserving poor persons by (*give name of almoner*) at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The little silver coins commanded a ready sale outside the sacred edifice."

*Mem.*—Occasionally describe purchasers of coins as "travelled Americans," and "ardent numismatists."

(4) "As usual, Lord Mayor's Day and the Prince of WALES's Birthday were celebrated together; and, in honour of the latter event, many of the leading tradesmen of the West-End displayed brilliant illuminations to the thousands who thronged the streets. We especially noticed the decorations presented by (*here give selected names*)."

*Mem.*—The devices being always the same, it is as well not to give too minute a description of the designs; but a great deal may be left to the imagination.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

## No. XII.

*Mr. Jabberjee is taken by surprise.*

DILIGENT perusers of my lucubrations to *Punch* will remember that I have devoted sundry jots and tittles to the subject of Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW, and already may have concluded that I was long since up to the hilt in the tender passion. In this deduction, however, they would have manufactured a stentorian cry from an extreme paucity of wool; the actual fact being that, although percipient of the well-proportionate symmetry of her person and the ladylike liveliness of her deportment, I did never regard her except with eyes of strictly platonic philandering and calf love.

It is true that, at certain seasons, the ostentatious favours she would squander upon other young masculine boarders in my presence did reduce me to the doleful dump of despair, so that even the birds and beasts of forest shed tears at my misery, and frequently at meal-times I have sought to move her to compassion by neighing like horse, or by the incessant rolling of my visual organs; though she did only attribute such *ad misericordiam* appeals to the excessive gravity of the cheere, or the immaturity of the rhubarb pie.

But I was then a labourer under the impression that I was the odd man out of her affections, and it is well known that, to a sensitive, it is intolerable to feel that oneself is not the object of adoration, even to one to whom we may entertain but a mediocre attraction.

On a recent evening we had a *rêve-à-rêve* which culminated in the utter surprise. It was the occasion of our hebdomadal dancing-party at Porticobello House, and I had solicited her to become a co-partner with myself in the mazes of a waltz; but, not being the carpet-knight, and consequently treading the measure with too great frequency upon the toes of my fair auxiliary, she suggested a temporary withdrawal from circulation.

To which I assenting, she conducted me to a landing whereon was a small glazed apartment, screened by hangings and furnished with a profusion of unproductive pots, which is styled the conservatory, and here we did sit upon two wicker-worked chairs, and for a while were mutually *sotto voce*.

Presently I, remarking with corner of eye the sumptuousness of her appearance, and the supercilious indifference of her demeanour, which made it seem totally improbable that she should ever, like *Desdemona*, seriously incline to treat me as an *Othello*, commenced to heave the sighs of a fire-stove, causing Miss JESSIMINA to accuse me of desiring myself in India.

I denied this with native hyperbolism, saying that I was content to remain in *statu quo* until the doom cracked, and that the conservatory was for me the equivalent of Paradise.

She replied that its similitude to Paradise would be more startling if a larger proportion of the pots had contained plants, and if such plants as there were had not fallen into such a lean and slippered stage of decrepitude, adding that she did perpetually urge her mamma to incur the expense of some geranium-blooms and a few fairy-lamps, but she had refused to run for such adornments.

And I, with spontaneous gallantry, retorted that she was justified in such parsimony, since her daughter's eyes supplied such fairy

illumination, and upon her cheeks was a bloom brighter than many geraniums. But this compliment she unhappily mistook as an insinuation that her complexion was of meretricious composition, and seeing that I had put my foot into a *cul-de-sac*, I became once more the silent tomb, and exhaled sighs at intervals.

Presently she declared once more that she saw, from the dullness of my expression, that I was longing for the luxurious magnificence of my Indian palace.

Now my domestic abode, though a respectable spacious sort of residence, and containing my father, mother, married brothers, &c., together with a few antique unmarried aunts, is not at all of a palatial architecture; but it is a bad bird that blackens his own nest, and so I merely answered that I was now so saturated with Western civilisation, that I had lost all taste for Oriental splendours.

Next she inquired whether I did not miss the tiger-shooting and pig-sticking; and I replied (with veraciousness, since I am not the

*au fait* in such sports) that I could not deny a liability to miss both tigers and pigs, and, indeed, all animals that were *fera natura*, and she condemned the hazardousness of these jungle sports, and wished me to promise that I would abstain from them on my return to India.

To this I replied that before I agreed to such a self-denying ordinance, I desired to be more convinced of the sincerity of her interest in the preservation of my humble existence.

Miss JESSIMINA asked what had she done that I should be in dubitation as to her *bona fides*?

Then I did meekly remind her of her flirtatious preferences for the young beef-witted London chaps, and her incertitude and disdainful capriciousness towards myself, who was not a beetle-head or an obtuse, but a cultivated native gentleman with high-class university degree, and an oratorical flow of language which was infallibly to land me upon the pinnacle of some tip-top judicial preferment in the Calcutta High Court of Justice.

She made the excuse that she was compelled by financial reasons to be pleasant to the male boarders, and that I could not expect any marked favouritism so long as I kept my tongue concealed inside my damask cheek like a worm in bud.

Upon which, transported by uncontrollable emotion, I ventured to embrace her,

assuring her that she was the cynosure of my neighbouring eyes, and supplied the vacuum and long-felt want of my soul, and while occupied in imprinting a chaste salute upon her rosebud lips—who'd have thought it! her severe matronly parent popped in through the curtains and, surveying me with a cold and basilican eye, did demand my intentions.

Nor can I tell what I should have responded, seeing that I had acted from momentary impulsiveness and feminine encouragement, had not Miss JESSIMINA, with ready-made female wit, answered for me that it was all right, and that we were the engaged couple.

But her mother expressed an ardent desire to hear my *virâ voce* corroboration of this statement, informing me that she was but a poor weak widow-woman, but that, if it should appear that I was merely the giddy trifler of her daughter's young, artless affections, it would be her dolesome duty to summon instantaneously every male able-bodied inmate of her establishment, and request them to inflict deserved corporal chastisement upon my person!

So, although still of a twitter with amazement at Miss JESSIMINA's announcement, I considered it the better part of valour to corroborate it with promptitude, rather than incur the shocking punches



"I became once more the silent tomb."



and kicks of numerous athletic young commercials; and, upon hearing the piece of good news, Mrs. MANKLETOW exploded into lachrymation, saying that she was divested of narrow-minded racial colour prejudices, and had from the first regarded me as a beloved son.

Then, blessing me, and calling me her Boy, she clasped me against her bosom, where, owing to the exuberant redundancy of her ornamental jetwork, my nose and chin received severe laceration and disfigurement, which I endured courageously, without a whimper.

When I have grown more accustomed to being the lucky dog, I shall commence cock-hooping, and become merry as a grig. At the present moment I am only capable of wonderment at the unpremeditated rapidity with which such solemn concerns as betrothals are knocked off in this country.

But if, as *Macbeth* says, such jobs are to be done at all, then it is well they were done quickly.

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A LAWN TENNIS MARTYR WITH REFERENCE TO "THAT MAN."

THE net is ready for the fray,  
(The first of all the year.)  
I wait to hear your cry of "Play"  
To "take" the bounding sphere.  
Yet why is it you won't begin?  
Have you some other plan?  
Does it amuse you there to spin  
Your racquet round That Man?

The lazy looseness of your dress  
Belies your active wrist;  
Not Atalanta's suppleness  
Could serve your cunning "twist."  
And still without a sign of you  
That empty court I scan;  
It's not a pleasant sight to view  
When bounded by That Man.

I pat the ball aloft for fun,  
A cut or two I try,  
But "single dummy" soon is done  
When "double dummy"'s nigh.  
Will you that conference not end?—  
Your bat is not a fan:—  
Now speaking to you as a friend,  
I should distrust That Man!

A little loon with curl'd moustache,  
Of no athletic type!  
The sort of cad, who talks of "mash,"  
And dare not smoke a pipe!  
At last you've finished! Boy! the ball!  
Make music, great god Pan!—  
Not going to have a game at all!  
Tripp'd off! And with That Man!

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Sometimes there is something in a name. For instance, the picturesque and apparently harmless one of Pentremoch, a village in Flintshire, contains more than meets the eye of mortal man unversed in the Welsh tongue; for in this language "Pentremoch" signifies nothing less than "Pigs' Village." We are not surprised to learn, therefore, from the *Liverpool Daily Press*, that the inhabitants of the place are clamouring at their Parish Council to "give it a name" other than its present appellation. Yet "Pigs' Village" would seem a sufficiently appropriate name for a hamlet. Perhaps, when "Pentremoch" is discarded, it may still find a resting-place and "pan out well" on the shores of Lake Michigan—as a synonym for "Porkopolis"!

UNLICENSED PEDALLERS.—Cyclists.



Passenger (rising politely). "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN WOMAN'S RIGHTS?"

New Woman. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO."

Passenger (resuming seat). "OH WELL, THEN STAND UP FOR 'EM!"

### TIPS FOR CRITICS.

If you want a great *casus belli*,  
If you would be thumped to a jelly,  
Just dare to suggest  
That the greatest and best  
In the world is not MARIE CORELLI!  
If you would be blown from a cannon,  
Or drowned in the Thames or the Shannon,  
Just venture to hint  
That in all British print  
There's a bigger than ROBERT BUCHANAN!  
But if you'd be ranked with old buffers,  
And solace a Public which suffers  
From egotists' "blow,"  
Just successfully show  
They're a couple of quarrelsome duffers!  
Then ROB will be-rate and be-yelp you,  
Then MARIE will scout, scold, and skelp you;  
Whilst people of sense,  
With compassion immense,  
Most devoutly will pray "heaven help you!"

FORTHCOMING WORK ON DRAMA OF THE DAY.—*The Gusher* by *The Geisha*.

### CHARLES OUR FRIEND!

MR. PUNCH presents his congratulations to Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM on the successful celebration of his tercentenary—no, that was WILLIE SHAKESPEARE—of his twentieth year of good management. He should have waited just another twelvemonths and made it twenty-one years completed. But at all events Master CHARLES is now in his twenty-first year, which is the age of discretion. Henceforth he will be a responsible person. "*Ite ad astra*," CHARLES, and take your place among the theatrical stars; a first-class place of which you may well be proud, though never let it be said, "CHARLES'S Wain!" and may the day be long distant when CHARLES is on the wane. *Prosit, Magister Carolus!*

### Epitaph on an Artistic Failure.

MEN said of him "The ball was at his feet,"  
The goal (of Art) he thought in sight he  
saw;  
Yet in life's match he mostly met defeat  
And ended early in "a pointless draw."



## CHANCE PLAYMATES.

(75° in the Shade.)

*Effie (to Right Reverend Stranger, who has been very good-naturedly playing at ball with her for the last half-hour). "AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GO IN, I'M SORRY TO SAY. SO I'M AFRAID YOU 'LL HAVE TO GO ON PLAYING ALL BY YOURSELF!"*

## LONDON LACKPENNY;

OR, THE BITTER CRY OF THE RATE-CRUSHED COCKNEY.

(A very long way after John Lydgate.)

"The Bill would be a class measure, pure and simple, designed to benefit one peculiar kind of property at the expense of all others, transferring the burdens of one class to the shoulders of the general community, and appropriating national funds now enjoyed by the whole community."—*Mr. George Whiteley on the Agricultural Land Rating Bill.*

In London all my life is spent,  
But trade is bad, and my heart doth faint,  
I am eaten up by my rates and rent,  
And in vain doth a Cockney raise complaint.  
A poor shopkeeper should be a saint.

"Pity the poor!" men say, indeed,  
But for lack of money I may not speed!

I am thrust aside the press among,  
For I am not forward at raising a row.  
The working-man, he is loud and strong,  
And the bumpkin's good at the big bow-wow.

Of half his rates they'd relieve him now.  
But my "depression" they do not heed,  
And for lack of money I may not speed!

Of the Rural Ratepayer they raise great rout,  
But the Rural Landlord must raise his rent!  
So I more money must fain fork out  
To help ratepayers in Surrey and Kent.  
I must pay my rates and appear content.  
And it seems a hantle of theirs, indeed,  
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

The Stores and monopolists play it low  
On me, till my trade is but little good.  
Yet I must pay every penny I owe.  
(By the living Jingo, I wish I could!)  
Keen competition and trade falsehood  
Grind me 'twixt cut and co-operate greed,  
Till for lack of money I may not speed!

Now Mr. CHAPLIN, with cheek immense,  
Wants me to plump further the Chancellerie,  
Though my income-tax is at present eight pence!

But none of the big wigs regard poor me,  
For I do not kick up a shine, you see.  
If I do not holloa, they do not heed,  
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

At Westminster there is hardly one  
Who gives the poor cookney of hope a ray.  
To help the farmers and squires is fun,  
Whilst I, poor pilgarlic, must up and pay!  
Or the rate-collector will have his way,  
And my last half-crown, or my goods, indeed.  
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

Within that House neither Rad nor Tory  
Will do for me aught, although I should die.  
With the rural lot 'tis another story,  
For CHAPLIN heedeth the country cry;  
And I—poor townsman—must help them!

—Why?  
My back is well-nigh broken, indeed,  
And for lack of money I may not speed!

## NOT ON VIEW AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION.

COLLECTION of British Comic Songs on the subject of the EMPEROR's telegram to KRÜGER. Press cuttings of English journals commenting on the KAISER's diplomacy.

Answer to the despatch congratulating Professor MAX MÜLLER on the success of Oxford in the boat-race.

Original of the letter supposed to have been written by one Illustrious Personage to another Illustrious Personage in reply to an alleged essay on "The Extraction of the Yoke of Eggs by Suction."

List of engagements of H.I.M. for the day after to-morrow.

Vote of thanks to H.I.M. from all the University Professors, Bandmasters, Theatrical Managers, Ecclesiastical Authorities, Artists, and Experts in other branches of Art, Science, Theology, and Commerce living in Germany.

Letters of cordial goodwill from Illustrious Personages to the Head of the Family, thanking H.I.M. for giving them an opportunity of leaving Berlin with a view to a lengthy sojourn elsewhere.

And, finally, current number of *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*.

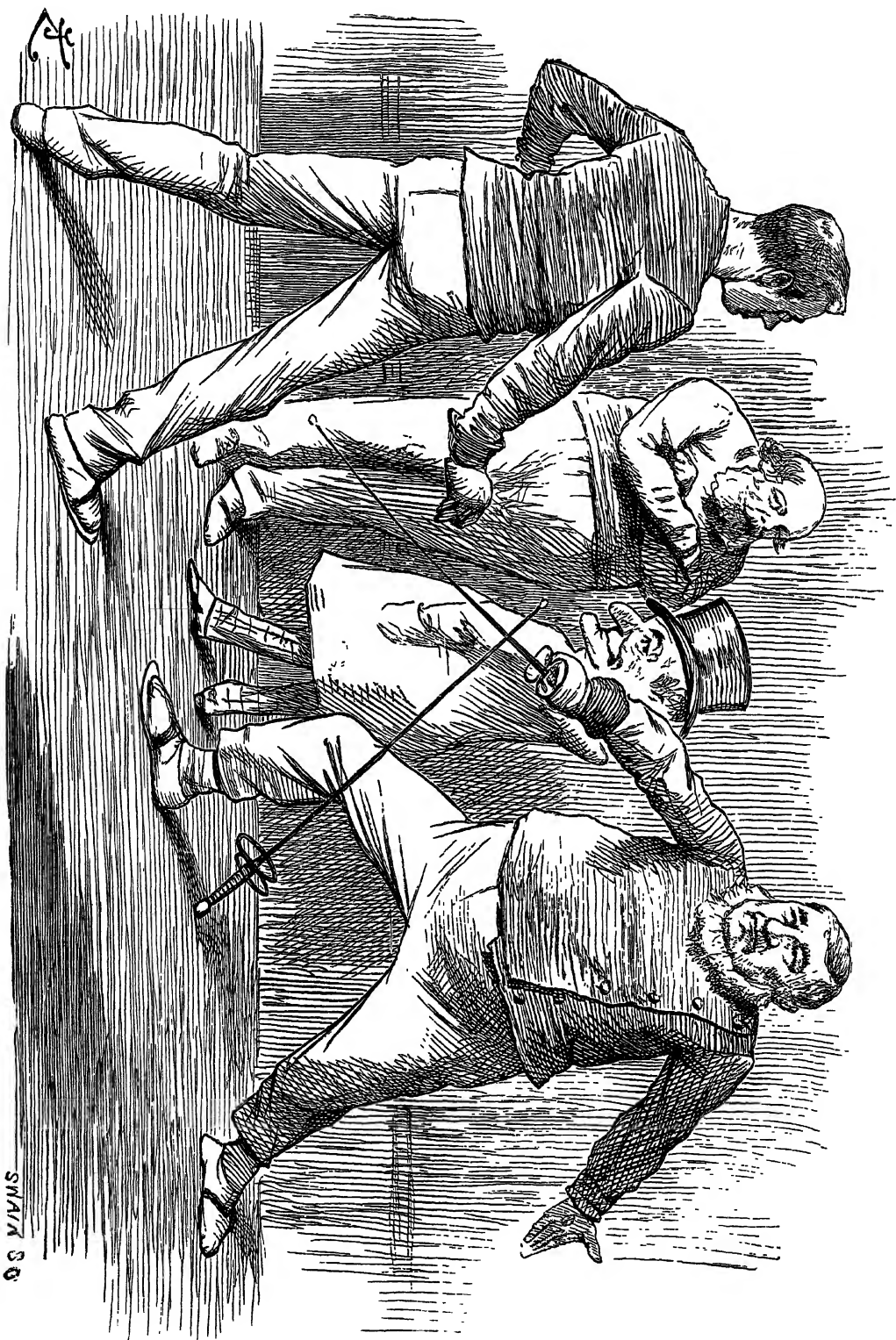
## REAL RECIPROCITY.

A Suggestion to Mr. Chaplin.

SOME islanders 'tis understood  
(Wit's freakish fancy why be quashing?)  
Earned a precarious livelihood  
By taking in each other's washing!  
O CHAPLIN mine, financier fine,  
Friend of the interest tooralooral,  
Here is a hint as plain as print  
Whereby our votes you may secure all.  
It must commend itself, and will,  
To urban and bucolic pates,  
If you arrange, by a new Bill,  
*We all shall pay each other's rates!*

FROM A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.—"SIR,  
—A propos of your 'Common or Garden Rhymes' in last week's number, may I suggest to you that when 'Pairs' come in, 'Gooseberries' are off?

"Yours, DUC DE BERRI."



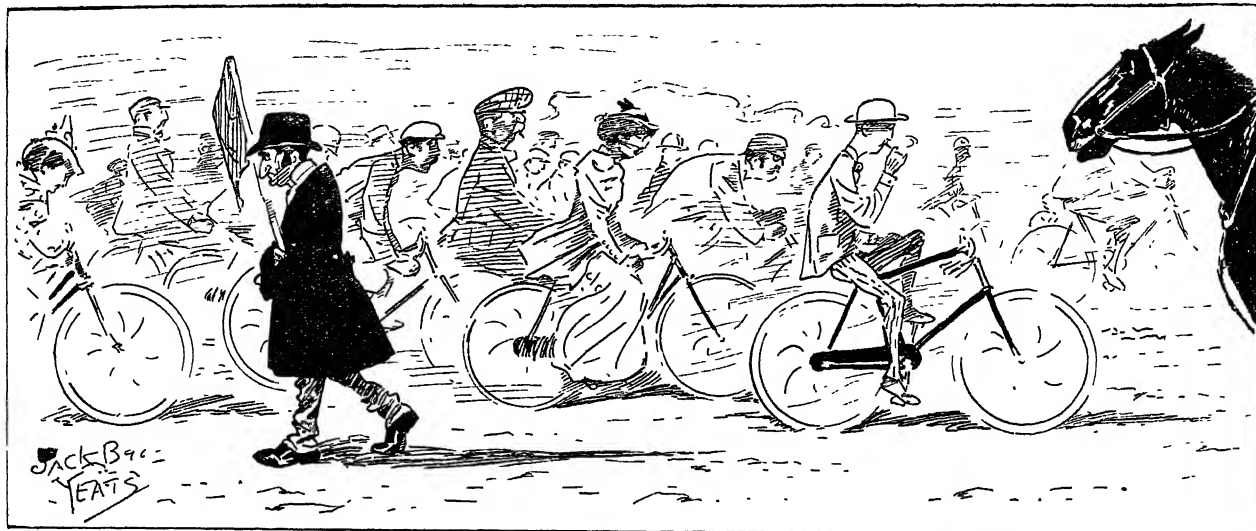
“DISARMED!”

L.O. S.-L.-S.-R. (Past Maître d'Armes, aside to Mr. Punch, as they watch the fencing-bout between Mr. Charivari and President Kruger). “HUM! JOE'S STYLE'S A TRIFLE ‘TOO OPEN.’ THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THE ‘OLD SCHOOL,’ AFTER ALL!”

SWANSON







## NEW REGULATION FOR THE SAFETY OF BICYCLISTS.

A MAN WITH RED FLAG MUST PRECEDE ALL HORSEMEN.

## AUTHOR BAITING AND ITS REMEDY.

*(Perorations of the Press—Past and Prophetic.)*

... The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, and the approbation was repeated as each performer walked in turn in front of the footlights. At length there was a cry for "Author." For a quarter of an hour that gentleman was conspicuous by his absence. When, however, he did appear, the yells of derision of a small minority were sufficient to overwhelm the more favourable demonstration of the vast majority. But disorderly as the audience were, they were no worse than many a first night gathering in a West End temple of the drama.

... The judge having retired to his private room after delivering sentence, there was a demonstration in court, which lasted for some minutes. The jury cheered to the echo, and, fancying that they might require further assistance, his lordship returned to the bench. Then several persons at the back of the court commenced "bo-hooing," and only desisted when the judge had made his final disappearance. For all that, his lordship had nobly done his duty.

... To the vast majority of the congregation the address of the eloquent ecclesiastic was entirely satisfactory. However, the reverend gentleman had scarcely retired to the vestry before there was a clamour for his reappearance. Two prominent persons in a front pew led the demonstration. The worthy clergyman, upon hearing the noise, looked out from behind the vestry door, when immediately there was heard the sound of hissing. And such is the portion of an orator at the close of the nineteenth century!

... In conclusion, much may be said in favour of the new "Bill to Prevent Insults to Authors in Theatres, &c." On the other hand, it is only proper to point out that had the British Public sufficient self-respect, the coming statute would be unnecessary. With a right understanding on the subject, the truculent pitite and the graceless gallery boy would, on such occasion, both find an appropriate bath in the horse-pond.

FAIR WEATHER PROFITS.—Those attached to the show at Earl's Court.

## A HAUNTED HOUSE.

[Lord LEIGHTON'S house, pervaded by the spirit of a man and an artist, whose whole life was noble, dignified, and beautiful, filled with some of the most precious artistic treasures in the country, would make an ideal centre of interest *Westminster Budget.*]

A HAUNTED house! Yet not by spooks and sprites,

Like Hood's grim mansion, is this great house haunted.

'Tis a House Beautiful, home of delights, Ennobling memories, and charms enchanted. Here LEIGHTON lived, and garnered what he loved,

All shapes of splendour, and all forms of beauty.

Its master, now to loftier realms removed, Leaves his loved home, and to his land a duty.

We miss, this May, his presence bland, benign,

Gone from the home he reared, the halls he dowered

With daintiest decoration, high design; And now another London May hath flowered

His halls are desolate; the fountain sprays Its mounting silver, but his voice is mute.

Must it fade out, the light of brighter days, The loss of LEIGHTON'S home be absolute?

Were it not gracious work, and generous gain,

!To save this shrine of Art from desecration, The huckster and the hammer? It were pain

To see it lost to our Art-lacking nation. Enough hath Babylon of the drear, and dull,

Uginess lays grim hands our civic state on.

The purchase of this new House Beautiful Were honour both to London and to LEIGHTON.

## "Pikes and Bikes."

*(By a "Riding" Poet.)*

In years gone by our sires would try To abrogate the highway "pikes,"

No tolls to-day, can bar the way,

But freeing of the road brought "bikes";

And there are many Northern Tykes, Who would prefer the "pikes" to "bikes."

## MORE DEPRESSION!

DEAR MR PUNCH,—I want, with your permission, to ventilate (odious word!) a real rural grievance. In all large towns "lifts" are coming in; but have you ever noticed how they are going out in the country? I am an old pedestrian hand, and very often should be only too thankful for a lift in some kind of conveyance on the last few miles of my road; yet, you will hardly credit it, *never am I offered one!*

Now why is this? In old novels one is always reading of somebody—usually the fair heroine—getting a "cast in a waggon." Where is dat waggon now? Of course, I don't mean that a comfortable dog-cart would not be infinitely preferable to any waggon ever invented; but neither the one nor the other thinks of offering a "cast."

Somebody may argue that it's due to there being so few traps on country roads; but no, there are heaps, and the drivers all seem in such a hurry they don't even give a glance at a poor wayfarer. Talk of rural quiet! The rush and tear along country roads is worse than in town.

I don't ask that *everybody* walking along a lane should be offered a friendly seat; only the obviously respectable, and as obviously tired, traveller has a claim. Even in this age of tramps, cycles, high rates, &c., the old rural civility need not be allowed to die out. Mr. CHAPLIN has given the farmer a lift. Let the farmer do the same for the poor toiler of the roads! LONG LANE.

## A Nursery Grace.

["The Dowager Duchess of ABERCORN has now 120 descendants."]

MR. PUNCH understands that your Grace Of descendants can reckon six score. Gentle lady, he hopes that your race May continue to give you yet more. And that they in their turn and in fulness of Time May consistently score in a nursery rhyme.

INEXPLICABLE MODESTY.—Lord DUFFERIN claims to have the "smallest volume in the world." Nevertheless, we shall continue to look upon him as a very big man.



### A ROYAL ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(THE MORE ANIMATED OF THE P.C.I.U.R.S. OF THE YEAR, WEARING THEIR "NUMBERS," LEAVE THEIR FRAMES AND ENJOY A LITTLE SOCIAL GATHERING ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT.)

## AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 2. "With a song" probably. By GREIFFENHAGEN after WHISTLER.

No. 27. "A Legal Fiction." (John) Doe and (Richard) Roe nibbling at an apple tree. ROBERT W. MACBETH, A.

No. 33. "Clouds o'er the Sea." Remarkable picture of High Tide by WATER-LOW. See—Waterlow.

No. 47. "The Widower." By J. B. BURGESS, R.A. But for title should have described it as "A Ticklish Situation," showing how a poor man in church held his nose to prevent himself from disturbing the congregation by a violent sneeze.

No. 48. A lovely "Dish of Prawns," taken by a Hook, R.A. Odd this. Prawns being generally taken by a net.

The SARGENT A., who is a General Portrait Painter of the First Order of Merit, gives us "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.," 64! But JOSEPH can't be that! somewhere about 50 would be nearer the mark. Of course he has an orchid in his buttonhole, and is probably reading President KRÜGER's reply, and saying to himself, "This is rather an orchid position for me!" Above his head Miss ELIZABETH WHITEHEAD has hung (65) "Chrysanthemums," which, if she had only thought of it, ought to have been orchids.

The "Reflections" of W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., (71) are charming. The "Empire" style has long ago proved, for him at least, the truth of the saying, "L'Empire c'est la paix!" or, translated, "It is the Empire style that pays."

No. 83. Mr. SHANNON'S Mrs. Baird is charming. Another and equally correct title would be "Missis Clothed," not "Missis BAIRD."

Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has given us an excellent likeness of Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Sculptor. Only WATTS's colours ran; so the dye has come off poor GILBERT's tie and has stained his collar, which has therefore the appearance of having been made out of a reproduction, in linen, of the willow-pattern-plate tint.

No. 99. Portrait of Mrs. Frank Bibby. By LUKE FILDES, R.A. Decidedly "One of the Best." Motto, words of popular song adapted—"Jolly! O my! and the Bibby!"

No. 105. "Golden October." By J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. To be classed not among "the Scorrows" but the "Joys of WHIRTER."

No. 111. Stanley Leighton, M.P., apparently considerably astonished at finding himself so admirably reproduced by our own Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A.

No. 121. Touching picture, by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., of nurse taking out invalid child just convalescent. "HUBERT" was always kindly towards children. Witness his treatment of little Prince Arthur. Vide SHAKESPEARE'S King John.

No. 138. Monsieur de Blowitz. By BENJAMIN CONSTANT. Is this a gift of the painter's to Our Leading Journal, which M. DE BLOWITZ has so long and so admirably served? If so, the inscription should be "Constant to the Times."

With these few notes must end our first visit. We are delighted to see the veteran SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., at his best in 171, "Among the Mountains in Skye," but of course not "skye'd." Also FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., getting away from Egypt, an unsafe place just now, to give us an English scene in "The Shepherdess and her Flock." It is difficult for a Good-all to "go one better," but he has done it. We call attention to President MILLAIS' "Marchioness of Tweeddale" (280), which, as a speaking likeness, is not "Tweeddale-dumb." SEYMOUR LUCAS makes "Spanish Main" tell its own Spanish tale. See more LUCAS in our next.

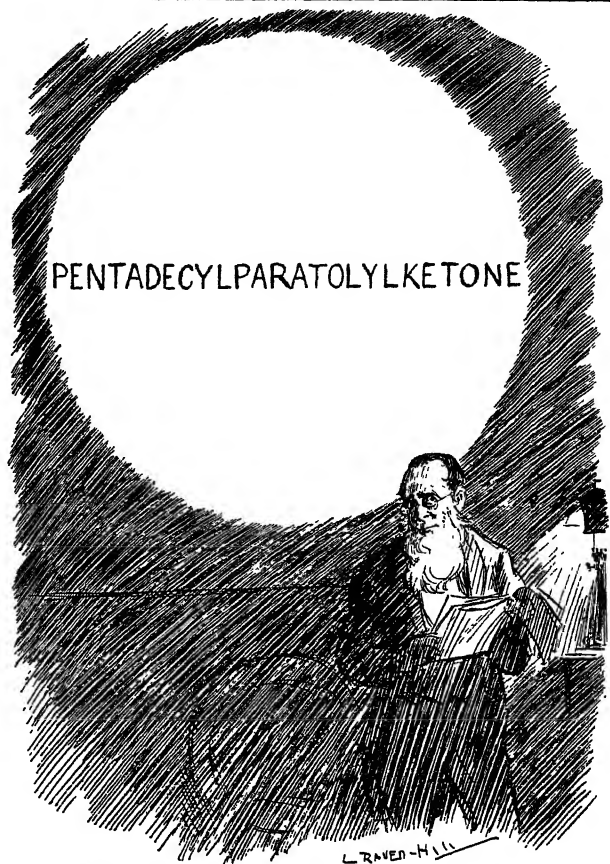
No. 616. "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne." Another title, "Dick and Anne: or, the Double Gloucester who thinks himself quite the Cheese, and the Lady who has just lost a Sovereign." Had the artist needed a line of popular verse he would have used "Dick awry! Dick awry! Dook!" For, if ever villain ought to have ended in a dock, and been found guilty, it was that accomplished scoundrel, "afterwards RICHARD THE THIRD." A marvellous work by EDWIN A. ABBEY, A. This will be the talk of the public. The scene is in London, probably in the vicinity of Westminster, the situation being from Richard the Third, Act I., scene I., and will entitle the American artist to be remembered ever after as "Westminster Abbey." This is the picture of the year. Most certainly it is the very Abbeyest of "Abbey Thoughts."

## The Blush of Spring.

["As a whole, I believe Spring blushes for warmth."—Mr. Grant Allen.]

"THE blush of Spring" doth sound a pleasant thing.  
But if for "warmth" she blushes, proof is ample,  
That unto some who write and some who sing  
Spring sets a good example.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE "SEC."—"The Pop of a Champagne Cork is, to a thirsty soul, the best practical illustration of Fizzical Force." Dernier mot de Pommery à son Gré—No?—si.



## THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

Lecturer (at our Penny Reading). "THESE RAYS, WHEN ALLOWED TO FALL UPON PAPER THAT HAS BEEN SATURATED WITH CERTAIN CHEMICALS, NAMELY, SULPHIDE OF CALCIUM, AND—AND PENTA—ER—PENT—A—DE—ER—PERHAPS IT WILL BE MORE SATISFACTORY IF THE GENTLEMAN IN CHARGE OF THE LIMELIGHT WILL KINDLY THROW THE WORD UPON THE SCREEN!"

[N.B.—He had provided the Slide in case of need.]

## THE MILLIONS TO THE MILLIONAIRES.

[The men of Walworth have "improved the occasion" of the death of Baron HIRSCH by addressing an appeal to the millionaires of England.]

YE millionaires of England, how swellingly ye stand,  
(Whilst CHAPLIN of the glittering glass laments about the land!)  
We working men of Walworth are pining for a park,  
And Baron HIRSCH has set ye all a lesson ye should mark.  
The "elevation of the poor"—by other means than drink—  
Were worthy work for millions like your own. What do you think?  
Your "public spirit, looking out for means to help," might use  
The moral yielded by the tale of the Baron and the Jews!

Ye millionaires of England, we number millions too,  
But ours are hungry mouths to fill upon a paltry screw!  
We working men of Walworth are often short of grub,  
Our only home is in a slum, our only joy, the pub.  
The difference between us, gents—as he may know who cares,—  
Is—that we are the Millions, whilst you're the Millionaires!  
That difference looks slight enough, O men big millions all worth,  
But if you'd know its full extent—just come and visit Walworth!

## Compensation.

"THERE is nae luck aboot the House!"  
Pipes "Auld lang" LECKY, sour and pecky.  
Cheer up! 'Twill not lack luck or nous,  
Till men must sing "There is nae LECKY!"

MEREDITH, MORRIS, HARRISON, LECKY, lanky!  
Genius great, fine talent, cleverness cranky!  
But for a blend of worship and sly railleury,  
Nought equalled the "New Gal" at the New Gallery!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 27.*—House met to-day as usual at three o'clock; adjournment of business automatic at clang of midnight. House being model business assembly, divided its opportunity into two parts. Up to nine o'clock it talked about how it would do its business. At the end of sixth hour it got to work upon one of most important bills of Session; a measure SQUIRE OF MALWOOD describes as revolutionising system of local taxation, and HENRY FOWLER denounces as the alternative iniquitously selected by Ministers, in place of taking off a penny from burden of long-suffering income-tax payer.

However this be, there is involved in measure subvention of a million and a half a year, drawn from pocket of taxpayer paid into pocket of agricultural ratepayer. To ordinary intelligence seems more useful to discuss this than to question whether private Members' time is or is not being taken earlier than usual this Session. House, of course, is far above range of average intelligence. It knows best, and it gave six freshest hours of sitting to animated discussion of order of procedure, leaving dregs of sitting to discussion of Agricultural Rating Bill.

Nor is this all calculated to dumbfounder Average Intelligence, represented by Man in Strangers' Gallery. Whilst procedure under discussion benches crowded. In one division 463 voted. Laughter and cheers from time to time rang through House. When the second reading Rating Bill came on, beggarly array of empty benches fronted SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, as he frizzled up SHAW-LEFEVRE vainly trying to hide himself in a top-coat under Gallery. TANNER so touched by this lamentable condition of affairs that, in midst of one of SQUIRE's towering sentences, he moved a Count. Members trooped in in numbers sufficient to make a House, but fled from the wrath yet to come from BLANKNEY. It was all meant for SHAW-LEFEVRE; but spluttering sparks are not discriminating in their fall, and Members were safer outside.

SHAW-LEFEVRE not a Member of the House now, or of course wouldn't be under the Gallery. Is President of Royal Commission on Agriculture still sitting. Under CHAPLIN's lead it mutinied; put the Captain under hatches; then marooned him and altered the log-book. Castaway rescued by passing whaler; worked his way home; wrote letter to newspapers attacking CHAPLIN and his Bill. The SQUIRE now rejoins with terrific force.

Doesn't seem to have much to do with second reading of Agricultural Rating Bill, but is quite in keeping with the *genus* of the sitting. *Business done.*—Talkee-talkee.

*Tuesday.*—No more morning sittings. The Assyrian of Treasury Bench has come down like a wolf on the fold of the private Member; eaten up his last ewe lamb, fluffy tail and all. Bitter complaints, more particularly of earliness of raid. Private Member, accustomed to being bullied, argues that at least he might have been left alone a little longer.

"Never knew such thing done before Whitsuntide," says OSBORNE MORGAN.

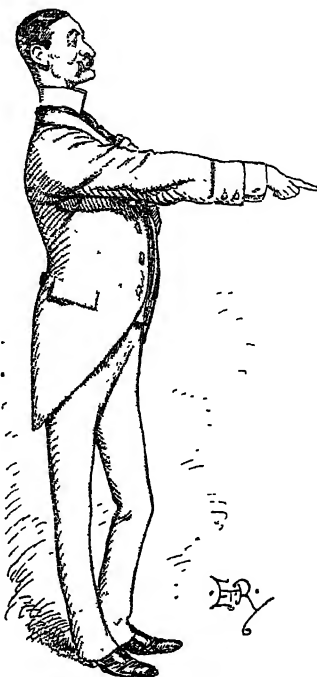
"Thank your stars it isn't before Easter," says the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who is in ominously cheerful mood. "Reminds me of a story O'NEILL DAUNT used to tell. Politically a dreadful man DAUNT. Worse than DAVITT; but great friend of LEOKY'S. Must therefore be respectable man. Story about widow of Irish farmer riding home from her husband's funeral on crupper of a neighbour's horse. When they had trotted about quarter of mile from last resting-place of first husband, the farmer asked the widow to marry him. 'Of course I will,' she said. 'Why didn't you speak sooner?' That's what I say to PRINCE ARTHUR. He comes down on 27th of April and takes last vestige of Private Members' time. 'Why didn't you speak sooner,' I ask him."

This, the first appropriated day, used to push forward second reading Agricultural Rating Bill. Great interests touched. As DON JOSÉ, whilst still in state of sin, described situation, Ministers are robbing PETER to pay PAUL—PETER being the landless millions, PAUL the many-acred landlord. In such circumstance might expect benches crowded; House seething with excitement. On contrary, benches empty, save for Members who had prepared short essays, and jump up *en masse* in effort to catch SPEAKER'S eye when another, having finished reading his paper, drops the envied orb.

Only one man rises above level of depressing circumstances. ROBSON, Q.C., stirs sluggish pool with breezy speech. Admirable in matter, delivered straight out from the shoulder. Best thing yet done by new Member. SARK, nothing if not precise, says ROBSON not new Member, but second-hand. Been in before. That is trifling. He is new with this Parliament, and if he spares time to its debates will make his mark in it. But no man can serve two masters, especially when one is the insatiable House of Commons.

ROBSON spoke without a note. FINCH-HATTON had a sheaf, and they buried him in their abundance. It was the dawn that did it. In quietude of study, FINCH had born to him quite new idea about

"dawn of better times" heralded by SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY'S Bill. This, of course, to be introduced at end of speech. Somehow or other notes got mixed. The dawn turned up in the middle of night, as it were, just at the time where FINCH meant to be telling the House a few quite proper stories about life in Australia. One misfortune led to another. There was Tyre and Sidon, with the close bearing of their history on our system of agricultural rating; would have made admirable point; but one sheet having got wrong, all the rest were out of gear; Tyre and Sidon came in in the wrong century. Then the dawn, with quite uncanny abruptness, turned up again, and FINCH, "welcoming it with open arms," as he said, sat down.



Breezy and Brilliant.

R-t-s-n, Q.C.

reiterated argument, or walking round and round the lobby as if it were a lap in a ten-mile heel-and-toe match, but it must be done. Country expects it, and no man should shirk his duty."

So they moodily sipped an extra glass of port and went off, ready to suffer all things, even grilled bones and devilled kidneys between two and three in the morning.

But present House isn't up to all-night sittings. By one o'clock, when JOKIM resumed seat after lively round with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, there were hungry cries for the division. LOUGH moved adjournment. PRINCE ARTHUR pounced. Where there is amendment to original question, Closure involves three divisions. Each division takes from fifteen to twenty minutes. So, early on this May morning, round and round the division lobbies we went, as our forefathers footed it round the maypole. By putting on spurt, got through this process of legislation just inside fifty minutes; and so home to bed, with proud consciousness of having literally walked the Agricultural Rating Bill past a second reading.

SARK has given AKERS-DOUGLAS private notice of his intention to ask whether, in view of saving public time, there would be any objection to laying down cycle tracks in division lobbies. Has, with his usual thoroughness, gone into figures; finds that, without putting on dangerous speed, at least eight minutes would be saved on every division; equal in Session of ordinary duration to nine days.

*Business done.*—Agricultural Rating Bill read second time, by 333 votes against 156.

*Friday night.*—There was a Member of the 1874 Parliament who made a reputation by concluding his speech with the remark, "And now Mr. SPEAKER, I will sit down by saying." To-night, CALDWELL beat him hollow. As usual in Committee of Supply, he was well to front, saying nothing in speeches of prodigious length. STUART-WORTLEY, in Chair, kept tight grip upon him.

"I must remind the hon. Member," he said, after CALDWELL had been rambling round for twenty minutes, "of the standing order against tedious repetition."

"I was only just finishing up," CALDWELL pleaded.

"Yes, but you've long since finished up your audience," responded STUART-WORTLEY. This, of course, *sotto voce*.

An hour later, he again came in contact with the inexorable Chair. Called to order, he shewed disposition to argue point. Rebuked with increased sternness, he said, "Of course, Mr. STUART-WORTLEY, I am perfectly willing to sit down upon the point."

"Such sinful, lavish, extravagance," said SARK, really affected. "It was the only point in his remarks, and he sat upon it!"

*Business done.*—Votes in Supply.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Yellow Book* has reached its ninth volume, and appears in the merry, merry spring-time with a new front cover and title-page by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER; which name I would re-write "Mrs. *Per se* DREAMER," for the designs are of that grotesque, fantastic stuff that dreams are made of. Inability to admire them is my loss—somehow. E. H. NEW's "Stanstead Abbots" is delightful. We know that typical old-fashioned village, be it called by any other name. Mr. J. E. SOUTHALL's "Night" (dated 1894) is as hard in drawing as it is to understand. Why should a female with classically bound hair and white classic drapery, surrounded by signs of the zodiac, all white on a grey ground, be the representative of "Night"? Unless the artist intended us to understand that, though he was showing a drawing light-tinted, he was yet "keeping it dark."

"Oh where are the pipes of Pan?" asks Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, in his "Four Prose Fancies." At certain corners of certain streets, at certain times, Mr. LE GALLIENNE may hear the pipes of Pan with drum accompaniment, and may witness the performance of the immortal drama of Signor PUNCINELLO and his GIULIA translated into right good English of the "Stratford-atte-Bow kind." Then shall RICHARD (LE GALLIENNE) be himself again, and, returning to his home, shall he write, in his own inimitable style, the true story of Punch and Judy.

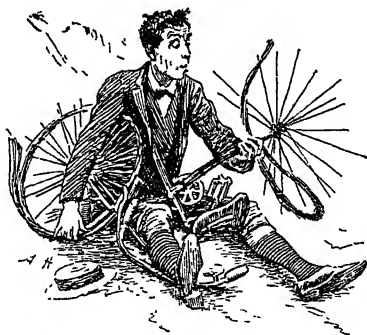
What has the Baron to say of *The Savoy*—no, beg pardon, *The Savoy*—No. 2, for April, edited by ARTHUR SIMONS, and illustrated by one AUBREY BEARDSLEY? Wonderful! "But as it takes my breath away," says the Baron, "and paralyzes my writing hand, I am compelled to reserve my criticism."

No wise collector will fail to secure for his library Mr. TUEB's most complete, exhaustive, and exhausting *History of the*



"OH, DID YOU SEE A GENTLEMAN ON A BICYCLE AS YOU CAME UP?"

"NO; BUT I SAW A MAN SITTING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL MENDING AN OLD UMBRELLA!"



*Horn-book*, in two volumes, *édition de luxe*. The account is most interesting, illustrating history, and bringing the reader in touch with the new-born yearning for "something popular to read," and for that craving for news of the day which has been developing in England since the fourteenth century, and is not likely to be satisfied until centuries themselves have passed out of all record of time. "To a hint in *Punch*," says Mr. TUEB in a prefatal note, "are due the real horn-books, &c., stowed away in the cover of this work."

Mr. *Punch* is delighted to have been thus taken at his word, and hereby heartily congratulates Mr. TUEB on the highly satisfactory result of his labour as exhibited in the present volumes issued by the Leadenhall Press.

THE BARON.

"LABRY" REFLECT!—Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., desires that the Chartered South African Company should have no more power than that possessed by a Tyre Wheel Association, and he also insists on the extinction of RHODES. Now of what possible use would a bicycle enterprise be without roads?

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—There is a strong monarchical and imperial feeling against bicyclists. It is not unlikely that from the Most Exalted Quarter will be issued a manifesto denouncing all practical bicyclists, without exception, as causing so many revolutions.

WHY BAR ANY?—Mr. DUNCOMBE, M.P., is introducing a Barmid's Bill to the House of Commons. Without any trouble he could also collect a Barmid's DICK, TOM, HARRY, JIM, BOB, TED, and even PERCY. Specimens on view all over the country.

PARADOXICAL.—There were no fireworks during the North Aberdonian election contest; yet the result was, in the main, due to Pirie-technics.

## CHARITY COVERS A MULTITUDE OF—CUPIDS.

SCENE—A Conservatory. TIME—The Ball in Aid of the Disabled Dustmen at the commencement of the London season. EDWIN and ANGELINA discovered in earnest conversation.

Angelina (softly). It is so sudden! I really cannot give an answer now.

Edwin (with fervour). But this is the only opportunity we have for discussion, unless by some lucky chance you and your people are going to the theatricals for the Octogenarian Organ Grinders.

Angelina (reluctantly). Yes, we shall be there. But then at an amateur performance it is so difficult to be confidential.

Edwin. I understand you. Well, then, shall we not meet at the dance organised for the assistance of the Convalescent Charwomen?

Angelina. I suppose so. We go year after year. But I should rather have a little more time. You are so impatient.

Edwin (earnestly). Yes, for my fate depends upon your reply. Well, then, there is the Bereaved Basket Makers on Tuesday week.

Angelina. Yes, but again we may be disturbed; and it is possible we may not come. Papa says the charity was exposed in *Veracity*.

Edwin. Well, are you going to the "At Home" of the Poor Piano Players?

Angelina. Again, I fear, we shall not. The benefaction was exposed, so my father told me, in that most excellent musical journal, *The Lyre*.

Edwin (wounded). I believe you are laughing at me! You are making excuses because you do not wish to save me from despair!

Angelina (seriously). You wrong me! And to show you that I do not deserve your reproaches, I will give you a fixture. What are you doing on Thursday fortnight?

Edwin. Nothing. But if you keep me longer in suspense, I will not answer for the consequences.

Angelina (smiling). Foolish fellow! But you shall have my answer then. We are going to a function appropriate to the occasion—the Festival of the Melancholy Monomaniacs. But see, we are separated.

[Enter ANGELINA'S People, and Curtain.

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ AGAIN.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow!"—This forebodes BULL's sorrow at the Parting of the RHODES

IDEA OF SHAREHOLDERS IN COMPANY STARTING TO RENOVATE BICYCLE TIRES.—That they will re-tire with a fortune.

SITE FOR HOME FOR UNMUZZLED DOGS.—Muzzle (i.e. Muswell) Hill.

AN "EXPLOSIVE" CABINET.—The Melinite Ministry.



### 'A MOTHER OF THREE.'

["Unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances, Mr. BALFOUR will take the Agricultural Relief Bill, the Education Bill, and the Irish Land Bill, in succession. It is hoped that all three measures may be read a second time before Whitsuntide."—*Daily Paper*.]

# ROUNABOUT READINGS.

TOM HOOD AS A POET.

THERE has lately been issued a new edition of the poems of THOMAS HOOD, and here and there a reviewer has thought it worth his while to devote a cursory line to the revived memory of the dead poet. Some of these notices were sympathetic; some hinted that Hood's fame, such as it was, rested rather on his skits, his word-contortions, and his playful fooling, than on his serious efforts; and one went so far as to quote a beautiful verse from the "The Haunted House," with the surprising comment that "this sounds strange at the present day." Very few, however, seemed to think that the compilers of his poems (my edition bears date 1857) were justified in the belief, which they expressed in their short and touching preface, "that in any future recital of the names of writers who have contributed to the stock of genuine English poetry, THOMAS HOOD will find honourable mention."

BUT surely the belief is justified. No man, it was said of GRAY, ever passed over to the immortals with a smaller bundle under his arm. HOOD's bundle is almost as small as GRAY's, but, such as it is, it has passed him through into the green fields and happy regions just as surely as if he had staggered in with a huge load upon his shoulders. He has thought and feeling, he has music, he has time's great antiseptic, style; there is in his verse the sense of tears in mortal things, there is elevation, there is a deep and sincere piety, and there is the refinement which goes hand-in-hand with power and insight. Where shall you find a better equipment for an immortal?

To write indifferent sonnets is as easy as throwing pebbles into the sea; to write good sonnets is a tremendous task, and few are those who have performed it, and have been able to fix a shining truth or a genuine emotion in a perfect setting of fourteen musical lines. HOOD's efforts in this direction were all good, and two of them are, to my mind, supreme. Take, for example, this sonnet on Death:—

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh  
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;  
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply  
In Sunlight to the Sun, shall set in night;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;  
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortalspright  
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;  
It is not death to know this, but to know  
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves  
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves  
Over the past-away, there may be then  
No resurrection in the minds of men.

AND here is my second example, a sonnet in the same sad vein of submission to fate and circumstance and obliterating forgetfulness:—

## SILENCE.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,  
There is a silence where no sound may be,  
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;  
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke over the idle ground:  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
Though the dun fox, or wild hyana, calls,  
And owls that fit continually between  
Scriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true Silence is self-conscious and alone.



Mother of Amateur Photographer. "WHAT AN IDIOTIC GUY YOU 'VE MADE YOUR PAPA LOOK!"  
Amateur Photographer. "YES, MAMMA DEAR. BUT ISN'T IT LIKE HIM?"

This kind of thing, no doubt, "sounds strange at the present day," but its strangeness is due to the fact that our ears have grown unused to the sound of so pure a note, struck with so certain a hand. Truly it may be said of HOOD in the words of another of his own sonnets:—

Yet few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,  
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space:  
The noisy day is defensed by a crowd  
Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race;  
But only lark and nightingale forlorn  
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

BUT read, also, "The Haunted House," which our pert critic found so strange. Is there in all poetry a finer example of mystery, of eeriness, of midnight feeling in that troubled half-sleep, in which strange sounds strike upon the startled ear with a sense of portent, and the shadows grow and grow until they assume ghostly and terrific shapes.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,  
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,  
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung  
One marble globe in splinters.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof and daring poacher;  
In spite of gaps that through the fences round  
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said as plain as whisper to the ear,  
The place is Haunted.

BUT space fails me, and I must resume the consideration of HOOD's poems on another occasion.

BARRON HONOUR INDEED!—"The SULTAN's" honour (the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh) for M. CAMBON, French Ambassador.

Here is a riddle it were hard to guess!  
How can one give what he does not possess?

## OUT OF DATE.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

SCENE—A cobwebby corner in Time's Lumber Room. Leaning despondently against the wall is a tall pyramidal form covered with withered foliage, with a square aperture in the centre, through which a spectral face is dimly visible. On the shelf close by is seated a figure in a mask and a paper cocked-hat, somewhat carelessly dressed in other respects, and apparently lost in meditation, its head sunk on its breast and its legs limply dangling.

*The Pyramid (to itself).* Shall I speak to him or not? He's not quite the sort of person I should care to be intimate with. But, after all, we've both been here some years now, and a civil remark doesn't commit one to anything. (*Aloud.*) Ahem! Could you tell me what month this is, Sir? Extraordinary thing, but I've quite forgotten.

*The Mask.* Eh? What month? Why, let me see—one loses count here, but I fancy we're getting near November.

*The Pyramid (disappointed).* November! Surely you mean May? I—I've a motive in asking, because I—well, I've some idea of getting a company together on the First, to go on tour with me in my celebrated character of "Jack in the Green, or the Tree Spirit." I don't know if you're in the profession yourself, by the way?

*The Mask.* Is it possible that you have never heard of my famous impersonation of "GUIDO FAWKES," in "the Gunpowder Plot that shall never be forgot"? I am immense in it, my boy, immense! Time was when I drove my own donkey-barrow, though even in a kitchen chair, with the bottom out, there was a fire about my rendering of the part that—But I dare say you've seen me.

*The Pyramid.* I—I go out so little now. I'm afraid I've never had the advantage of seeing you. When do you—er—give your performance?

*The Mask.* You must be more verdant than you look, dear boy, or you would be aware that I make my annual reappearance every Fifth of November—by particular desire, Sir, by particular desire. I rather think I've some press-cuttings about me now which—Ha, this seems like it. No, I'm wrong. It's only a shaving.

*The Pyramid.* Ah! May is my month—the First. But you'll excuse me, I'm sure. We must have been here for several years, and you haven't stirred from that shelf.

*The Mask (with dignity).* I have been resting, dear boy, resting. And, by the way, you don't seem to have been running your show—what do you call it? "Jack up a Tree, or the Green Spirit"—lately, if it comes to that.

*The Pyramid (with some confusion).* I've been—er—resting, too. And then, you see, a part like Jack in the Green—well, you must be properly supported, or the thing won't go. I can't go on the road without a dancing lord in kneebreeches, and a leading lady with a brass ladle, a clown for the comic relief, and a band and so on, and I don't know where I'm to get them! People seem to have left off caring to symbolise the revival of vegetation and the birth of Spring somehow. I doubt if there's a chimney-sweep left with any real poetry in him!

*The Mask.* I find the same in my line, Sir. The ignorance of the Public on the leading event in the history of our country is something deplorable. It is all owing to those confounded Board Schools, Sir.

Why, if you'll believe me, the last time I appeared in public (which, between ourselves, is more years ago than I care to mention), I wasn't recognised, Sir, nobody knew who I was! They took me for some pinchbeck politician—I always hated Parliament—or the Sultan of Turkey, or a low murderer, I'm hanged if I know whom they didn't take me for! It annoyed me so much that I made up my mind to retire. I often think now I was too hasty, and I don't say that if they were to come and offer me a starring engagement on my own terms, give me my fill of fireworks, a new rig out from top to toe—I've always been rather a stickler for accuracy in costume—one of these automotor cars to take me round, and an escort of Horse Guards, I don't say I mightn't think twice before I said no. But there, I'm not sure; I never was fond of publicity, and being stared at and shouted after, and then, the late hours, and the heat and the glare—

I really don't know if I should feel up to facing it all again.

*The Pyramid.* I hear the Socialists are getting up a May Day Demonstration, or something. If they were to ask me to join, I might. That is, if I don't hear from the chimney-sweeps first. It must be near the end of April. My twigs are shooting, as they always do in Spring.

*The Mask.* Spring! You mean Autumn. I can't be mistaken; I feel it in every squib in my body.

*Here TIME enters, carrying an armful of miscellaneous litter; problem plays, sex novels, reminiscences, &c., which he shoots unceremoniously upon the floor.*

*The Pyramid.* I say it's Spring. But look here—let's ask him; he ought to know.

*The Mask.* All right; ask him, then.

*The Pyramid.* No; I'd rather you did.

*The Mask.* You're the oldest—go on. He hasn't got his scythe.

*The Pyramid.* I—I beg your pardon, Mr. TIME, but could you oblige us with the exact date?

*Time.* Wednesday, May the Thirteenth. Why, what do you want to know for?

*The Pyramid.* The Thirteenth! Then May Day is over! It's of no consequence. I only thought—I-I rather expected—I suppose there have been no inquiries for me?

*The Mask.* Or for me? Nothing—er—settled about the Fifth? November will be

on us soon now, you know, and I like to be beforehand, dear boy—I should say Mr. TIME. Always like to make my arrangements beforehand.

*Time (not unkindly).* I haven't heard of any inquiries for either of you at present. And, if you'll take my advice, you won't bother yourselves about dates and anniversaries up here; you're out of all that now, you know.

*The Pyramid.* After all, it generally used to rain on the First. Just as well I didn't go, perhaps.

*The Mask.* If there's any fog on the Fifth, I'd just as soon stay at home. In fact, I'm not sure I shall venture out in any case. What are you snivelling about inside there?

*The Pyramid.* I'm not snivelling—any more than you are. And you may say what you like, but it's not pleasant to feel we're forgotten.

*The Mask.* We're not forgotten. It's a plot, Sir, a deliberate underhand conspiracy to keep the Public in ignorance of our existence. Now if there's one thing I despise and abominate, it's a plot! But I'll unmask 'em, Sir, I—I'll—

[He explodes with wrath as scene closes in.]



"I am immense in it, my boy, immense!"



## COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

## III.—THE FALLEN ASH.

WHEN the summer breeze goes  
whispering by,  
When the wintry tempests crash,  
Be it mine to light on so fair a  
sight  
As the grey-stemmed mighty  
ash!

As I loll in my hammock I banish  
care,  
I forget the want of cash,  
And naught I lack, as I lie right  
back  
And gaze on the mighty ash.

Far down in the valley the zephyrs  
play  
O'er the leafy woodland plash,  
Yet I may not see any woodland  
tree  
To compare with the mighty ash.

More fragrant than lime, more  
straight than fir—  
I make no assertion rash;  
I have watched it grow, so I ought  
to know  
The points of the mighty ash.

But all in a moment the Fates  
conspire  
Man's dearest hopes to dash;  
You may scarce look round, when  
along the ground  
Low lies the mighty ash!

It is not the hurricane's tearing  
blast,  
Nor the deadly lightning  
flash,  
But an ill-timed jar to a good  
cigar  
That tells the mighty ash!

## PLEASURES FOR PRISONERS.

"In order to carry out certain recommendations of the recent Committee on Prisons, the directors of convict prisons have decided that lectures on scientific and interesting subjects shall be periodically given." Such is the announcement in the Press. *Mr. Punch*, always ready to assist in furthering the wishes of the Public, begs to set an examination paper that may be answered by the criminals to whom the first series of studies will be addressed. He assumes that the lecturer will select topics appropriate to the tastes of his hearers.



1. Give a short account of any two of the following heroes of romance. *Jack Sheppard, Claude Duval, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, Colonel Blood, Richard Turpin, and "Three-fingered Jack."*

2. Supposing that you wished to enter a dwelling-house when all the occupants were fast asleep and all the doors and windows were securely closed, what scientific method would you adopt?

3. What is a "jemmy"? Explain its use.

4. Was Jack Ketch a real person, or only a type or a myth?

5. Write all you know of *Jonathan Wild, Blueskin, Bill Sykes, and Titus Oates.*

6. In what novels (giving the names of their authors) do the following characters figure. *Paul Clifford, "the Artful Dodger," Barry Lyndon, and Fagin?*

7. Give a description of the costumes worn during the last three hundred years in Her Majesty's gaols.

8. Why are the police called "coppers"? When did they change their "toppers" for a helmet? What had the first Sir ROBERT PEELE to do with the force?

9. What are the advantages and disadvantages of a ticket-of-leave, a pair of handcuffs, and an *alibi*?

10. Describe Portland, Portsmouth, Dartmoor, and Holloway.

11. Write out the *menu* of the regulation dinner of a first-class misdemeanant, a felon undergoing penal servitude in his third year, and a person sentenced to seven days' imprisonment with hard labour.

12. Supposing (as most probably will be the case) that football and cricket are soon permitted in prisons "to relieve the monotony of the life of convicts undergoing long sentences" (see Committee on Prisons' Report), how will you, when the happy time arrives, pit establishment against establishment? For instance, should an eleven from Newgate meet the First Sixteen from Springfield Gaol, Chelmsford? If not, why not?

13. How should a prisoner desiring speedy release comport himself in the presence of the governor, the head gaoler, and the chaplain?

14. Give an amusing description of "skilly," "three months' hard," and "the crank."

15. What is meant by "the march of civilisation"? Show how civilisation has paid less attention to the pauper than the thief.

16. When the lecturer asked you at the close of his paper to "kindly testify your satisfaction in the customary manner," did you regret the absence of brickbats?

17. Do you think the "scientific and interesting" series to which you have just listened has "raised your moral tone," or do you consider it "all tommy rot"?

## THE LONDON RATEPAYER'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* Can you define rates?

*Answer.* A good citizen may call them "proper expenditure," a man of business "unnecessary evils." They are considered by many a means whereby the aristocratic renter of a mansion is made to sink below the financial level of an artisan residing in lodgings.

*Q.* By whom are rates controlled?

*A.* By the Vestry, with the assistance of the School Board and the County Council.

*Q.* Does an average London ratepayer belong to any or all of these bodies?

*A.* No, he does not, as the expense of entering the two last is not compensated by the prestige secured by admission, and the idea of posturing in the first is considered preposterous.

*Q.* And yet, does not the comfort of the average London ratepayer depend upon the Vestry?

*A.* Undoubtedly; but for all that, he refuses to sit in it.

*Q.* Why does the average London ratepayer pursue this apparently suicidal course?

*A.* Because he is under the impression that, even were he elected, he would be outvoted in the Council Chamber and the Committee room.

*Q.* Is this impression justified by facts?

*A.* To a large extent; as, taking the average London ratepayer as a professional man, who pays on a ratage of £100 a year and upwards, such a man's vote, if recorded, would be swamped in the votes of the scores of husbands of small lodging-house keepers.

*Q.* What has been the result of this strange apathy?

*A.* That the rates of the metropolis have risen during the last few years by leaps and bounds.

*Q.* But has not this increase been accompanied by proportional improvement?

*A.* A few streets have been widened, and a number of children have acquired an educational standard unsuitable to their station.

*Q.* Has not the widening of the streets been the feat of the County Council?

*A.* It has, and the performance has been accompanied by the mulcting of the ratepayers to an extent entirely unknown to the London Board of Works.

*Q.* But is not the London County Council an improvement upon the much abused and rightly obsolete body to which you have just referred?

*A.* It is not so considered by the clearest-headed of Londoners.

*Q.* Surely the London County Council has high ideals?

*A.* The loftiest. But, fortunately for Londoners, those ideals are restrained by the sobering influence of a matter-of-fact Parliament.

*Q.* With the London County Council in power, is it not probable that some day the streets of the metropolis may be paved with gold?

*A.* Such a scheme would, no doubt, obtain the hearty support of an influential section of that autocratic body.

*Q.* And how would the plan be carried into effect?

*A.* Like every other "improvement," at the expense of the ratepayers.

*Q.* Then, under all the circumstances of the case, what advice would you tender to the London householder?

*A.* To give up his residence in town, and live in the country.

*Q.* And why would you tender this counsel?

*A.* That he might avoid the rates, and thus escape bankruptcy.

## Noble Six Hundred!

*Or, Wisdom Between Wickets.*

TIME's a mere mental figment, sages say,  
That sounds a paradoxical position;  
But half-a-dozen "centuries" in one day,  
Seems evidence for the metaphysician.  
So if they'd pierce the psychologic thickset,  
Philosophers had better study Cricket!

FISHING INTELLIGENCE.—"Crab" catching is now in full swing on the Thames. Between Hampton Court and Teddington Lock on Sunday afternoons the sport was never brisker.

REAL "FELT WANT."—A hat of felt that does not make a man look either a "bounder" or a "buffer."



### TOO MUCH CULTURE.

*Simpkinson (an enthusiast about the old Italian Masters).* "BY THE WAY, SIR ROBERT, DID YOU EVER SEE CHIARO OSCURO'S MASTER-PIECE, THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON?"

*Royal Academician.* "I THINK NOT. ARE YOU QUITE SURE ABOUT THE PAINTER'S NAME?"

*Simpkinson.* "OH YES, I SAW THE PICTURE AT CHRISTIE'S, YOU KNOW. IT WAS DESCRIBED IN THE CATALOGUE AS 'THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON, A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF CHIARO OSCURO'!"

### DUTCH-RUM-MUN LAW.

(By Telegraph from our Special Correspondent.)

Pretoria, May 9, 1896.

"THIS morning three of the leading citizens of Johannesburg, Messrs. JOHN BROWN, DAVID JONES, and DONALD ROBINSON, were found guilty of *lèse-majesté* towards President P-L OLIVER CROMWELL KR-G-R, and sentenced to death. Great excitement prevails, and a petition, signed by all the Uitlanders, has been sent to the G-r-m-n Emp-r-r, praying him to intercede for the condemned men."

Pretoria, May 11, 1896.

"There is a general belief that BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON will escape capital punishment, but be condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment in lager, and confiscation of all their property."

Pretoria, May 12, 1896.

"The British Colonial Secretary has telegraphed to President P. O. C. KR-G-R, imploring him to spare the lives of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, offering ample indemnity. The President is considering the situation, and has drawn extensively on his coffee allowance. The prisoners are allowed to see

their friends at the rate of £5 a minute during each interview."

Pretoria, May 13, 1896.

"To-day President P-L OLIVER CROMWELL KR-G-R gave his decision *re* Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON. Each of the condemned men was fined a dollar, but I believe I am correct in saying that the private indemnity amounts to £30,000. There was great rejoicing among the Uitlanders when the result became known, and the President's clemency is universally extolled. The Colonial Secretary immediately cabled his gratitude, and the Grand Cordon of the Victorian Order to the President. The G-r-m-n Emp-r-r has also sent his congratulations, and is forwarding his own thesis of Dutch-Roman law to the High Court of Pretoria. The High Commissioner has despatched autograph apologies for the conduct of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, and the incident is considered closed."

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A POOR WALKER TO A LADY WHO DRIVES A COACH.

I NEVER could quite understand  
The pleasure of a four-in-hand  
Until I saw you leave the "Grand,"  
A fearless, peerless driver.  
You gathered up your reins with skill,  
You curled your whip with such a will,  
You left the traffic "standing still,"  
And took the road to Iver.

I hailed a hansom then and there,  
And followed you across the square;  
You made St. James's gape and stare,  
And also Piccadilly.  
The 'bus men, most obliging crew,  
Sheered off whene'er you came in view;  
The railway vans gave way to you,  
The cabbies "willy-nilly."

And yet my "London Gondolier"  
Had great duress your course to steer,  
And brought us perilously near  
A case for compensation.  
And all the while you seem'd to be  
Exulting in your passage free.  
I saw your shoulders shake with glee,  
And envied your elation.

St. Mary Abbott's! Now your "load"  
Goes northward to the Uxbridge Road;  
And surely urged by cowboy's goad  
Your team could not go faster!  
Always the same politeness shown  
By charioteers—your sway they own,  
And leave the path for you alone,—  
Your drag their "Yellow Aster."

But oh! there comes that horrid hill!  
Your horses break—my senses thrill!  
I feel that there must be a spill,  
And seem to scent disaster!—  
A careless cyclist caused the smash.  
How could he dare such running rash?  
Here's brandy! Come now, sip a dash!  
And here's some sticking-plaster!

MISNAMED.—There is a town in Kansas where a "lady mayor" is assisted by "lady councillors," a "lady city clerk," and a "lady judge." The name of this Adamless Eden is, however, Gaylord. Surely, as ARTEMUS WARD would have said, "A goak is here intended."

APPROPRIATE, AT THE BOOKSELLERS' DINNER.—"The toast of 'The Trade' was acknowledged by Mr. BUMPUS." Of course "Bumpers round!"



## “THE PITY OF IT!”

OTHELLO (*South Africa*). “CASSIO, I LOVE THEE; BUT NEVER MORE BE OFFICER OF MINE.”

*Othello*, Act II., Scene 3.

[“Mr. RHODES has no longer any power of assailing or menacing the Transvaal. The military authority in the company's territory is in the hands of Sir RICHARD MARTIN. The administration is in the hands of Lord GREY.”—*Times*, May 9, 1896.]







## PESSIMISM.

Artist (irritated by the preliminaries of composition and the too close proximity of an uninteresting native). "I THINK YOU NEEDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO LOOK AT JUST NOW."

Native. "AY, AN' I DOOT THERE 'LL NEVER BE MUCKLE TO LOOK AT THERE!"

## TOMMY HARTFUL ON HAPPY EVENINGS.

"[Some people rather favoured the goody-goody sort of philanthropy, which aimed at giving a child a bun, making it sing a hymn, and sending it to bed. The work for which they pleaded was not that of a bun-and-hymn society."—*Mr. Herbert Gladstone at the Annual Meeting of the Children's Happy Evening Association.*]

I AM only a kid wot must do as I'm bid, as the spellin' book sez, or 'tis wuss for me; But I do know this, goody-goody is dull! Some as plays up the parson and nuss for me

Means well, I've no doubt, but lor! when yer can't shout, nor yet clomp yer poor feet, nor yet snuffle,

It gives yer the stitch, mykes yer feel quibsy snitch, and the little 'uns sets on the snuffle.

Yer see we've got legs, and not old timber pegs, like the sailor-man down in our alley.

And legs, when they're live 'uns on kiddies, yer see, ain't a mite like the post of Aunt Sally.

They will *not* keep still, and it mykes yer feel ill when yer knows as yer've got to arrange 'em

Like bricks in a box. Wy, I've wore out my socks many times wiv the longing to change 'em.

But this Mister GLADSTING 'e seems for to know more erbout hus poor kiddies than some on 'em.

Some thinks we 'ain't 'appy unless our 'air's iled and brushed up to the nines. Ain't it rum on 'em?

I likes mine best towsley, I tell yer. Yer strite away, up-an'-down style ain't my motter.

Yer don't want no brushing to play at Hop-Scotch or at Please ter remember the Grotter.

P'ay! That's where this 'ere Mister HERBERT 'as 'it it in once. 'Appy Evenings is proper,

If they don't mean school outer school, dontcher see. But they did ought to put a cop-stopper

On myking belief as its larks when its lessons! I do call that 'umbuggin' hartful;

And if they imagine they diddle us kiddies in *that* ways, they're hout—by a cart-full. We dunno a deal, but we're fly, I can tell yer, espeshul to jam as 'ides jollop.

We're all Tommy Hartfuls in that; you can't do *hus* wiv sugared pills, not by a dollup!

The projam of these 'Appy Evenings, they say, is amusement, and that "pure and simple."

No teaching—'cept 'ow to ermuse ourselves! Ah! you may wyger St. Paul's to a pimple That's on the right lay. Wherefore bully for HERBERT, and likeways for Lord LONDONDERRY,

And them proper sorts, Lydies JERSEY and JEUNE! A march-round, all so scrump-tious and merry,

"Begun the proceedings," as penny-gaff touts put it. Pickter books, paints, scales and weightses

For plying at shop! Ah! I tell yer it's better than stooping for hours over slateses,

Though *that* 's all serene in its wy, I serpose, as yer can't get on fur wivout larning,

Not these times, yer can't, and I'll 'ave ter brush up at the Board School afore I goes arning,

Leastways Muvver sez so, and she's mostly right. I 'ave got to larn figgers and spellin'

And do a fair "Standard" afore I turn ten year, and *then*, Muvver sez, there's no tellin'

'Ow 'igh I may rise. Be a GLADSTING myself or a BALFOUR, she sez, if I'm steady.

Heigho! I must sy Mister HERBERT's my mark, 'cos 'e hunderstands hus. So I'm ready

To 'ave a fair rhy at it—arter a bit. But oh! study's a grind and no horror, And grammar or 'rithmetick, when you've grubbed short or got 'eadache, 's a fair 'oly terror.

But playing at "Snap," "'Appy Family," "Shop,"—when you've 'ad a long rest and good stuffin',—

At these 'Appy Evenings, is prime, and there's larks in a cocoa-nut cocksly for nuffin!

They took hus to Osterley Park this last summer, three 'undered on hus! It's a mercy For kiddies like hus as there's gents like that GLADSTING, and swells like that kyind Lydy JERSEY.

The "bun-hymn-and-bed" bizness, thanks be! is done. Oh! it's dull, I can tell yer, and duffin',

To sit on a form, like tired 'ens on a roost, and jest go in for psalm-toons and stuffin'

'Ard buns, jest like 'aporths o' stale, and woshed down wiv wot GLADSTING called weak goody-goody,

As coffee-shop cat-lap is gunpowder tea to.

Ah! well, to be bumpus and broody, My Muvver sez, isn't becoming the poor. But if on'y topsawyers and teachers

Jest knowed wot a cuss *Dulness* is to the poor, the philanterpists mightn't turn preachers

Too much of the book-bun-and-bed sort o' gospel, but, like that O.K. kind o' chappy, H. GLADSTING, M.P., would try *first* for to see kids at least knowed the meaning of "'Appy"!

## The "Unholy Alliance."

(*New Scholastic Nursery Rhyme, by the "Bird of Passage."*)

"[Here was an awful example—Mr. LYLPH STANLEY lying down with Mr. DIGGLE, and the two consulting how far they might go in condemnation of the Bill.]—*Mr. Athelstan Riley, on the New Education Bill.*]

HEY! DIGGLE! DIGGLE!

What? You on the wriggle?

With STANLEY (Progressive) in tune?

How the Rad dogs will laugh

To see this sport,—

DIGGLE (Rad-)dished and playing the spoon!



*Irishman (whose mate has just fallen overboard with the bucket while swabbing decks). "PLAZE, CAPTIN, DO YE RIMEMBER THAT SCOTCHIE YE TUK ABOARD THE SAME TOIME AS YE DID ME? I MANE HIM WOT HAD THE LOT O' GOOD CHARACTER PAPERS, AN' ME THAT NIVER HAD A BLISSID WAN?"* Captain. "WELL?" Irishman. "WELL—HE'S OFF WID YER PAIR!"

### REVERIES AT LORD'S.

*By an Elderly Enthusiast.*

MEN welcome the Season for many a reason,  
For fashion and folly, for love and for larks;  
But not as R. A. time do I greet the Maytime,  
With eye to St. Stephen's, the Play, or the Parks.  
No, when the May cometh, and Babylon hummeth,  
A rosier rapture the Season affords  
To him who with pleasure, in light-hearted leisure,  
Enjoys the delights of the first match at Lord's.

The footballing frenzy is over. What men see  
In *kicking* a ball is a marvel to me.  
In fields bare and boggy, all muddy and foggy,  
To *fight* for the sphere is a fun I can't see.  
But oh! in fine weather the *whizz* of the leather  
Clean banged from the bat is a joy beyond words;  
And STODDART's first sixer is just an elixir,  
There's no pick-me-up like the first match at Lord's.

It's well worth a million to see the Pavilion  
Warm flushing once more with the faces one knows;  
White veterans jolly, who handle a broly  
As though 'twere a bat, and the scoring ran close.  
That paunchy old fellow could once wield the willow  
Like FELIX or MYNN. Still it draws him like cords,  
That first shout of "Over!" and he is in clover  
When thus settling down to the first match at Lord's.

Eh? Old 'uns? Lord bless us! *that* grim shirt of Nessus

We throw off as soon as the wickets are pitched;  
The first sight of flannels warms blood in its channels,  
The eye brightens up, and the bosom 's bewitched.  
Take Lancashire's HORNBY! Is he held in scorn by  
Good judges for what *Edax Rerum* records?  
His grip as firm-fixed is as when in the Sixties,  
Or thereabouts, he fought his first match at Lord's.

Oh, sweet the cool whiff of the turf, the first sniff of  
The fresh London lilac! There's no need to-day  
Of saw-dust or "sweater." It *couldn't* be better.  
Gad! Look at the Doctor! How's that for leg-play.  
By Jove! he swiped *that* well! Gad! Beaten by ATTEWELL!!  
Hoped GRACE was well set, for great joy it affords  
The "ring," widely smiling, to watch him up-piling  
One "century" more in his first match at Lord's!

All wished he might do it. Sheer vinegar-cruet  
Must he be, who won't wish our Doctor good luck.  
"He *can't* have a season like last," croakers reason;  
But lord! whilst he keeps up his form and his pluck,  
Though hard upon fifty, still stalwart and shifty,  
Leviathan's play a fair prospect affords  
Of splendid surprises at cricketing crises,  
Long be it 'ere GRACE sees his last match at Lord's!

Young HEARNE seems a ripper, and so thinks "The Skipper,"  
And STORER to-day makes the bowlers sit up.  
DE TRAFFORD's a stunner as smiter or runner!  
An elegant mixture of DEERFOOT and KRUPP  
We want at a wicket, and then we get Cricket!  
I don't like your blendings of blocks and deal board.  
No! keep the game spinning, and—losing or winning—  
You're sure to find fun in your first match at Lord's.

Pheugh! Now for my dinner! As I am a sinner  
I've felt all the day like a frolicsome boy.  
Good old 'uns still prizing I watch the uprising  
Of promising "colts" with a cricketer's joy.  
Hooray for King Willow! When seeking my pillow  
I log no "lost day"; and dim dream-world affords  
Renewal of pleasure. While health lasts, and leisure,  
I'll not miss the joys of the first match at Lord's.

LATEST FROM MATABELE LAND.—"All the ostriches made tracks  
when they saw Colonel PLUMER."

## CROSS QUESTIONS;

Or, the Doom of the Yale-ow-backs.

["The course of lectures on living English novelists at Yale is to be discontinued."—*American Paper*.]

We believe, however, that the following Examination Paper is likely to be set to all students of the course:—

1. Explain "the kail-yard school of fiction." How many Scotch ex-Ministers do you consider are requisite in order to make one good English novelist?

2. Which do you think the greater master of style—GEORGE MEREDITH or MARK TWAIN? What reason have you for supposing that the title of Mr. HARDY's last novel was originally intended to be *George the Obscure*?

3. "Sir WALTER SCOTT was only an inferior STANLEY WEYMAN, and *My Lady Rothera* has gone one better than *Ivanhoe*." Examine this statement.

4. At what date in the twentieth century do you anticipate that the authoress of *Robert Elsmere* will have got through the stock of immediately available "burning questions"?

5. Write down in his own language, and as far as possible with due regard to propriety, what Dr. JOHNSON would probably have said with regard to (a) OUIDA, (b) SARAH GRAND, (c) the Authoress of *The Yellow Aster*.

6. Trace the following sentences to their sources:—(a) "Her mobile peony mouth." (b) "The horizon beyond these calcareous escarpments was of a deep ultramarine." (c) "Then a strange thing happened." (d) "I'm sair disjasket wi' the rheums."



## A COMPROMISE AND A COMPENSATION.

"LOOK HERE, MAGGIE. YOU SAY YOU WANT TO COME WITH ME TO PARIS MERELY TO ORDER SOME NEW FROCKS. WHY, YOU CAN GET EVERYTHING YOU REQUIRE IN BOND STREET."

"OH, THANKS, DEAREST! THAT'S ALL I WANTED!"

7. Do you agree with the boy's criticism, after reading *Treasure Island*, that "he wished there was Samoa of it"? If not, why not?

8. It has been said that "the decease of SHERLOCK HOLMES is the greatest blow struck at pure literature in the last half-century." Is there any exaggeration about the remark; and to what extent do you consider Brigadier GERARD a satisfactory substitute for S. H.?

DOG-GEREL ANENT A  
DRAMATIC J.P.

["At Edgware Sessions, Mr. W. S. GILBERT, J.P., was fined for having an unmuzzled dog at large."]

To make the punishment fit the crime

Is the maxim of W. G.,  
So would not a muzzle upon his rhyme

A fitting penalty be?  
But brother "beaks" took a business line,  
And W. G. paid a practical fine.

THE proceedings at the Inverness Town Council were recently enlivened by a "tiff" that occurred between two of its orators—one a baker, the other a publican. The former having cast aspersions upon the Licensed Victualling profession, the publican, in "replying for the Bar," suggested that "the liquor business was conducted as respectably as that of the baker, and he did not see why any slur should be thrown upon their trade." Why, indeed? especially by a maker of loaves! For if bars were barred, the loafer's occupation would be gone, and there would be neither cakes nor ale.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 4.*—"There's one thing I like about an Irishman," said the Member for SARK. "It is the fathomless resources of his power of contradiction. These are limited only by his ignorance of what you are going to say. And that doesn't much matter. If he doesn't have you one way he'll take you in another."

These reflections arose on incident connected with Stipendiary Magistrates (Ireland) Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND moved second reading. Irish Members on various benches jumped up with questions. Smack of old times about very title of Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL protested there was nothing in it. No change proposed in position, pay, or qualification of magistrates. "It is," he added, by way of clinching matter, "merely an alteration in the name."

Then JOHN DILLON saw his chance. Glancing round, he perceived JOHN REDMOND wasn't present. Had all the field to himself. Ireland should now see which was the true friend, the watchful warden on the tower.

"I must say, Mr. SPEAKER," said J. D., regarding with stern glance PRINCE ARTHUR in languishing mood on the Treasury Bench, "I have a preference for the old style of Resident Magistrate."

"I am glad to hear that," said PRINCE ARTHUR, blandly; "for the precise object of the Bill is to restore the title of Resident Magistrate."

It is here that pre-eminence of Irish Member in direction indicated by SARK was triumphantly vindicated. Any other community, abashed by this harmless blunder, would have withdrawn opposition and gratefully, if temporarily, retired into background. Not so the descendants of many kings. Leader of party had specifically objected to Measure on ground that it destroyed the treasured name and associations of the Resident Magistrates. No, said PRINCE ARTHUR; exactly the reverse.

"Very well, then," said DALY (the *Daily Inquirer* of an earlier stage of the sitting), "I move that the Bill be read a second time this day six months." Then came angry debate, movement of the adjournment, the closure, division on the closure, division on the amendment, and final division, by which second reading was carried by 171 votes against 47.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill read second time.

*Tuesday.*—JOHN OF GORST in finest Manipur mood. Business in hand second reading of a Bill which even PRINCE ARTHUR admits to be complex and controversial. Others of blunter speech speak of it as revolutionising system of national education, breaking up pact of peace that has existed for quarter of century. Opposition Benches crowded; an angered muster, "breathing war from every nostril," as R. G. WEBSTER says. To them enter JOHN OF GORST with Education Bill in hand, casually waving it as if it were red flag and the crowd before him a herd of wild oxen.

Nothing milder than JOHN'S manner, nor softer than his speech. Not once his voice uplifted above conversational tone; went ambling along, serenely assuming that everything might be taken for granted. Members opposite writhed on their seats, yelled contradiction, cut themselves with knives (this last in a Parliamentary sense, of course). JOHN OF GORST jogged placidly on, just as if he had been reading his speech to the boulders that form Stonehenge. Most often he (to quote R. G. WEBSTER again) "trod on the toes of the Nonconformist conscience." But now and then he, quite accidentally as it seemed, gave his political friends, his pastors and masters, a sly knock. Once he kicked out behind at PRINCE ARTHUR, DON JOSÉ and other Members of the Cabinet listening apprehensive. Some people, he observed, argued that all would be well if only the head of the department were called the Education Minister, with a seat in the Cabinet.

"I cannot for the life of me," he continued, "see how the Vice-President of the Council would be more wise or more powerful in educational matters by having his name changed, and being required to attend the meetings of the Cabinet Council."

There are nineteen Cabinet Ministers. There is only one Vice-President of the Council. Why should he be called upon to merge his identity in a composite, not to say commonplace body?

The MARKISS and assistant Cabinet-makers have, during last ten years, had the upper hand of JOHN OF GORST. Had he chanced to have ranged himself on the Liberal side of politics, he would, SARK says, long ago been a Secretary of State, with Cabinet rank. Fighting under other colours, he has seen his claims, second to few either as brilliant Party debater or able administrator, passed over in favour of sons of dukes and cousins of earls. They are in the Cabinet, he outside. Almost his philosophic calm deserts him as he contemplates this ignorant suggestion about the Minister of Education having a seat in the Cabinet. The Vice-President of the Council might be ill advised, mistaken, for, after all, he is almost human. But at least let him be spared the companionship of the Cabinet.

*Business done.*—Second reading of Education Bill moved.

*Thursday.*—Another night with Education Bill. Some excellent speeches by men who know question *au fond*—DILKE, HART DYKE, SYDNEY BUXTON, and GEORGE TREVELYAN. If these in succession talk to you for something like forty minutes apiece, telling you what they think about Education Bill, you may go home with consciousness that, though your head aches, you're pretty well up in subject. Also, there was ALFRED LYTTLETON making maiden speech, with some reminiscences of the oration prize he took at Cambridge. Got on very well till he came to talk about "the critics of the Bill." For a LYTTLETON, this an inevitable pitfall. ALFRED spoke of them as "the crickets." This nearly bowled him out.

"How's that, SPEAKER?" SARK whispered under his breath.

SPEAKER took no notice, and LYTTLETON carried out his bat, generously cheered by both sides as he walked up to the tent.

Just after midnight proceedings enlivened by outbreak of Civil War on Treasury Bench. Objection taken to scheme dealing with a charity at Donnington. Vice-President of Council supported it. There apparently end of matter. Ministerial majority, in absolutely impartial state of mind owing to perfect ignorance of the question, would be marshalled; scheme approved by overwhelming majority.

But SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY been looking into question. Come to conclusion that adoption of scheme would wrong the poor people of Donnington. "I object," he said, "to these people being improved off the face of the earth." Encouraged by this powerful advocacy, JESSE COLLINGS also declared against scheme. JOHN OF GORST sat aghast. Hard enough for suggestion to be made that he should join the Cabinet. To have two colleagues in Ministry openly flouting him, joining the common enemy in disputing the fiat of Education Department, more than he could bear. So folded his arms and awaited result. This announced with figures of division showing scheme negatived by 92 votes against 80.

"Resign! Resign!" shouted the hilarious Opposition. JOHN OF GORST said he would think about it.

*Business done.*—Ministry beginning to crumble.

*Friday night.*—MARK LOCKWOOD has carried his point in Kitchen Committee. Long seen visions of Terrace decorated by presence of neat-handed PHYLLIS tripping here and there at tea-time. At present, in accordance with constitutional usages, we have, through the changing seasons, the black-coated waiter, smelling of shrimps, glutinous with crushed strawberries, damp with water-cress, the Colonel has changed all that. Hereafter a new charm will invest tea on the Terrace. Kitchen Committee hard to move on point; once convinced, surrendered altogether, not only agreed to invite SPEAKER's approval of proposal but, that gained, unanimously left selection and engagement of the young ladies to Colonel MARK, to whom all applications (enclosing stamp for reply) should be directly made. *Business done.*—RHODES laid out; trampled on by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, defended by DON JOSE.

## LIVE AND LET LIVE.

(By a Sufferer from Street Shindy.)

["A very large deputation of the friends of street-music made their protest the other day against Mr. JACOB'S Bill"]

James Payn's "Our Note-Book."

To interfere with Musio's means of living

To street-musicians may seem very trying;

But though we would be tolerant and forgiving,

What if *their* living sometimes means *our* dying?

Grinders, at whose cacophony nature cowers,

Your "means of living" interfere with *ours*

"Friends of Street-Music," we'd shun selfish fuss,

But—"what is sport to you is death to us."

## INTO SPAIN.

(With a Conversation-Book.)

*Cannes.*—Read that the weather is dismal and cloudy in England. Shall stay in the sunny South a little longer. Cannes is a charming place. But might as well see something different. Where to go? Consult map. Good idea. Spain. Consult time-tables. Easiest thing in the world. Tarascon to Barcelona.

What is there to see in Barcelona? Nuts probably. Also Spanish manners and customs, dark eyes, fans, *mantillas*, and so forth. Shall certainly go, after a few days. Good idea to learn a few words of Spanish. Must be very easy. Italian and French mixed, with some Latin added. Amiable Frenchman in hotel supports this view. He says, sirily, "*Vous quittez Paris dans le 'sleeping,' vous achetez des journaux espagnols à Irun, et, arrivé à Madrid, vous parlez espagnol.*" Cannot hope to rival that linguistic feat, but may be able to learn a few phrases between Cannes and Barcelona. Buy a conversation-book in French and Spanish.



*Port Bou.*—Across the frontier. Custom-house station. Now is the time to begin Spanish. Have read some of that conversation-book on the way. Begin to doubt its utility. Usual sort of thing. "Has thy brother bought a boot-jack?" "I wish these six volumes of MOLIÈRE'S plays to be bound in half calf." And so forth. This one is the same, only in French.

Custom-house officer, in beautiful uniform and bright green gloves, very strict in his examination of my luggage. The green gloves travel all over my property, and bring out a small cardboard box. Triumphant expression on official's face. He has caught me. Open box, and show him it contains a few white ties. His face now shows only doubt and amazement. Cannot explain to him verbally. Evidently useless to mention the binding of MOLIÈRE'S plays. The green gloves beckon another custom-house officer, also wearing bright green gloves. Together they examine my harmless white ties. It seems to me the green gloved hands are held up in pious horror. Try them in French, in Italian, in English. No good. Should perhaps tip them in Spanish. But why waste *pestes*? So refrain. They shake their heads still more suspiciously. The only thing remaining for me to do is to ask if the brother of one of them has bought a boot-jack. Does not seem very appropriate, but, if said politely, might imply that I wish to change the subject. Am just about to begin the note of interrogation upside down, which gives such an uncanny air to a Spanish question, when they cease looking at my ties, and I pass on.

*Barcelona.*—Shall have no difficulty here. Have been told that French is spoken everywhere. If not, then English or Italian. Everyone in the hotel speaks French. To the bank. Manager speaks English beautifully. Buy some cigarettes. Old woman in the shop speaks Italian. Shall get on capitally. Need not trouble to carry the conversation-book in my pocket.

In the evening to the opera. Walk out between the acts, seeing Spaniards also walking out, and enter a café. Order coffee. Waiter brings a huge glass of water, and a cup, filled to the brim with sugar, on which the *verseur* is about to pour my drink. Stop him. Explain in French that I take no sugar. The two, and another waiter, stand round me, with dazed faces. By Jove, they speak only Spanish! Wish I had the conversation-book. But should probably have found something like "*Nous ne voulons pas faire une excursion en mer, parce qu'il fait trop de vent,*" or "*Ces bottines sont un peu étroites, veuillez les élargir.*" No good trying talking. Turn out eight or ten lumps of sugar, and so get my coffee. Then return to the opera. Four polite officials at the entrance gaze wonderingly at the counterfoil of my ticket, which I concluded served for readmission, no pass ticket being offered. Ask each one, in turn, if he speaks French. He does not. Oh for the conversation-book! If only I could say "*Tous les tableaux dans le Salon Carré du Louvre sont des chefs-d'œuvre,*" or "*Est-ce que mademoiselle votre sœur joue du piano?*" I should have shown myself to be an individual with innocent and refined tastes, and not a socialist or a brigand. The second phrase would have been singularly appropriate in the opera house. Alas, I cannot! So address them in French, with bows and smiles. And they respond in Spanish, evidently with great courtesy, also with bows and smiles, and let me pass in, probably because they cannot make me understand that I ought to stop out. For the future I must carry that conversation-book everywhere.

AT LAST!—MRS. AMELIA BARR states that "every woman is a born story-teller." Thus the cruel calumny cast for ages on all men is finally refuted by a lady, who is herself a bit of a fictionist.

NEW MOTTO FOR A MONEY-LENDER.—"I eat all, but POCKET none."





"If doughty Deeds My Lady please."

"MAMMA! MR. WHITE SAYS HE IS LONGING TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST BICYCLE LESSON!"

### THE SECRETS OF B'MOUTH.

*May. Friday.*—Lovely. Town beginning to be delightful,—but for dust; but for water-carts; but for—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—dours. Let us away. Where? South, to the rhododendrons. B'mouth; just the time now to spend happy days here. Not too hot for Royal Tepid Bath Hotel, B'mouth. Gardens lovely. Sea of a true Mediterranean blue. Air—gentle, refreshing. North-Easterly. No crowd now. But at Whitsuntide, everything will be Whitsuntidy. What I take in the way of holiday I prefer "neat." Per L. & S. W., and comfortable Pullman car. Song:—

As we sit in our Pullman car,  
A smoking our fine cigar,  
The paper we read  
While we go at full speed  
In our equable Pullman car.

Good dinner at R. T. B. hostlerie. Excellent English asparagus for home consumption. Might die as vegetarians on this food, with motto, "All flesh is grass." Ask what is going on? Answer, Nothing in particular. Try to find notices, advertisements, or bills. Can't. Good idea this for hotel. *Happy Thought.*—Don't give any intimation of what's going on outside. Then visitors will remain inside.

*Next Morning.*—Still lovely, or lovelier. Down early. Breakfast. Lounge. Admire, at distance, steamer departing from pier, to go, as far as I remember—which is not going so very far, after all—to Swanage and back. Lots of steamers do this in course of day. I affirm this, with reservation, to my friends, who rely on my information, as "knowing the place."

I tell them we shall find all information posted up on or about pier. Entrance to pier 2d. It used to be a penny. Unwise proceeding this. If it's only a penny you pay without thinking. But if it's twopence you think twice. Then, to equalise it, you go earlier and stay double as long as you used to do for a penny. "Pennywise twopence foolish" policy this. When does band play? No notice visible. What does band play when it does play? Nobody knows. This is one of the Secrets of B'mouth! There may be a boy with programmes. Don't see him. Another secret. Subsequently hear band, but see no boy and get no programme.

How about the steamboat trips to Swanage? Delightful idea; over to Swanage and back for a blow. Inquire of ancient mariner with gold band round his nautical cap. Boat to Swanage? Oh, gone an hour or more ago. Then that was the steamer I was admiring in the distance. When's the next? He is reticent personally, but refers me to the board. Evidently another Secret of B'mouth. I cannot find any mention of any boat going to Swanage until next Monday morning, by which time I shall have left. "Too late! too late!" I return to my nautical authority in gold-banded cap. "Yes," says he briefly, but politely, "steamer to Swanage at three, and back here by 5.15."

"Excellent well, i' faith," I return, and my party repeat this expression of delight in chorus. "But, pardon me, thou ancient gold-banded mariner; is the fact of the boat leaving at three a secret known to you only, and, it may be, to one or two others?"

"Nay," replies mine ancient, "'tis advertised, and ye will find it up on the notice board."

Politely we refer him back to his own authority. He walks to the board, and, after close and thorough inspection, he is taken aback.

"Marry come up!" quoth the old sea-dog, his timbers shivering under the shock; "but, *it ain't been put in!*" And, sure enough, the announcement of the departure of the second boat that day had been omitted, and but for the mere accident of our curiosity, its departure would have remained unknown to all, and would have been hereafter reckoned as among the Secrets of B'mouth.

Swanage deferred. If the mountain would not come to MAHOMET we know what happened. But here the case is reversed; as thus, the *raison d'être* of Swanage is luncheon and lobster; and if you can get the lunch and the lobster without going to Swanage, so much the better for the consumer on the spot, and so much the worse for Swanage. The Royal Tepid Bath Hotel produces Swanage lobsters and lunch. Ergo, stay and enjoy the same without exertion. Subsequently the post-prandial pipe and the thirty-nine winks. Giant refreshed. Companion proposes Winter Garden (in Spring), where band under a GODFREY, not DAN, but one of his sons (*que nous dansons!*), discourses lullingly, and an Ethiopian jangles sweet bells in tune. But even this is a Secret Entertainment, as, had it not been for the knowledge of the ways of the place possessed by one of our party, I should have missed this pleasantly soothing concert.

Then a stroll to the golf links. Here B'mouth sets an excellent example to all golf-linking seaside resorts. The public is admitted free. They can walk about, protected by nets from the whacks and thwacks of the stalwart ball-driving golfers: and if any one would play the game, he pays and plays.

B'mouth knows how to enjoy itself, and to make its visitors enjoy themselves. It lays out winter gardens, it gives first-rate concerts daily and nightly; it devises golf-links, croquet-grounds, bowling-greens, cricket-fields, and it sets up restaurants; and also provides for a rainy day with plenty of shelters.

Only one fault have I to find with B'mouth, and that is its unprecedented modesty. For possessing, as it does, all these attractions, it makes no public boast of them; and it is only with difficulty and considerable enterprise that a stranger visiting this place for the first time can discover all these things. Publicity is required. But once you know B'mouth, there are few, very few places where, at all times and seasons, and on all days, Sundays excepted, you can find so much and so varied amusement; and where, taking for granted the climate agrees with you, so many happy days of living out of doors can be spent. I have been there and still would go. Also, will—when I can.

### PUNCH TO JENNER.

[Thursday, May 14, was the centenary of the first vaccination by JENNER.]

OH, JENNER, each generous spirit  
Will drink to your memory to-day!  
From you what a boon we inherit,  
What horrors you helped drive away!  
'Gainst the curse which did maim, blind, and tetter  
Its thousands, you gave us a shield;  
And until they can furnish a better,  
Fanatics to wisdom must yield.  
Let Leicester for harshness impeach us!  
But, JENNER, just were it not jolly  
If one of your *confrères* could teach us  
To vaccinate fools—against folly?

THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.—"Herr IFF's orchestra" is announced. The band consists of IFF, with several 'ands. Whether they play or not at your house is a question of "If" you pay them and "If" they can come. Should you like their performance, you will indicate your desire for an *encore* by saying to the conductor, "IFF, you please." The house they hire during their stay in London will be entitled "*Le Château d'IFF.*"



### THE HOLIDAY TASK.

*Right Hon. Sir J-hn G-rst* ("the Coach," to *Master Education Bill*). "IF YOU MEAN TO PASS THE COMMITTEE'S EXAMINATION, YOU MUST WORK, WORK, WORK!" *Aside.* "AND SO MUST I!"



Amateur "Minimus Poet" (who has called at the office twice a week for three months). "COULD YOU USE A LITTLE POEM OF MINE?"  
 Editor (ruthlessly determined that this shall be his final visit). "OH, I THINK SO. THERE ARE TWO OR THREE BROKEN PANES OF GLASS, AND A HOLE IN THE SKYLIGHT. HOW LARGE IS IT?"

### THE NORMAN-NERUDA-HALLÉ TESTIMONIAL.

ON Saturday last, at noon, Deputation was received by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of WALES and the Princess LOUISE, at Marlborough House.

Lord K-NT-RE, stepping forward, begged pardon on behalf of himself and friends for calling so early, and explained the object of the visit, namely, to present the famous *violiniste*. Lady HALLÉ, with a *châlet*, which he regretted he had not been able to bring with him, but it was still

The *châlet* in the valley,  
 Given to Lady HALLÉ.

He apologised for dropping into poetry, and promised their Royal Highnesses not to do so again. Also there was a casket modelled on the ancient Venetian ones left to *Portia* by her eccentric parent, containing title deeds, names of donors, with, as *Digby Grant* used to say, "a little cheque," and all sorts of nice things. When empty it could be used for a wine-cooler, a biscuit-box, a foot-warmer, or in fact for anything, it being as useful as ornamental. He would now proceed to open—

Here His Royal Highness intimated to Lord K-NT-RE that as he, Lord K-NT-RE, had already opened the proceedings, it must be left to him, the Prince, to open the casket.

Sir EDW-ED L-W-S-N observed that this was the regular stage business in *The Merchant of Venice*. ("Hear! Hear!")

Mrs. A. L-W-S (Miss K-TE T-BRY) corroborated Sir EDW-ED, and said this was so. It was invariably the Prince who opened the box. (Cheers.)

Sir W-LL-M AGN-W hoped he might be permitted to say a few words. (The Royal assent having been given to this, Sir W-LL-M continued.)

He wished Lady HALLÉ many happy returns of the day. ("Hear! Hear!") He felt that he was strung up to concert-pitch (the only pitch that any one could touch and come out with clean hands), and as he did not on this occasion wish to play first fiddle, he would

abridge further observations. Lady HALLÉ had ever been true to herself, true to the best interests of her art—*toujours fidèle*—and he, as everybody else did, wished her many years of happiness, in perfect harmony, without any variations. (Applause.)

Mr. ALFR-D DE R-TSCH-LD hoped he might be allowed to convey his deepest sentiments of esteem for Lady HALLÉ, the recipient of the testimonial. He begged to say that he had had the great pleasure and honour of her personal acquaintance for many years, and though Lady HALLÉ was "*Née ruder*," yet to everybody the eminent *violiniste* had always been most courteous.—*Nay politer* he might say, and would have said, but that he strongly objected to anything at all resembling a pun. Playing on a violin was high art, but playing on a string of words was an art in which he (the speaker) had no desire to excel. He highly esteemed Lady HALLÉ for her excellent and various qualities—he might say her "*Stradi-varius*" qualities. ("Hear! Hear!") Wherever Lady HALLÉ played, it was a repetition of The Norman (Neruda) Conquest. (Cheers.) He expressed, he was sure, the feeling of the entire deputation in wishing long life, health, and happiness to Madame NORMAN NERUDA, Lady HALLÉ. (Great applause.)

The Prince of WALES then, in a few well chosen words, graciously summed up the whole case, including the casket, which His Royal Highness proceeded to open in State. This part of the ceremonial was most imposing—the gleaming of the swords, the brilliancy of the diamonds, the splendor of the costumes, the blaring of the trumpets and the beating of the drums, combining to impress on the memory, of those fortunate enough to be present, a scene the like of which not the most Oriental splendour could surpass.

Miss L-CY T-BRY L-W-S, as honorary secretary, was presented to their Royal Highnesses, who thanked her for her good services in the especially good cause. The deputation then retired to slow music.

[\*.\* Since the above appeared in print, it has come to our knowledge that our reporter was not present. He has left the country. A detective is on his track.—ED.]





SCENE—The Steps of Burlington House.

Artist (whose work has been hung not so well as he could have wished). "AND WHAT ON EARTH HAVE THEY STUCK LORD ROBERTS UP HERE FOR!"

Brother Brush (whose picture has been well hung and well sold). "WHY, TO REMIND THE PUBLIC MY BOY, THAT THEY CAN'T GO IN WITHOUT PASSING BOBS!"

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

TOM HOOD AS A POET. (Contd.)

I HAVE said that HOOD's right to such immortality as poetry can confer comes from a comparatively small volume of literary "baggage." I do not mean that his output was small. No man, indeed, worked more assiduously at the literary business, for on the proceeds of what he did he had to provide bread for himself and his dear ones. But some of his chief and most immediate successes with the public were gained by him as a humorist, apt at the verbal contortions which CHARLES LAMB defended, and thereafter the public would have him chained to an oar in the punning galley. His wonderful feats therein are remembered for and against him even now, and it cannot be doubted that

their fame has obscured the higher glory which is justly his as a true poet, a master of tragedy, humour, pathos, and music. Still, when all necessary deductions have been made, and when, in contemplating what remains, an appreciator can say to himself, "here there is no piece that is not worthy of the front rank," the amount left, though not surprisingly large, is of a quite extraordinary range and variety.

OF HOOD as a sonneteer I have spoken, not, as I believe, with a higher enthusiasm than is due to his merits. But he fingered too, and with no untaught or wavering hand, the larger harp, which had been swept by KEATS and SHELLEY. I do not say that HOOD reached to the gusty heights of passion where SHELLEY controlled his whirlwinds and

his lightnings, but some of SHELLEY's magical music had been breathed into HOOD's song. And of KEATS's there was a still greater portion. Yet HOOD was, of course, no imitator. Every age has its own appropriate language of poetical expression, and as the Elizabethans, on the one hand, seemed to find a natural voice for their great thoughts in the mighty line that MARLOWE and SHAKESPEARE wrought to perfection, and, on the other hand, sported at leisure in the fascinating lyrics that may be found in Mr. A. H. BULLEN's delightful book, so to SHELLEY KEATS, and HOOD there pertained in common a style in which their thoughts, even in their moments of highest exaltation, flowed with untroubled ease. The similitude must not be strained too far, but with due qualifications it unquestionably exists.

In the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Lycus, the Centaur," "Hero and Leander," and "The Two Peacocks of Bedford," one may find not only the haunting melody and melancholy by which HOOD's best work is marked, but also a perfection of expression, remarkable verbal felicity, and a singular power of painting a picture. It is difficult to select, but I venture to quote one verse from the first of these poems:—

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,  
Saying, "We be the handmaids of the Spring,  
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,  
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.  
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,  
And count the leafy tributes that they owe—  
As, so much to the earth—so much to ding  
In showers to the brook—so much to go  
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow."

And throughout the pitiful plea of the fairies one finds the same dainty delicacy as of the timid rustle of many fluttering little wings on a cool and moonlit night.

AND, in a different strain, can anything be more touching and beautiful than "I Remember, I Remember," with its last verse that speaks straight to every heart:—

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heav'n  
Than when I was a boy.

It is on this side that HOOD comes into relation with THACKERAY, and the tie grows stronger as one reads "A Retrospective Review" and "To ———, composed at Rotterdam." For instance:—

Then here it goes, a bumper—  
The toast it shall be mine,  
In Schiedam or in sherry,  
Tokay, or hock of Rhine;  
It well deserves the brightest  
Where sunbeam ever swam—  
"The girl I love in England"  
I drink at Rotterdam.

IN these verses, as in every piece of verse he wrote, HOOD displays his remarkable mastery over words, his power of juggling with them, of adapting them, willy-nilly, to his purpose; of making them, as it were, dance to his music, and that too in a measure that seems the perfection of rhythmical ease. As in athletic exercises—in gymnastics let us say, or in oarsmanship—those who have the highest training and the best skill perform the hardest feats and do the soundest work with a grace and apparent lack of exertion that deceive the spectator; so in the exercise of words the great masters seem, without striving, to obtain just the right and necessary effect. And HOOD, whether we consider him as a punster or a poet, was unquestionably a great master of words.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. H. W. LUCY has done many good things, but never anything better, in its way, than *A Diary of the Home-Rule Parliament, 1892-1895* (CASSELL & Co.). It is no small feat to write of the proceedings in Parliament, as Mr. LUCY does day by day and week by week, in such a way as to make the reading delightful to ordinary readers; but to make the past records of the two Houses amusing and interesting, to breathe life into the dry bones of 1892-1895 is, I fancy, a record performance even for Mr. LUCY. He has done it in this book, and done it in a style so crisp and bright, with a humour so abundant, and with an observation so keen, that, as one reads it, one imagines that, for entertainment and sprightliness, the Houses of Commons and of Lords must be the finest "Halls" in all London. And there is no lack throughout the 480 pages of which the book is composed of those rarer gifts of sympathy and tolerance which have given to TOBY, M.P. (if one may say so in the pages which he adorns), the very highest place among Parliamentary chroniclers.

## SHYLOCK ON THE SITUATION.

(Adapted by a London Merchant and a sorely-burdened Suburban Ratepayer, after studying the Agricultural Land Rating Bill.)

COMPANIES are but "Boards"; Ministers but men; there be land-rat(e)s and water-rat(e)s, land-thieves and water-thieves—I mean pirates (or high rates); and then there are the perils of water, gas, and schools. A man is, nevertheless (they think), sufficient!

My Lords and Commons, many a time and oft  
In heavy ratio ye have "rated" me.  
Upon my monies and my properties,  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.  
Again, it now appears, you need my help!  
*Merchant of Venice, Act I., Sc. 3 (slightly altered).*

"DAY-AFTER-THE-FARE."—There is a heading in the *Daily News*, "Last Night's Dinners." There's something melancholy about the title. In four cases out of ten the remembrance of last night's dinner will be a happy one. To those who have dined "not wisely but too well" last night's feast will not bear the reflections of the morning after. But the majority who have dined unwisely will not feel too well next morning, and when they see the feasts recorded under this head they will press their own, and wish they had never, &c., &c.

PROPOSED DECORATIONS FOR BOARD SCHOOLS AND POLICE COURTS.—In the first the study-rooms should be hung with Old Masters and their pupils; and in the second there should be some very good Constables.

## THE GALLANT CONSTABLE.

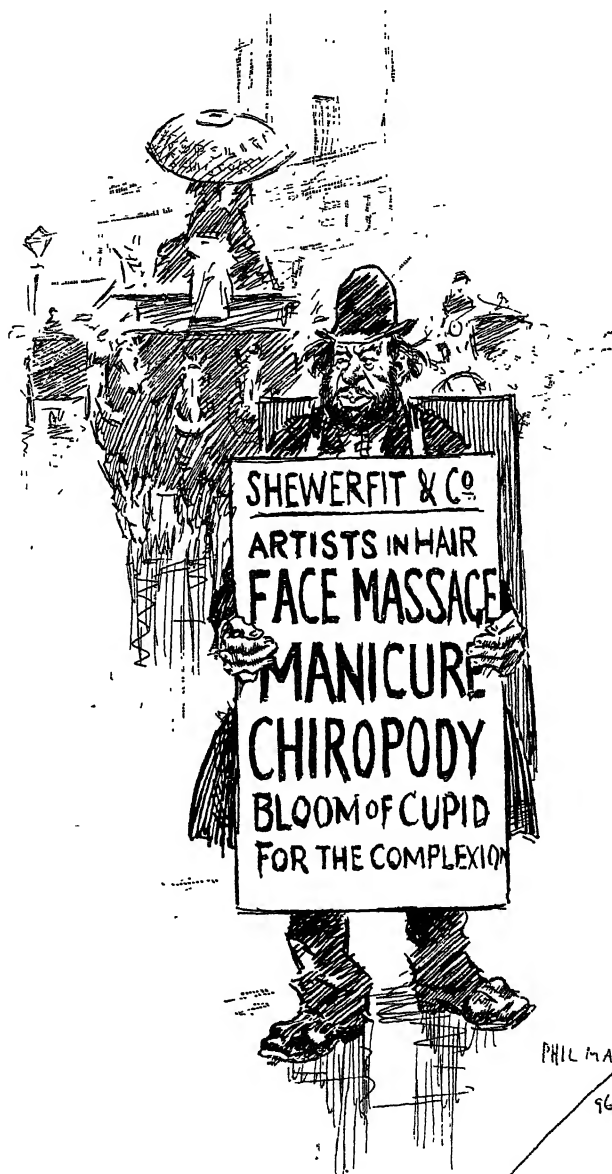
["NELLIE and EMMA WOODVINE (aged five and two respectively) were up at the Marylebone Police-court yesterday charged with 'sleeping in the open air without visible means of subsistence.' Mr. FLOWDEN said it was 'perfectly preposterous to bring infants into Court. . . . Take them away.'—*Westminster Gazette*.]

It was a gallant constable  
Who paced the lonely beat.  
With faltering step and quaking heart  
He walked him down the street.  
He thought with pain that pierced him  
And made his blood run cold, [through  
What he should do if he should meet  
Some burglar had and bold.  
Some bad bold man who would not heed  
The cry, "Oh! spare a copper!"  
But would attack him ruthlessly  
And bring him down a cropper.  
Awhile he mused. If ne'er he caught  
A criminal, of course,  
A heartless superintendent would  
Dismiss him from the force.  
Just then, whilst moot he pondered there,  
Aghast at his dilemma,  
His eagle sight chanced to alight  
On NELLIE and on EMMA.

Now NELLIE was a little lass  
Who boasted summers five,  
Whilst EMMA in this vale of woe  
Two years had been alive.  
These two upon a doorstep there—  
An angel might have wept,  
So young and yet so full of crime!—  
Alas! these infants slept.  
And slept right well. As later on  
The constable swore roundly,  
He caught them in the very act  
And deed of sleeping soundly.  
Ah! who can adequately pen  
His deed of derring-do;  
How, daring all, he took in charge  
These babes of five and two.  
Not his to count the risk he ran,  
He felt his conscience bid  
Him venture everything. It was  
His duty, and he did.

But when the dawn broke o'er the land,  
Unconscious of their fate,  
These wicked infants had to come  
Before a magistrate.  
He was a horrid, feeling man,  
And only chose to say,  
"My Court is not a nursery,  
So take the babes away."  
But deeds of valour ever live,  
And down to endless fame  
Will go this constable without  
A number or a name.  
For when the Goodman of the house  
A story wants to tell, he  
Will praise the man who dared to take  
The sisters EMMA—NELLIE.

GOOD OMEN FOR RIGHT HON. SEC. OF COLONIES.—Revival of *Jo* (at Drury Lane Theatre), "always a movin' on!"





A DETAIL.

"IT SEEMS I'M CONSIDERED SO LIKE YOUR BROTHER FRED IN THE GUARDS, MRS. HOLSTER, WE'RE ALWAYS BEING TAKEN FOR EACH OTHER. DO YOU SEE THE LIKENESS?"  
 "WELL, NO. HE DOES HIS HAIR SO DIFFERENTLY, YOU SEE!"

### AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 285. "*Dr. Williams*," and 563, "*The Bishop of London*," both by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., but separated by a difference of 278 pictures. Why could not Professor HUBERT have brought these two distinguished Doctors, one of Medicine, t'other of Divinity, together? There is some irony in the placing of these two admirable portraits so far apart. Both, being perfectly executed, might have been hung together. But what matter? they are immortalised.

No. 663. "*Sir Peter Eade, M.P., Mayor of Norwich, 1893-95*," by STANHOPE A. FORBES, A. Stan-Hope tells a flattering tale

probably. The donors of this "presentation portrait" said to Mr. FORBES "Take 'EADE,'" and certainly he has been most careful, and the picture is thoroughly successful. The motto of this Mayor, with his magnificent robes and chain of office, ought to have been adapted from SIMS REEVES'S song, "My Chain! my Chain! my pretty Chain!" But STANHOPE A. FORBES didn't think of it.

No. 714. Approach with awe this picture of "*Esme and Katherine, daughters of S. M. Robb, Esq.*" for it is painted by one of the "El'ct." It is by "GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A. elect." The daughters of Robb would come out well as a steel engraving.

No. 784. "*At the Giudecca, Venice*." When the subject is Venice, be quite sure

that the artist is WOODS. The only Woods to be found in Venice is HENRY WOODS, R.A.

No. 809. It shows a nice feeling, free from all jealous rivalry, that "*Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard*" should be painted by a "Beadle." And this "Beadle" is a "J.P."!! We were not aware till now that the two offices could be combined.

No. 917. "*Volunteers for a Boat's Crew*." By THOMAS SOMERSCALES. A picture notable *per sea*.

No. 932. Mr. LANGLEY'S "*Bread-winners*" are coming across the sand. By the title, we suppose they are bringing back with them the "roll of the sea."

In our account of first visit to Royal Academy, No. 660 was given as "*The Shepherdess, &c.*," whereas the title of this charming picture, by Mr. GOODALL, R.A., ought to have been "*Cloud Shadows over Sea and Land*." How "*The Shepherdess*" got mixed up with it is inexplicable, except, perhaps, that "clouds" are frequently described as "fleecey."

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

AN OLD CROQUET-PLAYER RUMINATES.

I LIKE to see a game revive  
 Like flower refreshed by rain,  
 And so I say, "May croquet thrive,  
 And may it live again!"  
 It brings back thoughts of long ago,  
 And memories most sweet,  
 When AMY loved her feet to show  
 In shoes too small, but neat.

I think I can see AMY now,  
 Her vengeful arm upraised  
 To croquet me to where a cow  
 Unheeding chewed and grazed.  
 And AMY'S prowess with the ball  
 Reminds me that her style  
 Was not so taking after all  
 As FANNY'S skill *plus* smile.

Yes! FANNY had a winsome laugh,  
 That round her mouth would wreath,  
 And make me wonder if her chaff  
 Was shaped to show her teeth.  
 They were so pretty, just like pearls  
 Set fast in carmine case;  
 Still in the match between the girls  
 SELINA won the race.

SELINA had such lustrous eyes  
 Of real sapphire blue,  
 They seemed one's soul to mesmerise,  
 And looked one through and through.  
 Yet AGNES I cannot forget,  
 She brought me joy with pain.  
 I would that we had never met—  
 "Your stroke!" That voice! My JANE!

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, Wednesday, 13th inst., informed us that "Miss NETHERSOLE is back from the States, laden with wealth, and palpitating with a desire to show London that burning, passionate '*Carmen*' kiss which made such a sensation on the other side." Now, she will try the osculatory business on the right side, having finished with the other side, which is now, to her, the left side. We know that "Kissing goes by favour," and if this kiss smacks of the kind that takes with the public, then is Miss NETHERSOLE sure of success in London, and her "kiss" will be "the hit" of the piece.

THE RETRIBUTION OF CENTURIES.—ABEL has already made hundreds of runs for Sarrey when playing with a cane-spliced bat.



### JONATHAN'S LATEST.

SHADE OF COLUMBUS (*aside*). "HAD I FORESEEN IT WOULD HAVE COME TO THIS—CARAMBA!—I WOULD NEVER HAVE DISCOVERED AMERICA!"





## THE POLYGLOTERA.

Leaves from our Covent Gardenia Note-Book. Monday.—Opening of the Polyglotopera. *L' Overture de l' Opéra*, and if the success of the Opera is only up to that of the *Overture*, DRURICIANUS OPERA-



Le Roi Jean de Reszke (à lui-même). "L'opéra, c'est moi!"

TIOUS will be a prouder and happier man than ever. The event of to-night, and of the season, is the return of Brother JOHN, alias JEAN DE RESZKE, after unavoidable absence. House enthusiastic for Brother JOHN as *Romeo*, a big *Romeo* physically and operatically; and likewise evincing great delight at once again seeing Miss EMMA EAMES, who at end of first and second acts is recipient of floral tributes presented *via* Signor MANCINELLI, who is permitted to take a sniff at 'em, and then has to "stand and deliver" the floral tributes smilingly. Signor RINALDINI comes out strong as *Benoglio*, a name originally intended by SHAKESPEARE as a quiz on his somewhat quarrelsome friend BEN JONSON. This fact not generally known, but interesting. At some time of the evening the National Anthem was sung, but this deponent has not as yet met anybody who was in time to hear it if it came first, or who stayed to hear it, if it came last. Everyone delights to see the ever-useful and ornamental Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Gertrude*. Good augury for season.

Tuesday. — MASCAGNI'S *Cavalleria*, in Italian, and HUMPERDINCK'S *Hänsel and Gretel*, in English. The latter ought to have been in German. *Cavalleria Rusticana* with MAGGIE MACINTYRE as *Santuzza*. Hardly fair on MAGGIE so soon after CALVE. MAGGIE, in dark wig and with sunburnt face, unrecognisable. BAUERMEISTER, Nurse *Gertrude* last night, is *Mother Lucia* to-night, and afterwards appears as a good elf in HUMPERDINCK'S *Hänsel and Gretel*. This opera, in three acts, very delightful, but too long. Miss MARIE ELBA excellent as boy *Hänsel*, and Miss JESSIE HUDDLESTON equally good as *Gretel*; but for three acts to depend entirely on two Babes in the Wood, with a German nutcracker of a woodman, capitally played and sung by Mr. DAVID BISPHAM, with just a sprinkling of the very archest angels, pantomime witch, and fairies, thrown in, rather too much. So quitted at 11.30, humming HUMPERDINCK'S melodies, more or less correctly, and looking forward to

Wednesday. — DONIZETTI'S *La Favorita*—a heavy favourite—with débutante Madame MANTELLI, who has an enthusiastic reception, and is, as WAGSTAFF in the lobby observes, "physic'ly and mant'li fitted for the part." Shan't speak to WAGGY again. But he will lurk in dark corner and pounce out upon me with "another good 'un." Signor ANCONA *prends le gâteau* as *Alfonso*. DRURICIANUS COVENTGARDENENSIS, dropping into poetry, observes—

"CREMONINI as *Fernando*, Does the part as well as man can do."

He pronounces "Man-can-do" as one word, and so mistaking him, an astute friend, ever in search of forthcoming novelty, inquires "who is MANCANDO?" whereat DRURICIANUS winketh the other eye, and, putting portentous finger to nose, refuses to give him the tip (requiring it himself), and so



The German Master Sandford and Miss Merton.

gracefully retires. Beneficent BEVIGNANI conducts. Orchestra admirable.

Thursday.—French and Italian night. GOUNOD'S *Philemon*, and LEONCavallo's *Pagliacci*. Now, as we are in for Polyglottic season, probable announcements will be,—*Flying Dutchman*, in Dutch (single and double); *Faust*, in German; *L'Africaine*, in Spanish and Ethiopian; *Peter the Great*, in Russian; *Les Huguenots*, in French; *Falstaff*, in English; *Cavalleria*, in Sicilian patois; *Semiramide*, in Egyptian; *Norma*, in Welsh and Latin. N.B.—Any subscribers wishing for any characters in an opera to be sung in some particular dialect, will kindly give notice ten days beforehand, and their wishes will be attended to. Evidently to be a member, male or female, of the chorus at the Royal Polyglottic Opera, is "a liberal education in itself."

Friday Night.—*Faust*. JEAN DE RESZKE, *Faust*; t'other DE RESZKE, *Mephistopheles*. But, as ill luck would have it, t'other One was taken ill, and M. PLAIN SONG, otherwise PLANÇON, is his satisfactory substitute. Then at last moment Brother JEAN, it was reported, hurt his ankle, either in getting out of a bath or off a bicycle, and couldn't sing. So M. BONNARD came to the rescue of RESZKE, and appeared as *Faust*. But why should hurting his ankle have prevented the JOHNIE from singing? Surely he might have come on in a bath-chair, and have made love to *Marguerite Eames* just as well seated as walking about. And think how touching the scene in the garden would have been, ending with invalided *Faust* wheeled by *Mephisto* up to the window, and stretching out from his bath-chair to embrace *Maggie*. However, this wasn't done, and BONNARD amply satisfied the *abonnés*, including critical Royalties. Opera went *Faust-rate*.

Miss EAMES wore a novelty in peasants' caps; her appearance in the cathedral scene being somewhat suggestive of old portraits of Mrs. SIDONS with her head bound up as *Lady Macbeth* suffering from toothache. Poor *Marguerite*! Another trouble added to her woes!

Saturday.—*Rentrée* of Madame ALBANI, with the two novelties, CREMONINI as *Lohengrin*, and MANTELLI as the Naughty 'Aughty *Ortruda* Intruder. Madame ALBANI always delightful as *Elsa*, "though personally," observes WAGSTAFF, taking me unawares, "I would rather see her as somebody else—a in another opera. This is to me a bit heavy. Nothing light or amusing, eh? There's no laugh in *Lohengrin*, though there's always a 'grin' in it." At sound of MANCINELLI rapping his desk sharply, and looking round severely straight at WAGSTAFF, the latter disappears, and, for this night only, is heard no more. End of first Polyglottic Opera week. DRURICIANUS delighted. Public ditto.

## "OUR BOBBY."

SUNG BY A SURREY MAN.

[ROBERT ABEL, the Surrey Cricketer, has already this season made three successive innings of over a hundred, one of them topping the two hundred.]

AIR—"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

GIN our BOBBY meet a loose one	GIN our BOBBY hits a hundred
Coming, low or high,	Three times running—well,
GIN our BOBBY smite that loose one,	Surrey long time of her BOBBY
Won't that loose one fly!	Will that story tell!
Surrey's BOBBY, short and cobby,	Ilka county has its crack bat, "
Hath sure hand and eye;	Surrey man am I,
And Surrey shouts when BOB	And Surrey's BOBBY bears the
A-BEL	bell,
Smacks up a century!	Yells Surrey in full cry!

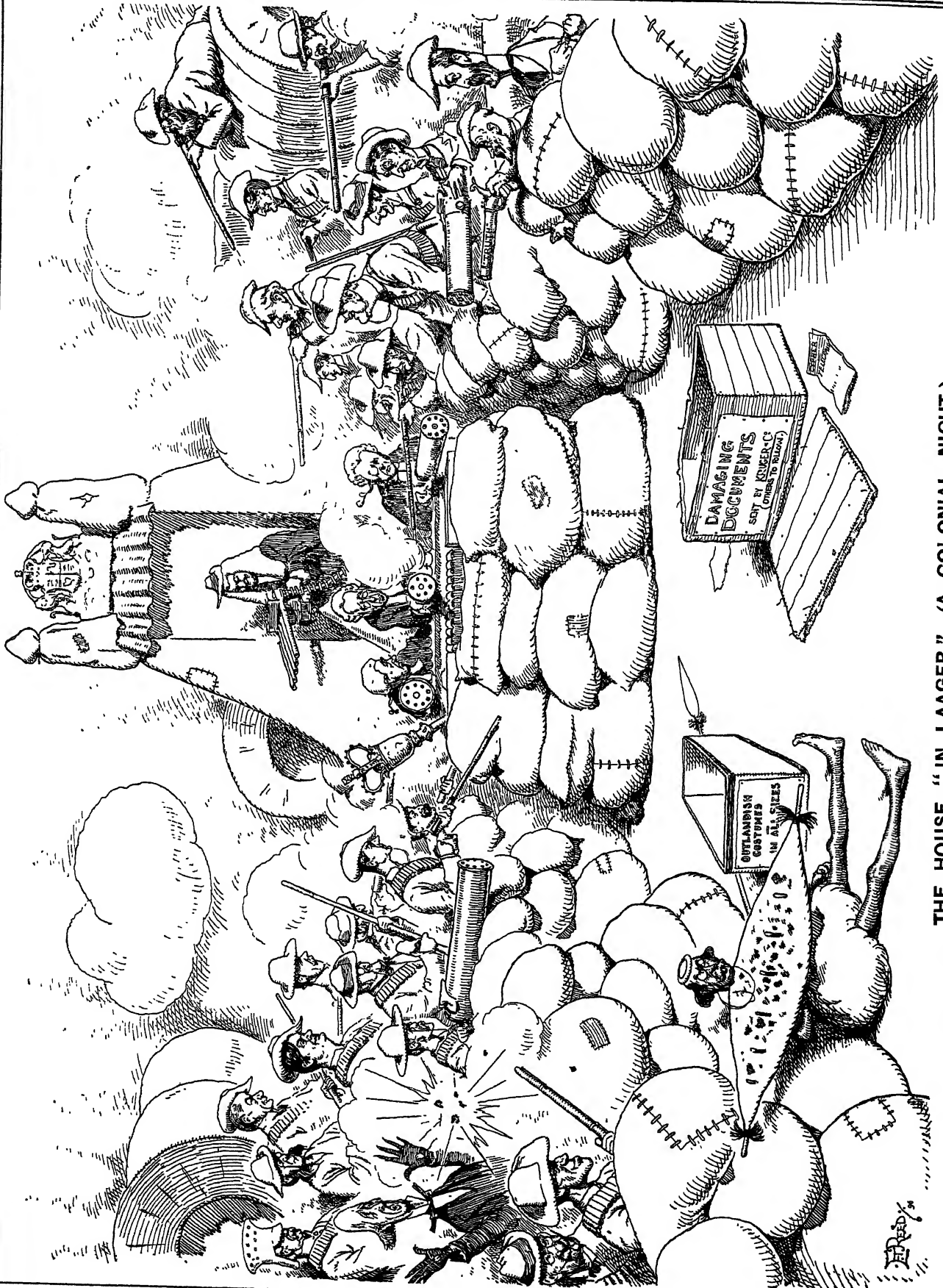
ANTIQUARIAN AND MODERN.—The name of the Coroner at Bethnal Green is Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT. Evidently old family.

"A painted vest Prince VORTIGERN had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandaire won."

Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT clearly descended from Prince VORTIGERN, who took the name of "Win-West-got." Subsequently "Wynn Westcott." After searching among traditions of his ancient line—which should be a clothes-line—Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT is reported to have said, the other day, that, the union of two blind people who met, loved, married, and lived happily ever afterwards, was "the most remarkable marriage he had ever heard of." But why? Love is blind: and in a true love-match both parties are quite blind. And so may they always continue to be, blind, that is, to each other's faults.

"PENNY WISE."—For a golden penny of the thirteenth century somebody gave £250 at the famous MONTAGU collection sale. At this rate, some of us could live on two-pence for some considerable time, without extravagance.

A CRICKET CHIEF.—Mr. C. I. THORNTON is familiarly known as "Buns," doubtless from his current style.



THE HOUSE "IN LAAGER." (A COLONIAL NIGHT.)

WITH A VERY LITTLE TROUBLE SO MUCH FRESH INTEREST AND LOCAL COLOUR MIGHT BE ADDED TO DEBATE !

Reed

## MASTER WILLIAM.

*With Apologies to the Author of  
"Alice in Wonderland."*

["Private letters received from Vienna report that the Emperor WILLIAM is by no means satisfied with the result of his interview with King HUMBERT at Venice. . . . The Emperor strongly recommended King HUMBERT to ignore England, and to seek to bring about a better understanding with Russia and France; but he utterly failed to change His Majesty's sentiments."—*Westminster Budget.*]

"You are young, Master WILLIAM," the old Sage said,  
"And you are not a SOLOMON, quite;  
And yet of Creation you'd stand on the head—  
Do you think, at your age, it's polite?"

"As to youth," Master WILLIAM replied, "that's your fun;  
Just look at my birth—and my brain!!!  
The rest of Creation, I'm certain, has none,  
And its very last chance is my reign!"

"You are young!" said the Sage, "as I mentioned before,  
And can hardly know what you are at;  
But you sent a ridiculous wire to the Boer—  
Now what was your object in that?"

"In my bib," said the boy, "I once read, on the sly,  
The story of 'Little Jack Horner';  
And now I've my finger in every-one's pie,  
And every corner's my corner!"



## WHAT OUR DRAMATIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*His Wife (reading a Sunday paper).* "A PROPOS OF HAMLET, THEY SAY HERE THAT YOU AND SHAKESPEARE REPRESENT THE VERY OPPOSITE POLES OF THE DRAMATIC ART!"

*He.* "AH! THAT'S A NASTY ONE FOR SHAKESPEARE!"

"You are young!" said the Sage,  
"and your judgment is weak,  
Your schemes are as strong as  
—chopped suet!  
Yet you give the whole universe  
lots of your cheek!  
Do tell why the dickens you do  
it!"

"My will," said the youth, "is  
the General Law!  
And to argue with me leads to  
strife!  
If the world will obey when I open  
my jaw,  
Things will go—for the rest of  
my life!"

"You are young!" said the Sage  
"Do you really suppose  
You can boss the Alliance for  
ever;  
And balance the world like an eel  
on your nose?  
What makes you conceive you're  
so clever?"

"I'm boss of three nations, but  
that's not enough,"  
Said the boy, "HUMBERT gives  
himself airs.  
If he talks of the English entente  
and such stuff,  
I shall just have to kick him  
downstairs!"

A MUSICAL NOTE.—Those who were unable to attend Herr WILLY BURMEISTER's second violin recital (it is a proof of modesty for one who is First Fiddler to play a second violin) have since lamented to the tune of "Oh, Willie we have Missed You!"

AXIOM IN THE DIVORCE COURT.  
—The promise of May is often the judgment of JEUNE.

## THE BOLD BUCCANEER.

*(An Up-to-date Drawing room Ballad for Young Britons of "Elizabethan" Enthusiasm.)*

OH, if I'd my choice of a living,  
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer,  
Hot beans to the Boers gaily giving,  
And besting the bumptious Mynheer.  
A latter-day DRAKE, or a RALEIGH,  
Is just what would suit me—you bet!  
Joe's scruples do make me feel crawly,  
Me—and the *St. James's Gazette*.  
I do hate these days of decorum,  
Law, order, and all such small beer,  
Rum and gunpowder mix for my jorum!  
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer!

Queen BESS knew a man when she saw him;  
Now if a true hero runs loose,  
There's lemon-tongued LARRY to "jaw" him,  
And OOM PAUL to twist him a noose.  
Oh! would I were Elizabethan,  
And singeing the King o' SPAIN's beard!  
BESS nothing loved better to see than  
One who, Don or Devil ne'er feared.  
She'd have given the Dutchman a  
drubbing,  
And made our new CECIL a Peer.  
Now a raid sets usfunking and blubbing,  
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer!

Gallant DRAKE, we're now told, was a pirate,  
And RALEIGH a mere filibuster!  
British prestige would stand at a high rate  
If "Robbers" like them we could muster.

But now if a RHODES goes a-raiding,  
He's promptly thrown over—by JOE,  
Midst crass Nonconformist upbraiding,  
And Radical hullabaloo.

If a patriot mustn't turn raider,  
For fear of some blooming Mynheer,  
Let who will be Soldier or Trader,  
I'd fain be a Bold Buccaneer!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 11.*—  
"Yes, TOBY, I am very much touched with my reception to-night," said Professor JEBB, polishing the nap of his hat with the cuff of his coat. "I am one of those persons who suffer on entrance to House of Commons by having established reputation outside. Of course on my own dunghill at Cambridge, if I please to crow, I expect to receive respectful attention. It's different here. Think I've heard you don't like Professors? Nevertheless, I had close and respectful hearing throughout my speech on Education Bill. It was the demonstration at the end that almost took my breath away with pleasure. Been speaking for more than half an hour. Had worked off one of my perorations. No use being niggardly, you know. Was at trouble to frame three; one in Greek; thought it would have good effect; would raise tone of debate."

"Consulted my colleague JOHN OF GORST. Said yes, it might do if I would make trans-

lation, have it printed in slips and sent round. Otherwise he was afraid the Borough Members would think I had dropped into Welsh. That hardly seemed worth while. So gave up the Greek; cut down perorations to bare two: delivered one, I trust not without grace, certainly not without effect. House not specially crowded at moment. Fancy they didn't know I was going to speak; benches opposite pretty full. When I came to last word of peroration Number One, Members opposite, unable any longer to control their feelings, with one accord leaped to their feet.

"There were forty of them at least. Have read of this kind of thing before, you know. During hot crises of Home-Rule Debate, the conclusion of Mr. G.'s great speeches, his entering and leaving the House at particular epochs, were made occasion for similar demonstrations. Members being on their feet waved their hats and cheered. Quite expected excited crowd opposite me to do the same. Fancy, they were afraid of SPEAKER interfering. Anyhow, each man of them stood with head craned forward, eye fixed with agonized glance on SPEAKER. Scene almost painful in its intensity; didn't desire to prolong it. So, bowing my acknowledgments, and with difficulty controlling my emotion, I went on again.

"At sound of my voice, Members opposite plumped down into their seats with such haste that one inadvertently put his hat on in the wrong place. This too much for friends near me, who burst into roar of laughter. Don't think it laughing matter. The whole scene"

evidence of the honourable emotion that underlies ordinarily repellant appearance of House. It is profoundly moved by sound argument conveyed in lucid speech, occasionally rising to flights of eloquence. Wish I knew Member who audibly sat on his hat; would like secretly to convey to him a new one."

Pity SARR wasn't by to hear this. He would cheerfully have told the Professor he was labouring under a misapprehension; that the crowd of Members leaping to their feet thought he had finished his speech, and were merely trying to catch the SPEAKER's eye. I, more tender-hearted, said nothing.

*Business done.*—Speech making round Education Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Spite of all hints to the contrary, there is a good deal of humour about the House of Commons. Nothing could be finer in its way than assumption on Opposition side of indignant grief at PRINCE ARTHUR's determination to close to-night debate on Education Bill. Been dragging on forlornly through five nights—or is it five weeks? On successive days has been first order. House usually full at question time. Questions over, SPEAKER observes, "The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day."

Instantly movement amongst serried ranks. Clerk's response quickens it. "The Education Bill; second reading." These simple words act upon gathering like a cry of "Fire!" Everybody makes for the door—everybody save JOHN OF GORST, who, as Minister in charge of Bill, must at least put on appearance of attending to debate; a Member of Front Opposition Bench deputed to represent a late and now absent Ministry; and some thirty or forty Members dispersed over benches. Every man of these last is clutching the paper he hopes to be able to read, hungrily watching the Member on his feet, anxious chiefly to know, not what he thinks of the four-shilling grant, the new local authority, or the Cowper-Temple clause, but at what precise minute he will sit down, and make opening for another.

Of course there have been variations, when some important or attractive speaker has taken up the running. But this the general aspect. Then comes PRINCE ARTHUR with the blessed shears, and threatens to cut the thin spun thread. Instantly Opposition get their back up. If there is one thing Members to left of SPEAKER desire more earnestly than opportunity for taking part in debate, it is the luxury of hearing others speak. Their emotion so overpowering, cannot trust themselves to remain in their places through this the last prized opportunity. Through the long hours benches empty; aspect of place as dreary as heretofore. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, much as he has suffered through a blameless life, this the unkindest cut of all. If there was for him one pathway on which Duty and Pleasure met, and walked hand in hand in placid delight, it was listening to debate on Education Bill. Hardly could he be torn away from Front Bench to eat a dry crust. As for a cigar, wouldn't look at one longer than his forefinger. Looking forward through it all to pleasure of himself contributing to the swelling tide of heart-stirring eloquence that had seethed around this stage of the Bill. Proposal to closure debate on the fifth night too much for him.

"If they're going to closure," said he, "let them gag me too."

So the noblest Roman of them all sat in statuesque silence, an attitude infinitely more eloquent than the most persuasive speech.

*Business done.*—Second reading Education Bill carried by 423 votes against 156.

*Thursday.*—The crowning distress of agriculture is, that it is personally represented in House of Commons by the plumpiest of our fellow-kind, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. It has ever been thus. Years ago, the sorrows of the farmer used to be chanted by JAMES HOWARD, Member for Bedfordshire in the 1880-5 Parliament. He was himself something in the agricultural implement line, and had many means of knowing how farming business prospered or otherwise. Then, as now, it was generally otherwise. But when HOWARD was on his feet, his rosy face illumined with content, his paunchy person plainly full of beef or mutton, the whole thing came to have farcical air predestinating his advocacy to defeat.

Same in its way to-day with the more-than-ever ruined farmer. SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, in charge of Rating Bill, can hardly be regarded as an object-lesson in agricultural distress. When resisting amendments, he does his best to put on haggard look. But success not thorough.

Then there's Major RASCH, with whose constituents in Essex things are so bad that he always walks to London at opening of Session. To-night he came up again with his dolorous tale. Once in happy Essex it was twenty tenants running after a farm; now it is twenty farms running after a tenant. As for the landlords their position is hopeless.

"Isn't there someone in SHAKESPEARE, TOBY, dear boy," he said, as he dallied over the basin of *soupe maigre* that serves for his evening meal, "who remarks, 'See what a rent the envious Casca made?' I don't remember at the moment what line of business Casca took, whether he owned land or houses. But I'll undertake to say that if he'll come down to Essex and put his money in land, he'll make no rent at all."

This doubtless not exaggeration of a sad case. Only to have it set

forth by a man of RASCH's appearance—plump, well set up, well dressed, to-night gay with bouquettéd button-hole—there is certain incongruity about situation that fatally militates against effect of appeal. *Business done.*—In committee on Agricultural Rating Bill.

## RUSS VERY MUCH IN URBE.

(By our Trusted Correspondent at the Coronation.)

You were quite right to let me go to Moscow in good time. As you had foreseen, apartments were at a premium. I have had the greatest difficulty in getting what is called over here a *shakedown*. It is a sort of temporary shelter. I sleep on a *couchette*—a kind of sofa—situated in what they quaintly term a *third-floor-backsk*. My room is very near the clouds, or, to use Russian, the *skisky*. The place is filling fast, but at present most of the important personages are absent. The Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT will be here before this packet reaches you. As you know, H.R.H. commands at Aldershot, and the Duchess is the daughter of that gallant warrior who was known in the Franco-German War as "the Red Prince." All the military men of the various nationalities are wearing their uniforms. Those who come from England appear usually in scarlet.



And now, no doubt, you would like some account of Moscow. Well, a good deal of it has been re-built since it was burned to the basement in the time of NAPOLEON THE GREAT. When the fire to which I refer took place, the snow was lying thick on the ground—at the moment of writing the trees are in leaf and the flowers in bloom. Of course, I was not present at the *conflagration* (Russian for "the fire"), but one of the oldest inhabitants tells me—so far as I can understand his lingo—that "the contrast between then and now was very marked." I have no great faith in Muscovite veracity, but this statement savours of truth.

Moscow is full of streets. Each street has several lights, placed in a sort of receptacle for gas jets, called *lampostoffs*. The city, as a whole, is something like Fulham *plus* a dash of Venice, with a *souppon* of Paris thrown in. It is rather difficult to give a better description. The principal church is called the Kremlin. It has a gilded roof, and in this respect resembles to some extent the cross at the summit of the dome of St. Paul's.

Of course it is impossible to describe the Coronation until it has taken place—quite impossible. However, it is an open secret that the CZAR is to wear a crown on the occasion. He is to put this head-gear on the top of his head, and then to take it off to put on the head of the CZARINA. Then there is to be much shouting, and some soldiers (belonging I am told to the Artillery) are to let off some cannons. This is the programme as at present arranged, but like all other programmes is, of course, subject to alteration.

For the moment, I do not think I can tell you any more. In my next I may be able to give you some account of the public monuments. To the best of my recollection they consist of the Russian Museum, the South Moscow Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, the Muscovite School of Mines (in Jermynoff Streetski), and the Earlscurtskoff Exhibition. I cannot verify these statements as, unfortunately, I have mislaid my guide-book. But of one thing I am certain, you were most wise in sending me to Russia, as I could not possibly have given you the above interesting account had I remained in Fleet Streetski. I should say Fleet Street. And with this remark I drop into Anglo-French and write "a do."

AMONG THINGS NOT JENNERALLY KNOWN.—The cost of an annual celebration of the First Inoculation at Bückeburg is decried, so the *Standard* correspondent informs us, "out of a fund established by a contemporary of Dr. JENNER, a Dr. FAUST." A *Doctor Faust*, forsooth! There can be but one Dr. Faust, and if so, wasn't inoculation the invention of *Mephistopheles*? This may add another feather to the cap of *Mephisto*, but it will serve as a powerful argument on the side of the angels, that is, the anti-vaccinators, and therefore the anti-Faust-and-Mephistopheles combination.

"THE BLUE, THE FRESH, &C."—There is a "Real Blue Hungarian Band." Why not "The True Blue"? And an "Original Blue Hungarian" ditto. Anybody suffering from "doleful dumps," the result of dyspepsia, can try the homeopathic principle of curing like with like, and attempt to dispel his melancholia by getting the Blues, above-mentioned, to play a few tunes to him.

A CHEF'S EPIGRAMMATIC DESCRIPTION OF GRAND FESTIVITIES DURING THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.—"*Menu, tout à la Russe. Spécialité, Sauce Tartare.*"



## HOW TO ENJOY THE BANK HOLIDAY.

(By our amusing Domestic Jester.)

ORGANISE an "At Home" for one of your friends by writing to say that some one (signature illegible) is only "a day or two in town," and will look in "during Monday afternoon." Select an amiable acquaintance, and the chances are ten to one that he (or, better still, she) will "stay in," so as not to miss the promised visit. If the good-natured he or she has projected a run into the country, which has consequently to be abandoned, so much the better.

Send bogus cards of admission to various places of entertainment to those who are likely to use them. Of course you must choose the more guileless of your circle, or the fraud will be detected. All you have to do is to secure old vouchers, and alter the dates. If any one goes a long journey on a fool's errand, the fun, it is obvious, will be fast and furious.

If you obtain a form of summons (any barrister will give you one, or tell you where to get it at a law stationer's), and fill it up for libel, with enormous damages, you have the foundation for an excellent practical joke. Drop it into the letter-box of a nervous



## EPISCOPAL HUMOUR.

*Effie (who has come to spend a week at the Palace). "I THINK I OUGHT TO TELL YOU AT ONCE, GRANDPAPA, THAT I DON'T CARE FOR ANY JOKES UNLESS THEY'RE THE VERY BEST!"*

man. When the nervous man receives it at the hands of his servant, he will almost have a fit. It will be a pity that you cannot witness the scene, but it should afford you endless amusement to imagine it.

If you do not mind plagiarism, you can issue circulars inviting tradesmen to send in goods of all descriptions to one of the more wealthy of your friends. Something like this has been done in the past by an eminent practical joker. However, the suggested modern piece of wagery has this advantage over the drollery of long ago—the orders requiring execution on a Bank Holiday, will cause increased embarrassment and confusion.

If you are asked to explain the point of all this light-hearted vivacity, you may say that it is appropriate to W(h)it Monday; and if this is not deemed sufficient, you may add that you have dropped the aspirate, because it is never sounded in "Arry."

ABSENT OMEN.—ALFONSO THE THIRTEENTH, King of Spain, has just attained his tenth year. Let us hope that this does not imply the decadence of the dynasty. Mr. Punch wishes him many returns derived from Cuban tobacco revenues.

## CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—We had a delightful drive down from London to Kempton Park, and I felt quite Watteau-like as I looked on the lilacs, laburnums, and chestnut trees *en route*. I did not occupy the box seat, because Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS, who really gets more *passée* and more assertive every day of her life, claimed that position. But, as I told Lord ARTHUR, who laughed heartily, it does not do to contest the claims of those who are approaching *fin de demi-siècle*. The other members of our party consisted of Lady TYPINA TIPCOT (own aunt to the Duke of BATTLEDORE and SHUTTLECOCK), Sir WILLOUGHBY WEAR, Q.C. (who bored everybody by his very broad references to the Divorce Court, where I firmly believe he lives with Sir FRANCIS JEUNE), Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS, the poet (whose acquaintance you will remember I made at the Eldorado Music-hall), Mr. and Mrs. NIBBLETHORPE NOBBES, of Nobbes Hall, Staffordshire, not young, but rich and bucolic, Baron STEWART DE TOZA, a Portuguese gentleman with a cast of feature not unlike that of the late Lord BEAONSFIELD (by birth, he told me, that he was a compatriot of CAMOENS, but by instinct a Scotchman, his mother being a member of the noble family of MACDUNIWASSER), and Mr. and Miss KAMP-TULCON (his sister), Mr. K.-T. being, as I understand, an owner of fossil ivory mines in Siberia. Certainly both he and Miss K.-T. had most exquisite false teeth. In fact, our party was an *olla podrida*, or rather *bouillabaisse* of humanity, a

What a wondrous place is Kempton! Imagine, *ma toute belle*, a glorious pleasure (wherein I am told Queen ELIZABETH, in the days of her spinsterhood and threatened by horrible forecasts, used to ramble), dotted with magnificent trees, and adorned with exquisite places of vantage, called in racing parlance "stands!" Flowers were to be seen on all sides, and the Prince of WALES had luncheon in a pavilion which the Sultan of TURKEY, or the late lamented Shah of PERSIA, might have envied. Lord ARTHUR introduced me, when we were strolling to the Paddock, to a very handsome gentleman with merry eyes and a *débonnaire* aspect; he was none other, I ascertained, than Mr. S. H. HYDE, the presiding genius of this great show, which *Aladdin* would not have been ashamed to bring to the notice of the Princess of China. "Well," he asked, pleasantly, "what do you think of Kempton?" "It ought to be called Hyde

Park," I replied, with a curtsy. The manager blushed and hurried away, while dear Lord ARTHUR congratulated me on what he called my "*à propos mot*." And yet I hoped that Mr. HYDE would not hold me to be unmaidenly in giving out a *calembour* which instinctively leapt to the tip of my tongue, as did Venus from the sea.

I would, dearest, that you could have seen the *toilettes* in the Club enclosure. Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS says that they reminded him of a bevy of startled peacocks. His simile is not altogether without verisimilitude. The delicate bloom of the egg-plum, the verdant hue of the early pea, and the assertive tint of the ripe tomato, mingled in more than one costume with the colours orange, red, and lemon of the varied nasturtiums, and the bright aggressiveness of the sun-flower, which has not quite made up its mind whether it ought not to pose as a new sort of chrysanthemum. *Quel luxe!* I noticed one tall, fair woman, with a cloak made of black lambs' tails, and a *petite dame*, whose features are not unfamiliar to students of Messrs. CAMERA and OBSCURA's art, clad in a richly embroidered costume made of pillow-casing, such as could be only supplied by— I will analyse!

I now turn to the great race itself. *Ciel!* What a commotion about the galloping of a few horses! In spite of the racing, which might have proved a distraction, we had a happy day. Try asparagus with turmeric sauce. The dish, so papa declares, who curiously enough won over *Victor Wild*, is only equalled by tomatoes *au vin blanc*. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

\* The name of the maker need not be bolstered up.—ED.

† Our correspondent is not engaged as an analyst, so much matter is here deleted.—ED.

"LEO THE TERRIBLE."—A paragraph in *The Weekly Register* recounts how the POPE "began on Tuesday his accustomed summer walks in the Vatican gardens, where he remained from ten till five, receiving the heads of the Capuchins in the new pavilion." The italics are ours. What a terrible scene in this "so-called nineteenth century." Why, the tyrant NERO himself "is not in it" with Pope Leo "receiving the heads of the Capuchins." We ask, *what became of the bodies?* Surely civilised Europe will ask this; and, as among the unfortunate Capuchins there were probably some British subjects, will there not be a question in the House of Commons, put, let us suggest, by Colonel SAUNDERSON?



### THE KRÜGER CAT.

["The President throughout this crisis has shown himself to be not ungenerous, and eminently shrewd. To play fast and loose with his principal captives is neither generous nor shrewd."—*Times*.]



## LOVE'S ENDURANCE.

Miss Dolly (to her fiancé). "OH, JACK, THIS IS DELIGHTFUL! IF YOU'LL ONLY KEEP UP THE PACE, I'M SURE I SHALL SOON GAIN CONFIDENCE!" [Poor Jack has already run a mile or more, and is very short of condition.]

## NEVER MIND!

(Parody of Poe by a Parliamentary Poet.)

Sir W. Harcourt. "What did the right hon. gentleman (Mr. BALFOUR) say the other day?" Mr. Balfour. "Never mind!"

Report on Agricultural Rating Bill.

WHEN upon a May night dreary M.P.'s ponder, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint amendment, quite the usual Party "blind,"  
When they're nodding, nearly napping, and Sir WILLIAM smartly  
slapping

On the box, with view to trapping, asks a question, rude, unkind,  
Then the Leader well may mutter, lank and languidly reclined  
On his bench, "Oh, never mind!"

What the dickens *does* it matter, this recriminatory chatter,  
This superfluous Party clatter rude, irrelevant, unrefined?  
Yesterday is not to-morrow! Party 'vantage would you borrow  
From last week? I ask in sorrow—sorrow for such waste of wind—  
What I said last year, last week, if me to *that* you'd harshly bind,  
I must answer "Never mind!"

Well of words may I be thrifty, with a hundred votes and fifty,  
Ready, howsoever shifty be my schemes, to seal and bind  
Every oracle I utter! If you think my calm you'll flutter  
By your retrospective splutter, you're mistaken, as you'll find.  
CHAPLIN may compete with you in eloquence of Rhodian kind,  
My reply is—"Never mind!"

And the Leader, never quitting, still is sitting, s'ill is sitting,  
On that cosy Treasury Bench, in lolling languor limp reclined;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a Gallo who is dreaming,  
And the Rads with wild wrath screaming seem to him as summer wind.  
And when stout Sir WILLIAM wakes him with a question of this kind,  
He will yawn out "Never mind!"

## TIPS FOR TRADERS.

(See the Report of our Consul at Cherbourg.)

ALWAYS start with the assumption that you are doing a very con-  
descending act in allowing the dratted foreigner to purchase any of  
your coal, iron, shirtings, chemicals, or whatever it may be.

Never take the trouble to translate your trade circulars into any  
foreign tongue. To make out their meaning will be a useful lesson  
in English for the poor jabbering Frenchman, Italian, or Teuton.

Bearing in mind that the decimal system prevails in France, quote  
all your prices in pounds, shillings, and pence. The mental anguish

which this will cause to your (possible) French customers will be a  
fitting return for their nastiness about Egypt, Siam, &c.

Remember that the only dignified international attitude to adopt  
to an obviously inferior race is to fling your goods down, and say,  
"Take them or leave them!" This is what makes Englishmen so  
popular on the Continent.

As the German firms that compete with you take great care to  
send engaging and polyglottic young men to push their goods in  
France, you had better send nobody, but manage everything by  
correspondence—in English, of course.

If you *do* forget yourself so far as to despatch a traveller abroad,  
be very careful to pick out a person who knows no French, and less  
German, and who will make it quite plain to everybody he meets  
that he considers English the only "language" in the world, all the  
others being "lingos."

Don't yield to the nonsense of Consuls, and other ignorant people,  
who tell you that to gain the custom of foreigners you must drop  
some of your own. Don't "stoop to conquer." Brusquerie and  
business, bad manners and good trade, are intimately allied.

Lastly, if you *do* manage to get an order abroad, give as much  
trouble to your customer as you can, by leaving him to arrange for pay-  
ment of customs dues, delivery, and so on. It will do him good. Most  
foreigners are very lazy, and you should try and cure them of this trait.

## COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

IV.—ASTERS.

O ASTER, on the garden bed  
A man might sing the grace you  
shed  
In living metres or in dead,  
In sonnets or in sapphics.  
As one who'd gladly hymn your  
praise  
It grieves me, fills me with amaze,  
To find you are, in learned phrase,  
A "pejorative affix"!

A blossom all devoid of thorn  
In speech's kindly garden born  
Becomes the very flower of scorn,  
If grafted on an aster:  
And so at times, sweet Aster, all  
Your sweetness may be turned to  
gall—  
If, for example, one should call  
A wit a witticaster.

And if the critics—race sublime—  
Would make an onslaught on my  
rhyme,  
In sheer contempt they write that  
I'm  
The worst of poetasters;  
While I retort, to trump their eard,  
That I, as well befits a bard,  
Reserve the right to disregard  
All drivelling criticasters.

So, Aster, though a glow you  
shed  
In summer on the garden bed,  
No sonnet simmers in my head  
For you, nor any sapphics;  
Because, although in many ways  
A subject worthy of my lays,  
I cannot bring myself to praise  
A pejorative affix!

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XIII.

*Drawbacks and advantages of being engaged. Some Meditations in a Music-hall, together with notes of certain things that Mr. Jabberjee failed to understand.*

My preceding article announced the important intelligence of my betrothal, in which I was then too much the neophyte to express any very opinionated judgment as to the pros or cons of my approaching benediction as a *Benedick* (if I may be allowed a somewhat humorous pun).

*L'appétit vient en mangeant*, and I am blessing my stars more fervidly every day for the lucky windfall which has bolted upon me from the blue.

All the select boarders were speedily informed of my engagement, and the males, though profuse in their congratulations, did manifest their green-eyed monster by sundry veiled chucklings and rib-pokings, while the ladies—especially Miss SPINK—are become less pressing in their attentions, and address me as "Prince" with increased frequency, and in a tone of tittering acridulation.

This, however, is attributable to natural disappointment; for it was notorious that all of them, even the least prepossessing, were on the tiptoe of languishing expectancy that I should cast my handkerchief in one of their directions. But the feminine nature is not capable of sustaining the good-fortune of another member of their sex with good-humoured complacency!

On the other hand, I enjoy many privileges and bonuses. I am permitted to enter Mrs. MANKLETOW's private parlour *ad libitum*, and there converse with my beloved, calling her "JESSIE," and even embrace her in moderation. I may also embrace her Mother, and address her as "Mamma," which affords me raptures of a less tumultuous kind.

Moreover now, when I conduct my *inamorate* to an entertainment, it is no longer *de rigueur* for any third party to impersonate a gooseberry!

The mention of entertainments reminds me that, a few evenings ago, I escorted her to a music-hall, wherein, although I had previously believed myself a past master in the shibboleth of London Cockneyisms and technical terminology, I heard and saw much which was *au bout de mon Latin*, and the head impossible to be made out of the tail.

E.g., there were two young lady-performers alleged by the programme to be "Serios and Bone Soloists," whereas they were the reverse of lugubrious; nor were their physiognomies fleshless or osseous; but, on the contrary, so shapely and well-favoured that JESSIE did remonstrate with me upon the perseverance with which I gazed at them.

And I could not at all find any one to explain to me the difference between a "Comedian" and a "Comic"; or a "Comedian and Patterer" and an "Eccentric Comedian"; or a "Society Belle" and a "Burlesque Artiste"; or, again, "A Sketch Artiste" and a "Specialty Dancer." For to me they seemed all precisely similar. There were "Four Charming Lyric Sisters," who performed a dance in long expansive skirts, and in conclusion did all turn heels-over-head in simultaneity; but this, it seems, was, contrary to my expectancy, *not* to dance a specialty. Speaking for my humble part, I am respectfully of opinion that lovely woman loses in queenly dignity by the abrupt execution of a somersault; however, the feat did indubitably excite vociferous applause from the spectators.

Further there appeared a couple of Duettists in ordinary evening habiliments, who sang in unison with egregious melodiousness. One was plump as a partridge; the other thin as a weasel; and they related how they were both the adorers of a certain lovely damsel called "SALLY," who was the darling of their co-operative hearts, and resided in their Alley. And of all the days in the week they dearly loved Sunday, because then they were dressed in all their best, and went for a walk with SALLY.

I should have thought that it was not humanly feasible for SALLY to continue such periodical promenades without exhibiting some pre-

ferential kind of choice, either for the partridge or the weasel, and that such a triangular courtship and triple alliance would infallibly terminate in the apple of discord, but JESSIE did assure me that it was quite usual and the correct cheese for a girl to have more than one beau upon her string.

I made the further observation that the Comedians and Comics must be reduced to extreme pauperism, since they presented themselves before a well-dressed, respectable audience in garb of unparagoned shabbiness, and with hair of unbrushed wildness, and needing immediate tonsure.

One songster did offer some excuse for the poverty of his appearance, telling us his hard case, how that he was occupied in declaring his passion to a beauteous damsel, when she was "all over him in a minute," and, while he was making love to the pretty stars above, she cleared out all his pockets in a minute! At which many laughed; but, though Jove is said to regard lovers' perjuries with

cachinnation, I could not help feeling the most pitiable sympathy for such a disappointing conclusion to a love affair, seeing that it is impossible for the comeliest nymph who returns her admirer's devotion by stealing his purse, and similar trash, to remain posed any longer upon the towering pedestal of an ideal. Upon making this remark to JESSIE, however, she uttered the repartee that I was the silly noodle; though she is, I am sure, notwithstanding her attachment to gewgaws, not capable of descending personally to such light-fingered tactics.

I was additionally bewildered by a chorus chanted by one of the Society Belles, which I took down *verbatim*, in the hope of a solution. It was as follows: "For I like a good liar, indeed I do! Provided he comes out with something new! But why did he tell me that story with whiskers on, why, why, why?"

Now to me it is wholly incomprehensible that the female intelligence should admire mendacity in the opposite sex on the sole conditions that the said liar should present himself in some novel article of attire, and, previously to relating his untruth, remove from his cheeks any hirsute appendages. One of the boarders whom I consulted on the subject attempted to persuade me that it was the *story* that had the whiskers; but it is nonsensical to suppose that a purely abstract affair like an untruth could be furnished with capillary growth, which belongs to the concrete department.

There was a lady described as an "incomparable Comedienne," who was the victim of unexampled bad luck. For she had purchased a camera (which she exhibited to the assembly), and with this she had gone about photographing landscapes and other sceneries. But, lack-a-daisy! no sooner were they printed than the pictures were discovered to be irretrievably spoilt by objects in the foreground of such doubtful propriety that they were not exactly fit to place among her brick-backs, so she was compelled to keep them in a drawer among her knick-nacks!

I should have liked her to inform us where such a faulty mechanism was procured, and why she did not exchange it for one of superior competency.

She was succeeded on the stage by a little girl with a hoop, who bore a striking resemblance to her predecessor, and was probably her infantile daughter. This child was evidently of a greatly inquisitive disposition, and asked many questions of her progenitors which they were unable to answer, bidding her not to bother, and to go away and play.

Then she asked a juvenile boy (who remained invisible), called "JOHNNY JONES," and informed us that "she knew now." But I was still in the total darkness as to the answers, which even JESSIE declared that she was "*Davus, non Edipus*," and not able to provide with the correct solutions.

Upon the whole, I am of opinion that music-halls are more fertile in mental puzzlement and social problems, and more difficult of comprehension, than theatrical entertainments.

This is, no doubt, why the spectators are allowed to consume liquors and sandwiches throughout the performance, since it is well known that the brain cannot carry on its *modus operandi* with efficiency if the stomach is in the beggarly array of an empty box!



"In garb of unparagoned shabbiness."



## EASTBOURNE FOR THE CZAR!

(By our Trusted Reporter.)

In obedience to your instructions, "to keep my eye on the Coronation of the Emperor of Russia," I proceeded on Monday, May 18, to Eastbourne. I found the place *en fête*. The streets were thronged with people; from house to house, from pole to pole, hung a profusion of paper-flowers. There were stands on the Grand Parade, and bunting everywhere. Also a first-rate band supported in an alcove over the sad sea waves.

"What is the event of the day?" I asked, after a careful inspection of the decorations.

"The Gymkhana in the South Fields at 1.30," was the immediate reply.

Then I worried about this explanation. "The Gymkhana!" What on earth was it? It sounded like an Eastern potentate, or a delicious rival to "rahat lakum." But why should a swarthy monarch go to the South Fields at lunch-time? Or why should an oriental sweetstuff be there distributed at such an hour? Perhaps for tiffin. Pleasant recollection. Tiffin another name for midday meal. Lunch!

I had bought a local paper. Among the advertisements was much about a certain hotel. I would trust to the praises of the *réclames*. I went, I saw, and was conquered. Could not get a table near the window. Had to wait twenty minutes for a steak. Found a hole in the table-cloth, and successfully contested the total of the bill.

Out of temper. Renewed search for "Gymkhana." I wandered, until at length I arrived (outside the town) at the skeletons of about a square mile of booths. I asked elderly individual for explanation.

"Not know what *that* is!" he exclaimed, in an ecstasy of astonishment. And then he told me; but unfortunately I have forgotten what he said. I fancy the booths were for agricultural show, or steeple-chases, or international exhibition, or something or other. But, at any rate, they were not intended for the "Gymkhana."

"Why, surely the South Fields are yonder," continued the elderly individual. And so they were. And in them I found the object of my search. All the aristocracy, gentry, and inhabitants (more or less) of Eastbourne and its vicinity, were scattered in a meadow watching the skill of some yeomanry and volunteers. The Gymkhana was a provincial edition of the Military Tournament at Islington.

As I approached, two gallant cavalry men of the auxiliaries were attempting to thump one another with single-sticks, but their cautious chargers knew better, and declined to take the champions within striking distance. The horses seemed of a superior breed to those accustomed to the shafts of a bathing-machine, or the burdens imposed on the animal let out at sixpence an hour at Hampstead on a bank holiday. But for all that, and all that, the brutes were so obstinate, that they would have been the better for the chastisement of a cane-bearing donkey boy. The Yeomanry won their prizes amidst the attention of the snap-shot photographers and the cheers of the mighty multitude. Then came performance of massed bands, and Monday ended in harmony.

Tuesday was devoted to "Battle of Flowers," and "State Procession of decorated Coaches, Carriages, and Equestrians in Costume." The last was pleasing, the first fairly exhilarating. The horses and ponies looked more dignified than their drivers, and the contest with *confetti* conjured back Nice and Naples—of course, with a difference.

But space runs short. During the remainder of the week the Australian cricketers played at the Saffrons, and there were a procession of cyclists in grotesque costumes, a military concert, and a fancy-dress ball in Devonshire Park. Then, to conclude the six days with a blaze of triumph, Saturday ended with an "illuminated *fête* and fireworks." And now I have described the manner in which the CZAR'S coronation was celebrated at Eastbourne.

## "CHESTNUT SUNDAY."

(A Reminiscence.)

<p>BENEATH the pyramids of flowers, Pink-yellow flecked on white, You told me of a coming doom Black as a starless night. How, when the trees were reft of green, The branches gaunt above,</p>	<p>There came a warning unforeseen That robb'd you of my love. Your prophecy was all too true, While Breach of Promise waits for you, Under the chestnuts I renew The vows you broke with Number Two.</p>
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CAUTION TO MONEYLENDERS (in view of a recent sentence).—Remember the "*Argumentum ad Pocketum*."



## GOLF NOTES.

Old Hand. "Ah, I HEARD YOU'D JOINED. BEEN ROUND THE LINKS YET?"

New Hand. "OH, YES. WENT YESTERDAY."

Old Hand. "WHAT DID YOU GO ROUND IN?"

New Hand. "OH, MY ORDINARY CLOTHES!"

## GOLF IN ZUMMERZET.

(John Tazewell's account of the matter.)

VINE doins to Ham, do ee zay? Zo be, for sure;  
But take a glass, now do ee, an' wark indoor.  
Us ha'n't a-zin ee to Ham vor more'n wik,  
Be allus a welcome here, you do know, Mas'r DICK.  
Well, Pa'son beant quite exactly,\* as you mid zay,  
Do reckon 'tes ari along o' yon new play:  
Be vair a-tookt wi' 't, Squire an' Pa'son be,  
First thing come marnin' play ari day till tea;  
An' Pa'son, I tell ee, he be the one to strike,  
Do make barl fly—there, I never zee the like.  
To yeer they tark, 'tes nobbut double Dutch,  
Wi' their bunkers, stymies, mashies, cleeks, an' such;  
"By Jove, 'tes gobble," Squire do zay, "dormy three."  
'Tes, as I tell ee, heathen Dutch to we.  
They do take along our JOHNNY to oar their sticks,  
A tarr'ble plenty, zo many as vive or six;  
An' never doant use zame stick vor more 'n one hit—  
Zim beant no reason, not one mo'sel bit.  
I do reckon as Pa'son be goin' clear ari' 's head.  
Lor bless ee, our JOHNNY 've a-yeerd un zay wer dead—  
An' him zo lively as hop-frogs down to rhine!†  
Beant quite exactly, I warr nt—'tes sartain sign.  
One day I a-zeed un sarchin' up an' down,  
Zo went an' helped un like till barl wer youn'.  
"Be arter barls, Zur, beant ee, every day,  
When art vor to be arter souls," I do up an' zay.  
Wer proper angry, wer. But there, let be.  
A kinder gen'l'm'n us doant wish vor to zee—  
Ari zed an' done, be good enough vor we.

\* "Not exactly," i.e. not quite right in the head. † "Rhine," i.e. ditch.

GOOD MEN FOR MAKING RUNS.—The Messrs. TROTT of Australia.



## DEGENERACY.

Five. "WHAT'S COME TO JOHNNY HORNER? I NEVER SEE HIM DOWN THE RIVER NOW."  
 Cox. "OH NO. HE DOES NOTHING BUT HOCKEY AND BICYCLING. IT'S AN AWFUL PITY  
 A MAN WITH A GOOD CHANCE OF THE FIRST BOAT SHOULD HAVE BECOME SO EFFEMINATE!"

## ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

TOM HOOD AS A POET.

(Concluded)

OF "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" it is not so necessary to speak, for even the greater public, who look upon Hood as a punning humorist, know that he was responsible for these two cries of suffering and indignation which have echoed and re-echoed through the years. Yet it is a high privilege for one who writes in *Punch* to remember that "The Song of the Shirt" first appeared from these pages to the sympathy of the world.

BUT a word must be said of Hood the Satirist, and I would refer those who wish to

know him in this character to the "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire." In this piece Hood uses all his gifts, his word-twisting power, his fierce indignation, his humble piety, his tolerant charity, his rhyme, his rhythm—all are there. It is full of lines that must live.

I pray for grace, repent each sinful act—  
 Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;  
 And love my neighbour, far too well, in fact,  
 To call and twit him with a godly tract  
 That's turned by application to a libel.  
 My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven.  
 All creeds I view with toleration thorough,  
 And have a horror of regarding heaven  
 As anybody's rotten borough.

AND here again—

I do not hash the gospel in my books,  
 And thus upon the public mind obtrude it,

As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,  
 No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it.  
 But the whole piece teems with such flashes  
 of wit, and there are passages of noble poetry  
 in it; as, for example, the lines beginning  
 One place there is—beneath the burial sod—  
 which prove again, if any further proof were  
 needed, Tom Hood's title "to find honour-  
 able mention in any recital of the names of  
 those who have contributed to the stock of  
 genuine English Poetry."

## SARTOR AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

["The Tailor and Cutter, has sent a Special  
 Commissioner to the Legislature to report on the  
 attire of the Ministers."—*Daily News*.]

AN! Here's your true "Sartor Resartus,"

A fice for TOMMY CARLYLE!

Dear Tailor and Cutter, impart us

The secrets of cut and of style!

As tried by *The Tailor and Cutter*,

How wondrous a thing is the world!

Lord SALISBURY'S coat is too utter!

And how TAY PAY'S "collars" are

curled!

They "curl the wrong way"—like his

Party—

And so he goes wrong in his vote.

You can gauge DILLON, "TIM," or

MCCARTHY

At once, by the cut of his coat.

Dr. AMBROSE'S grey is a torment,

And where is the Markie's taste,

When he wears that vile nondescript

garment,

With "lapels that roll to the waist"?

We all know our JOE as a dandy,

His smart D. B. frock is so trim,

With orchid to buttonhole handy,

What can be the matter with him?

What wonder the Dutchman has "shut

on"

Smart "Pushful," with sinister guile,

JOE'S vest, which is "short of a button,"

Suggests he is "short of a tile"!

Our woe at the thought who can utter?

But surely we ought to apply

The tests of *The Tailor and Cutter*

To all our great men. Let us try!

## BIKE! BIKE! BIKE!

(O'd Grumbler to New Girl.)

AIR—"Break! Break! Break!"

BIKE! Bike! Bike!

O'er the hard street stones, O She!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me!

O well for the newspaper boy

That he scoots on his cycle away!

O well for the butcher-lad

That he pedals—perchance it may pay!

But when stately girls get on

All a-crouch, and with prospect of spill,

It is O for the touch of a wee soft hand,

And the sound of a voice that could thrill!

Bike! Bike! Bike!

With thy foot on the pedal, O She!

But the girlish grace that the Wheel struck

dead

Will never come back to thee!

NOTE AT THE HAYMARKET.—SHAKESPEARE  
 under a TREE. Must make mention of realistic  
 combat between *Hotspur* and *Prince Hal*.  
*Hotspur* started but favourite, but *Hal* beat  
 him "a short head," so *Sir John*, who "lay  
 on the field" during the fight, must have  
 "come out a winner" as well. Best congratula-  
 tions to TREE, and so with a bow we take  
 our leaves.



A CORONATION GREETING.

PEACE (to the Czar). "I WAS YOUR FATHER'S FRIEND,—LET ME BE YOURS."







## THE NEW EXPRESSION

AND ATTITUDE OBSERVABLE IN YOUNG LADIES OF TO-DAY AT CHURCH PARADE AND ELSEWHERE IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE RESULT OF CONSTANT DEVOTION TO THE BICYCLE.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

*Monday.*—VERDI'S *Rigoletto*, with Madame ALBANI as the luckless *Gilda*, Madame MANTELLI as the merry *Maddalena*, ANCONA as *Rigoletto*, and DE LUCIA as the gallant but deceitful Dook. By the way, the gay Dook spends so much money on his pleasures that he cannot afford even a "spring cleaning" for the splendid *palazzo* he inhabits. Rarely has a real Dook resided in so faded and so sparsely furnished a mansion as is this one, judging by the interior. The exterior no doubt is something beautiful, an architectural gem; but inside—well, if the sleeping apartments are to be judged by the reception-room shown in Act II., the accommodation at an inferior wayside inn would be princely to it. Of course, when lighted up for a party, a "ball-room in the ducal palace" makes a very fair show, on occasion; perhaps, by special arrangement with the Duke's principal tradesmen. Madame ALBANI excelled herself as *Gilda*, though, personally, I trembled for her top notes, just as I do for a professional tight-rope dancer, when, seeing him up aloft on his perilous journey, I wonder whether he will ever come down again. However, Madame ALBANI not only came down safely herself, but "brought the house down" as well. ANCONA'S *Rigoletto* dramatically and vocally excellent; but DE LUCIA rather hard for such

an amorous dog of a Dook. Yet his great song, "*La Donna è Mobile*," he gave in a careless, reckless style, which is the very key-note of the character. Signor BEVIGNANI had not to hand up any bouquets. Royalties smiled on the Suffering Soprano, and the curtain was raised several times in response to hearty applause. It is pleasant to suppose that, after the Opera was over, there did not sit down to supper a merrier, more festive, and generally better satisfied-with-themselves party than Signori DE LUCIA, ANCONA, and Mesdames MANTELLI and ALBANI.

The musical Muse, like History, occasionally repeats herself. Perhaps she takes a perverse pleasure in playing a practical joke on two totally different composers at two distinct periods. Who wrote *Rigoletto*? VERDI. Who wrote "*The Bay of Biscay*, O"? Was it DIBDIN, words and music? I forget. But in *Rigoletto* and in the song "*Bay of Biscay*," there occurs, if not precisely the same phrase, at least one so closely resembling it, that humming it you can tumble into the "*Bay of Biscay*" as easily as possible, and come up again as fresh as ever for *Rigoletto*. Listen for it next time you assist at *Rigoletto*, and tell me if it isn't an example of "undesigned (musical) coincidence." I won't mention in which act it occurs.

*Wednesday.*—Signor LUCIA as *Little Fra*

*Diavolo*. MARIE ENGLE as *Zerlina*. Somehow AUBER'S delightful music is not quite so fresh as it was. Says WAGGY, "O Bear with it." Then he vanishes. It being the Birthday night, the National Anthem is given before the Opera begins, and a free pardon is granted to WAGGY.

*Thursday.*—*Cavalleria* (Italian), and *Hänsel and Gretel* (English). Nothing new. English and Italian go together very well just now. People recovering from Birthday honours and convivialities.

*Friday.*—JOHN and NED DE RESZKÉ as *Lohengrin* and *Heinrich der Vogler*. Lady with accurate knowledge of German translates *Heinrich der Vogler* as HENRY the Vulgar, or, in fact, 'ARRY; but this translation not in keeping with NEDDY, who is quite the monarch, with not much to sing, but with that little first-rate, as are all engaged in this performance to-night. Madame ALBANI is at her very best as the innocent *Elsa* (singing beautifully WAGNER'S variation on "*Home, Sweet Home*," when up in the balcony, Act II.), and Mlle. MEISSLINGER most dramatic as Intruding *Ortruda*. DRURIOLANUS, looking ten years younger, and slimmer than ever, drops in, casually, in character of "*Beamish Boy*," and, standing at stall entrance, "chortles in his joy."

*Saturday.*—BORRO'S Opera of *Mefistofele* off! *La Favorita* substituted.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

## A SELFISH SOLILOQUY IN A PUNT.

I LIKE your pretty daintiness  
Of broad-brimmed hat and creamy dress—  
No other girl. I must confess,  
Could wield that pole so brightly!  
I like the plashing of the weir,  
That seems so far while yet so near,  
So softly does it strike the ear,  
So lazily and lightly!

The willows bend to kiss the stream,  
Like constant lovers, while the gleam  
Of fitful sunshine makes a dream  
Of latticed gold in greenery.  
The restless rushes nod and sway,  
And long laburnum tresses stray  
Mid chestnut spikes and starry may—  
I like this river scenery.

Among the cushions at my ease,  
I should indeed be hard to please  
If I were not content with these  
Fair pictures never ending.  
I feel like some enraptured Turk,  
While watching you do all the work.  
My share of duty I must shirk—  
Of course without offending.

This good cigar is so sublime—  
(This nicotine in nick of time)—  
To cast it from me were a crime  
Deserving strong correction!  
So let me lie, and yet be true.  
I need not oft-told vows renew.  
I only live to look at you!  
At punting you're perfection!

AN All-Night Sitting in the Great Wheel is rather worse than an All-Night Sitting in the House; as in the latter some one is always "moving," and even "Obstruction" was announced by the P. M. G. as "in full swing."

A DIFFERENCE WITHOUT A DISTINCTION.—It is rumoured that the Rue des Martyrs, Paris, is to be rechristened under the name of Rue des Hommes Mariés!



French Lady. "PICCA-DI-LEE CAIROUS." Obliging Conductor. "ALL RIGHT. ONE PENCE."  
 French Lady (who rather prides herself on her English pronunciation). "I ANTERSTOND ZE  
 ENGLISHEE LANGUE." Obliging Conductor. "OH, ALL RIGHT. KEEP YER 'AIR ON!"

### IN DEFENCE OF THE BOUNDER.

["There's no JACK without a JILL."—Proverb.]

THIS Age delights to "blow upon"  
 Well-founded claims to wickedness—  
 Satan and JUDAS and King JOHN  
 Have all been whitewashed, more or less.  
 Bounder, in your defence I dare  
 A feat still even more astounding,  
 Although it pains me everywhere  
 To see you, so to speak, abounding!

To prove black white, December May,  
 Or JOHN a most enlightened king,  
 Were easier than to find to say  
 In your defence a single thing.  
 I only know, I must confess,  
 (I trust my candour will not hurt you.)  
 One fact that shows you may possess  
 Some unobserved redeeming virtue.

Some eye has brightened yours to greet,  
 (Not mine, I give my solemn word.)  
 Some heart to know you near has beat,  
 (It seems—forgive me—quite absurd.)  
 Some tender hand has smoothed your hair,  
 (One shudders at the mere suggestion.)  
 In short, some woman sweet and fair  
 Has cared for you beyond all question.

This only good in you I've seen—  
 No woman could have held you dear,  
 Except your mother, had you been  
 The utter Yahoo you appear!  
 So, since it may exceed your due  
 To rail at you, as some do, madly,  
 In silence let us "suffer" you  
 With resignation, if not "gladly"!

THE PAWNBROKER'S OWN TREE.—The  
 Pop-lar.

### PHONETIC RHYMES.

THERE was a young chappie named CHOLMON-  
 DELEY,

Who always at dinner sat dolmondeley.  
 His fair partner said,  
 As he crumbled his bread,  
 "Dear me! you behave *very* rholmondeley!"

There was an old parson named BEAUCHAMP,  
 Who would lecture his flock and be-  
 preauchamp.

"They must learn their letters  
 And bow to their betters!"  
 (He said), "and I'm going to teauchamp!"

There lived a young lady named SAINT CLAIR  
 Whose eye was the merriest twaint Clair.  
 She said to her beau,

"I want coals from below;  
 Do you mind agitating the taint Clair?"

A fine old landowner named MARJORIBANKS,  
 Found the summer-heat dry paths and  
 parjoribanks,  
 So about his estate,  
 To protect his old pate,  
 He arranged pine plantations and larjori-  
 banks!

A wealthy old buffer named SAINT JOHN  
 Had a fire, and went off for an aint John.  
 He helped it to play,  
 But, alas! the next day  
 He was plagued with rheumatical twaint  
 John!

DRIVING INTELLIGENCE.—Golf Clubs are  
 being established all over France. The Presi-  
 dent of the Republic, should he visit one of  
 the Links, cannot fail to be delighted at the  
 constant shouts of "Fore! Fore!"

### SONG IN THE GREAT WHEEL.

HERE we go up, up, up,  
 Here we go down, down, down, O;  
 Now we're stuck up, up, up,  
 Far above London town, O.  
 Here we can't sup, sup, sup,  
 Nor breakfast, no, nor dine, O;  
 We took with us no food up,  
 Starting at half-past nine, O.  
 If ever you book, book, book,  
 For a Great Wheel circular tour, O,  
 To go with a Personal "Cook,"  
 And wittles and drink be sure, O.

### "THE POOR R.A."—A CAUSERIE.

SCENE—A Fashionable Dining-room. TIME  
 —The End of the Menu. A Casual  
 Couple discovered Conversing.

He (making conversation). Been to Burling-  
 ton House?

She (with enthusiasm). The Royal Academy!  
 Oh, I am so much interested! Such capital  
 pictures!

He (keeping on safe ground). Which did  
 you like best?

She (following suit). Oh, all of them.  
 Which did you?

He (after consideration). Well, I am rather  
 a bad one for names. But they all seem to  
 be very good. The portraits are capital.

She. Oh, yes. Have you any particular  
 favourite?

He (again taking his time). Well, no. You  
 see they all appear to be so good.

She. Quite. Well, I am going to Burling-  
 ton House to-morrow before lunch. Perhaps  
 we might compare notes. But then, perhaps,  
 you won't want to go again?

He (after a moment's hesitation, with a  
 smile). I don't mind confessing that, this year,  
 I haven't been to the Royal Academy at all.

She (promptly). No more have I!  
 [The ladies rise and leave the room. Scene  
 closes in upon claret, cigarettes, and  
 masculine chatter.]

### THE LAST GALOP.

BEFORE the fall perhaps I might  
 Have ventured to compare the ball  
 To Eden, smiling fair and bright,  
 "Before the fall."

Alas, we heard the serpent's call—  
 "John Peel," whose strains to romp invite;  
 We came a cropper—such a sprawl!  
 And ne'er again, I fear, the right  
 Sweet "PHYLLIS" on my card to scrawl  
 You'll give me, as you did to-night  
 Before the fall!

### MOAN OF A MINISTERIALIST.

OUR Bill; appear all of a huddle,  
 The Rads, like young tigers, taste blood:  
 Our game appears Closure and muddle,  
 And *theirs* seems Amendments and Mud!  
 Methinks Men and Measures gain scarce  
 anything  
 From the muddle we make or the mud  
 which they fling!

### VIEWS ON THE VESTRY ELECTIONS.

Moderate Maxim (as applied to Pro-  
 gressives). "Mend or (Mile) End them!"  
 Progressive Maxim (as applied to Moder-  
 ates). "Check 'em or (South) Peckham!"

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION (very slightly  
 adapted, appropriate to a popular "financier").

O, this boy  
 Lends metal to us all.  
 Henry the Fourth, Pt. I., Act V., sc. 4.



## OOM PAUL-O POST FUTURUM!

[PARLIAMENTARY FASHIONS.—There is a rumour in tailoring circles that, owing to recent events, the "Costume Krüger" will be largely adopted by prominent politicians.]

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 18.*—"Don't you think you people are a trifle hard on SILOMIO?" said SARK. "I know he is a little ludicrous, and usually in bad form. But I'm grateful to him for reviving memories of early boyhood. Remember when I was taken to pantomime for first glorious time, the thing that made sharpest and most lasting impression on my mind was the inoffensive, well-meaning, middle-aged gentleman, who, as soon as he appeared on the stage, was incontinently knocked down. SILOMIO is the pantaloone of our Parliamentary scene. Steps on with imposing stride, makes portentous remark, usually in form of question; straightway DON JOSÉ, GEORGE CUBZON, or, as happened the other night, PRINCE ARTHUR, gives him a backhander, and he lies sprawling amid contumelious laughter.

"Same in last Parliament, when he considerably helped to make fortunes of those promising Under Secretaries EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON. Let us remember the good in contemplating the bad. Parliament monotonously dreary just now. Let us be thankful that SILOMIO declined overtures made to him last year by his black brethren, resisting temptation to wear light clothing and rule over a principality in Central Africa."

It was DON JOSÉ who to-night touched up with the Parliamentary red-hot poker the patriotic Member for Eccleashall division of Sheffield. SILOMIO put two questions about South African affairs, of which he said he'd given private notice. This, it turned out, was a note thrust in DON JOSÉ's hand as he entered House. Reasonable rule requires that Ministers shall have full notice of question. Rule more imperative in view of the importance and nicety of foreign affairs. DON JOSÉ begged his honourable friend to observe this rule. Opposition jeered at prostrate figure. SILOMIO, scrambling on to feet, proposed to continue conversation. House roared contumeliously. SILOMIO used to that.

"May I be allowed to explain?" he shouted.

SPEAKER thought not. More howling. SILOMIO dropped into his seat. Up again, facing the storm with flushed face and angry eyeglass. Wanted to know whether he was to understand that the demand made upon him by DON JOSÉ referred to appointments made by himself, of which he must have ample knowledge?

"The hon. gentleman," said DON JOSÉ, coldly, "will of course act on his own discretion."

If there is one light in the constellation of SILOMIO's sterling qualities that shines with stronger, mellow light than another, it is his discretion. The shaft went home, and for the evening SILOMIO sat in silence, brooding over his monotonous fate, and thinking

whether, after all, he was wise to give up to Westminster what was meant for the Gold Coast.

*Business done.*—Agricultural Rating Bill in Committee.

*Tuesday.*—Curious how through everyday life runs echo of the voice of the Divine WILLIAMS. "Do you bite your thumb at us?" asked ABRAM, in the conversation between the Montague and the Capulet retainers.

*Sampson.* I do bite my thumb, Sir.

*Abram.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

*Sampson.* Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

*Gregory.* No.

*Sampson.* No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Compare the passage with a little conversation that took place just now between SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY and DAVID AP THOMAS. DAVID had been slinging stones at giant on Treasury Bench. One, describing Rating Bill as barefaced piece of plunder promoted by those who would derive pecuniary advantage from it, struck with resounding thud. Up jumped SQUIRE in towering rage. What follows is taken from Parliamentary report:

*Mr. CHAPLIN:* Do you impute motive?

*Mr. THOMAS:* No; I do not.

*Mr. CHAPLIN:* Do you impute any motive?

*Mr. THOMAS:* That is not the actual motive, but—

"But me no buts!" roared the SQUIRE, still sticking to SHAKESPEARIAN form. Thereupon, seizing DAVID by the scruff of the neck, he dragged him up to Chair, and proposed a caning. (This, of course, in Parliamentary sense.)

Things looking lively till Chairman squirted stream of cold water, and the bubbling steam collapsed.

"I wish to ask you, Sir," said the SQUIRE, giving his knuckles an adroit turn between DAVID's neck and the collar of his coat, "whether it is not contrary to the Rules of the House for one hon. Member to impute motive to another?"

"Certainly," said the Chairman, with freezing blandness. "But I did not understand that the hon. Member had imputed motive." Whereat the Opposition wildly cheered.

This an episode in a sitting that came in like a dyspeptic lamb, and went out like a roaring lion. In the dinner hour PRINCE ARTHUR pounced. Not with your ordinary Closure, that shuts off talk round trifling amendment. A sweeping stroke, that lopped off a page of amendments, carrying eight lines of the Bill, affirming its principal proposition that, at expense of National Exchequer, agricultural land shall be relieved of a moiety of its rates.

"Ha! Ha!" said TRUCULENT TIM, rubbing his hands in ecstasy as he watched scene from his place of retreat. "Now the House is

having a taste of what we in Ireland used to get when your PRINCE ARTHUR ruled at Dublin Castle. The liberal minority have got a dab of Coercion, and I hope they like it."

*Business done.*—PRINCE ARTHUR astonishes the Opposition.

*Wednesday.*—Birthday honours have fallen lightly on House of Commons. All the three new Peers were with us once. The MARKIS O' GRANBY left of own free will at close of last Parliament. As he will in due course become Duke of RUTLAND, it seems waste of good material to make him a Peer. SARK says he knows a quarter in which peerage might have been more usefully bestowed. HENRAGE we lost amid crash of general election; completed a distinguished career by losing Unionist seat when Unionists triumphed all along the line. Some curiosity as to what title he will adopt. Below Gangway, where he used to sit, it is said he will become Baron SMITH. Why, I don't know. Doesn't seem particularly nice title. Then there's Colonel MALCOLM, known in choirs and places where they sing as POLTALLOCH. A model Highland Chief is dear POLTALLOCH, one after Sir WALTER SCOTT's own heart. Sat for Argyllshire for six years, a man as good as he is good-looking.

Still with us in Commons is PENROSE-FITZGERALD, hereafter Sir ROBERT—Sir ROBERT UNLACKE PENROSE-FITZGERALD. Naturally, when Home Rule became burning question PENROSE declared against it.

"Pronounced how you like," said he, "U-N-I-A-C-K-E spells Unionist."

It was PENROSE who for a moment abashed even the CAP'EN. Once, when the Old Salt had taken charge of debate in the House, he invited FITZGERALD to lend a hand.

"No," said the unconsciously budding Baronet, "I'm not going to take my orders from a spit-to-win'ard admiral."

It is to be hoped his new dignity will bring Sir LEWIS McIVER, B.B.K., again to the front in Parliamentary debate. In the short Parliament of 1886 he sat just long enough to show rare debating power. Has been silent in this Parliament; must not die with all his music in him.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Rating Bill.

*Friday, 1.30 P.M.*—Just adjourned for the holidays, after sitting that lacked only hour and a half to round off the full day. Began quietly enough. When we met yesterday, at three o'clock, PRINCE ARTHUR said, "I'm going to get Agricultural Rating Bill through Committee before you go home."

"No, you don't," said the Opposition.

PRINCE ARTHUR did, but the cost was considerable. Gentlemen of England who go to bed at ease, and get fresh flavour out of mild morning bacon, on opening paper to discover House has been sitting all night, think it's fine fun. So it is, though amusement is divide after manner of frogs at bottom of well and boys pelting them from above. What's fun to outside public is death to some of those who



Debating the "Relief Bill"! (5.30 a.m.) Loud Ministerial Snores!

live through dreary watches of night, see the dawn break, and peg along into another day, bathless and breakfastless.

"Whom the gods love get suspended early," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, as, about half-past three this morning, JOHN DILLON and four others left the House under circumstances of compulsion. "Much the best way out of it. You flout the Chairman or SPEAKER; are 'named'; resolution to suspend you from service of House is solemnly made; division takes place; you march out with all honours of war; comfortably go to bed, leaving us here to fight on to the melancholy end. As old Parliamentary Hand, if I weren't Leader



### THE LITTLE VISITOR FROM TOWN.

"FARCY, AUNTIE, I HEARD THE NIGHTINGALE SAY 'COOKOO'!"

of Opposition, bound to avoid so-called undignified situation, whenever I saw all-night sitting setting in, should get myself suspended; and, as PEYS occasionally remarked, so home to bed."

DILLON and his friends comfortably tucked in, we went at it again; worried on till noon; someone remembered we had arranged to meet at that hour to commence new sitting. Where were we? Is to-day to-morrow, or was it merely yesterday? No one quite certain. Seemed every prospect that, when we finish this coil, will begin quite fresh one. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing opportunity, struck bargain with House.

"Pass Agricultural Rating Bill through Committee," he said, "and we'll say nothing about what should be Friday's business."

So it was settled. Thursday ran into Friday, obliterating it. There was no Friday's sitting, as solemnly arranged yesterday. SARK says seems strange, since he was certainly here at half-past one this afternoon, with hazy consciousness of having been there, and thereabouts, since three o'clock yesterday.

*Business done.*—Rating Bill carried through Committee. Adjourned for Whitsun holidays.

### "SHOOTING A SITTER."

I KNOW not how it was—one day  
Quite off my guard you got me,  
Before I'd time to fly away,  
The deed was done—you shot me!

Your weapon levelled at my head,  
You "sitting" chose to pot me,  
Not sportsmanlike it may be said,  
But so it was you shot me.

'Mid trophies of your skill, I hear,  
Beholders still may spot me;  
My carelessness has cost me dear—

You took your chance, and shot me.

My feelings in this plight I  
thought  
On paper down I'd jot me,  
That you might know the woe  
you wrought

The unhappy day you shot me.  
And yet not all unhappy day—  
If you will never blot me  
Out of your memory, as I pray,  
I'll e'en rejoice you shot me.

Because through you, I truly vow,  
All bliss the Fates allot me—  
I even bless the Kodak now  
With which, dear NELL, you  
"shot" me!





## NOMENCLATURE.

Errand Boy. "LOR! WOT'S 'IS NAME, I WONDER! BOOTLACES!"

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

## MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

THIS is the story, so far as it has gone, of a real brother-in-law, whom for the sake of convenience I shall consider as mine, while for the same reason I naturally assume myself to have married his sister, and (though not perhaps so naturally) to have been for some time settled in life as a barrister with a large and increasing practice.

WHEN I married ALICE, it was explained to me, both by the dear girl herself, and by all her relatives, that one of their chief joys in assenting to the match lay in the fact that henceforth little HARRY would have a natural guardian and protector. Little HARRY, the brother-in-law in question, was then a stripling of sixteen or seventeen, the age which makes a boy painfully conscious of the awkwardness of his hands, afflicts him with a furious desire to dress in the most marked extravagance of the latest fashion, and, if he happens to possess a father, fills him with shame over the hopeless cut of his parent's trousers, and the antiquated shape of his parent's top hat. If HARRY had possessed a father, all would have been well, but death had removed this prosperous merchant from the scene some ten years before ALICE accompanied me to the altar. By a curious freak, which I have never been able to explain, all her chief surviving relatives were of her own sex, and it was therefore assumed that I should not only make a home for ALICE, but also act in all respects as a father to HARRY.

For a time all went well. HARRY was at Eton, and only came to us during his holidays. Later on he went to Cambridge, and then our troubles began. I must explain that, by his father's will, a small, but sufficient, annual allowance had been provided for him until he should come of age, at which time he was to come into the possession of some thirty thousand pounds absolutely. HARRY is one of the most good-natured young men in the world. Nothing delights him more than to see all his friends enjoying themselves, and feasting and revelling at his expense. All his clothes were beautiful; his smoking suits were a dream; he played polo in white linen breeches and

beautiful brown boots. His bedroom was littered with a hundred ties of every degree of gorgeousness; his toilet table was brilliant with his jewellery. The result of all this was that, before two years were out, he was in debt to various tradesmen in the sum of two thousand pounds; and, at a family conclave, it was resolved that Cambridge was not the place for him, and that some other step must be taken.

WE resolved, therefore, to send him to an army tutor, whose establishment was situated in a quiet part of the country, and who held himself out not only as the provider of a happy home, but also as a strict disciplinarian. In two months HARRY had set the country-side on fire by his own exploits and those of his dogs, and it became necessary, for prudential reasons, to remove him. In three months more he came of age, and startled us with the intelligence that he was off to Monte Carlo. We protested in vain. He put us aside with a smile, and started. Shortly afterwards we learnt from paragraphs in the *World* that "a young Englishman, said to be a near relative of a successful barrister, who lately contested a north country borough in the Conservative interest," had had an extraordinary run of luck at the *trente et quarante* tables, that the bank had been practically broken, and that all Monte Carlo was marvelling at the audacity of this young player. As it turned out, it was none other than HARRY. ALICE was quite proud of him. "There," she said, "you always said the boy was a fool—but I knew better. If he can win money against all those clever people at Monte Carlo he can't be a fool." She wrote and congratulated him; and I must confess that, in a quiet way, I was rather pleased myself when some of my friends rallied me in Court about the good fortune of my brother-in-law, and suggested that I should follow his brilliant example. In another month HARRY returned to us, *minus* twenty thousand pounds.

He then said he was going to be a business man, and that some of his friends had put him into a real good thing. He gave us all beautiful presents, made my house his home, had a special breakfast at twelve o'clock in the morning, sauntered about town, visited all the race meetings, came home at the most unearthly hours, and in three months had been reduced to his last penny. The next suggestion made for his benefit was that he should try his fortune in British Columbia. He was away for a year, during which, according to his own account, he was six times on the verge of becoming a millionaire by means of silver mines. Something, however, always happened to prevent this desirable consummation; his partners swindled him, the government refused in the most dastardly fashion to make the necessary roads, the weather prevented work, the town was overwhelmed by a landslide, or the legislation of the United States ruined the silver industry. Whatever may have been the reason, my amiable brother-in-law returned as he went out, bringing home nothing but a large stock of strange oaths, a pronounced taste for inferior varieties of whiskey, and a shadowy claim to some twenty thousand acres of barren land in British Columbia.

(To be continued.)

## THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

[It is said that 6000 old horses have been imported into Belgium from England in one year, and afterwards killed and converted into tinned meat.]

EH? "The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds?"  
Nay, not whilst the Spirit of Commerce abounds!  
He ran for the Derby, he crawled in a cab,  
But not yet the horse-knacker his carcass shall nab;  
Not yet shall the hounds or the pussy-cats part  
His broken-down body, his plucky old heart.  
Still money, if not Cups and Stakes, he may win.  
The high-mettled racer is packed up in tin.

A potted Bucephalus yet has his price!  
The notion is new, though it hardly sounds nice.  
He won lots of cash when young, handsome and fleet,  
And now he'll still turn in the "tin"—as tinned meat.  
Not cat's-meat! Oh, no! Pack him up in a can,  
And the horse, though no more, shall still nourish the man.  
Despatch him to Belgium, when past all relief,  
And the high-mettled racer returns—as tinned beef!

PRE-DERBY PRIÈRE.—The starting of *Regret* is (according to a telegram from the Duke of WESTMINSTER published in the *Sportsman* last Saturday) to depend on the rain. If he does start, his place will also, to a certain extent, depend on the rein, and the hand that guides it. May Jupiter Pluvius be favourable! May *Regret* be in for the struggle, and not be "*hors de combat*"! And may the Duke not have to exclaim, "*Regret* is useless!"



### KING SOL AND KING CRICKET.

*Dr. Grace (addressing the Sun).* 'BRAVO, OLD SOL! AS LONG AS YOU'RE OUT, WE BATSMEN WILL KEEP IN!'  
(*Vide verses, p. 267.*)



## SO IT SEEMS!

"HAVE YOU EVER TRIED RIDING WITHOUT THE HANDLES? IT'S DELIGHTFULLY EASY, ALL BUT THE CORNERS."

!!!

## THE TWO KINGS OF CRICKET.

(*King Sol and King Willow.*)

"MR. W. G. GRACE (in the match Sussex v. Gloucester, at Brighton, May 26—27) carried out his bat for a magnificent innings of 243, which is his twelfth score of over two hundred in first-class matches."—*Daily News.*

"So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing,  
Honour and life to Willow the King."  
*Harrow Songs.*

GREAT Helios, or Sol, if he didn't change places  
With glorious Apollo, at least loved the GRACES;  
And GRACES may well love "Old Solus."  
"This Bat" (unlike most other bats) loves the Sun,  
And cries to the Ball "While Sol keeps up the fun;  
We are game through an innings to drive, cut, and run,  
And serenely defy you to bowl us!"

Old Sol, bless his beams, is the cricketer's friend,  
The farmer may wish the long drought at an end,  
But the Bat, who at spanking and run shines,  
A GRACE or an ABEL, a STODDART or BROWN,  
Is a faithful Sun-worshipper, country or town;  
For the score will go up as the sunbeams come down,  
And your Bat must "make hay whilst the sun shines."

"Make hay—of the bowling! the trundler may sigh.  
Ah well, so he will, whilst the wickets keep dry;  
But wait till 'Ju Plu' has a drench at 'em!  
Then Ball will beat Bat, though the Bat were a JUPP,  
Curly ones will come down with the pace of a KNUFF,  
Will bump, and break both ways, and 'shoot,' and 'get up  
Till the bravest of batsmen will blench at 'em!"

"Old Sol and the GRACES have no chance at all  
When Jupiter Pluvius backs up the Ball.  
But sun after shower! O, Jewellikins  
Then, then the bright hour of the bowler will come;  
Then GRACE and the Centuryites will look glam;  
Then the Bat 'bags a brace,' and had better go home  
And play at push-farthing, or spellikins!"

Well, well, the brave Ball will no doubt have its chance,  
Meanwhile, how the pulse of the Public will dance  
To see it cut, driven, or soaring!

A "boundary" for four or a "lifter" for six,  
Whilst "the Prince" or "the Champion" keeps up his sticks  
For when ball beats a slogger for nix,  
Even Cricket, all bowling, gets boring.

Sol, take him all round, is the cricketer's friend.  
Bat, Bowler, and Public agree in the end,  
We don't want much wet at the wicket.  
And GRACE may well say, with his big, broad, brown grin,  
"Smile away, good old Sol! You keep out, I'll keep in!"  
Then the "Cornstalks" are with us; to give them a spin  
We want sunshine,—not sawdust, chill showers, and wet skin.  
Here's Australia's new team! May the best always win!  
And hooray for King Sol and King Cricket!

## ONE NEVER KNOWS.

SCENE—Hansom cab. Outside, two large portmanteaux. Inside, Mr. and Mrs. CAREFUL, a dressing-case, and a big bundle of rugs.

Mrs. Careful. Off at last! Really I thought I should never get those trunks packed, you would insist on so many extra things being taken.

Mr. C. My dear, I told you we might make a longer stay than usual this time; so that it was best to be amply provided.

Mrs. C. Well, we've got enough to last us two good months anyway.

Mr. C. (with great anxiety). Did you put in those tins of "pemmican," the biscuits, the spirit-lamp, and the beef extract?

Mrs. C. Yes, dearest; and I do hope you've not forgotten about the case of claret and the soda water.

Mr. C. BRIGGS is to meet us with them on the platform; he also has the medicine chest.

Mrs. C. (vehemently). Oh, I knew I'd left something out!—telegram forms.

Mr. C. Don't worry. I told BRIGGS to be sure to include them, with writing materials, in my "Gladstone."

Mrs. C. (much relieved). Oh, then, that's all right. We've got everything we can possibly need.

N.B.—From the above dialogue it might reasonably be inferred that the CAREFULS are starting upon a trip to Thibet, or a Polar Expedition. Not so. They are merely off for a "turn" on the Great Wheel, with the exhilarating chance of receiving a five-pound note each on their return to *terra firma*.

## THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!"

SCENE—*The Stables at Saddlesprings, the WHEELERS' Country House near Bykersall. Miss DIANA's Horse, "Bayard," discovered in his Stall.*

*Bayard (talking to himself, as is the habit of some horses when alone).* I can't make it out. She's here. All the family came down yesterday—I heard the omnibus start for the station to meet them. And yet she hasn't sent for me; hasn't even been near me! She always used to rush in here and kiss me on the nose the very first—She's ill—that's it of course—sprained her fetlock or something. If she was well, she'd have had me saddled as soon as she'd had her morning feed, and we'd have gone for a canter together somewhere. . . . I hope she'll get well soon. I'm sick of being taken out by the stableman; he's so dull—no notion of conversation beyond whistling! Now, Miss DIANA would talk to me the whole way. . . . Perhaps her hands and seat might have been—But what did that matter? I liked to feel she was on my back, I liked the sound of her pretty voice, and the touch of her hand when she patted me after her ride. . . . *(He pricks his ears.)* Why, that's her voice outside now! She's all right, after all. She's coming in to see me! . . . I *knew* she couldn't have forgotten!

*Miss Diana's Voice (outside).* Yes, you might put it in here for the present, STUBBS. I suppose it will be quite safe.

*Stubbs's Voice.* Safe enough, Miss, there's plenty o' empty stalls this side. Nothing in 'ere just now, except—

*Miss D.'s Voice.* Very well, then. Just wipe some of the dust off the mud-guards, because I shall want it again after lunch. And mind you don't scratch the enamel taking it in.

*Stubbs.* Very good, Miss. I'll be keeful.

*[Miss DIANA's steps die away upon the cobbles.]*

*Bayard (to himself).* She's gone—without even asking after me! What has she been out in—a bath chair? I'm sure she must be ill.

*Stubbs (to the bicycle, as he wheels it in).* 'Ere, steady now, 'old up, can't ye? And don't go a-scratchin' my enamel with that blarsted near pedal o' yourn. Blest if I wouldn't rather rub down arf a dozen 'unters nor one o' these yere bloomin' bi-cycles. I know where I am with a 'orse; but these 'ere little, twisty, spidery wheels—Come over, will ye. I'll lean ye up agen 'ere till I've 'ad my dinner.

*[He places the machine against a partition next to "Bayard's" stall, and goes out.]*

*Bayard (to himself, as he inspects his neighbour with the corner of his eye).* It's not a bath-chair; it's one of these bicycles. It must be a sort of animal, I suppose, or STUBBS wouldn't have spoken to it. I should like to ask it one or two questions. *(He gets his neck over the partition, and breathes gently through his nostrils upon the handle-bars.)* Excuse me, but do you understand horse-language at all?

*The Bicycle (answering by a succession of saddle-creaks).* Perfectly. I'm a kind of horse myself, I believe, only immensely improved, of course. Would you mind not breathing on my handle-bars like that? It tarnishes the plating so. The saddle is the seat of my intelligence, if you will kindly address your remarks there.

*Bayard.* I didn't know. I'm sorry. I will in future. I don't creak myself, but I've been closely connected with saddles ever since I was a two-year old, so I can follow you fairly well. Didn't I hear my mistress's voice outside just now?

*The Bicycle.* No; my mistress's, Miss DIANA's. I'd just taken her out for a short spin—not far, only fifteen miles or so.

*Bayard.* Then, she's quite well?

*The Bicycle.* Thanks, she's pedalling pretty strong just now. I'm going out with her again this afternoon.

*Bayard.* Again! You will have had a hard day of it altogether, then. But I suppose you'll get a day or two's rest afterwards? I know I should want it.

*The Bicycle.* Bless you, I never want rest. Why, I've been forty miles with her, and come home without clanking a link! She was knocked up, if you like—couldn't go out for days!

*Bayard.* Ah, she was never knocked up after riding me!

*The Bicycle.* Because—it's no fault of yours, of course, but the way you've been constructed—you couldn't go far enough to knock anybody up. And she doesn't get tired now, either. I'm not the kind of bicycle to boast; but I've often heard her say that she much prefers her "bike" (she always calls me her "bike"—very nice and friendly of her, isn't it?) to any mere horse.

*Bayard.* To any mere horse! And does she—give any reasons?

*The Bicycle.* Lots. For one thing, she says she feels so absolutely safe on me; she knows that, whatever she meets, I shall never start, or shy, or rear, or anything of that sort.

*Bayard.* I don't remember ever playing any of those tricks with her, however hard she pulled the curb.

*The Bicycle.* Then she says she never has to consider whether any distance will be too much for me.

*Bayard.* As for that—But the longer I was out with her, the better I was pleased; she might have brought me home as lame as a tree all round, and I shouldn't have cared!

*The Bicycle.* Perhaps not. But she would; so inconvenient, you see. Now my strong point is, I can't go lame—in good hands, of course, and she knows exactly how to manage me, I will say that for her!

*Bayard.* Does she give you carrots or sugar after a ride? she did me.

*The Bicycle (with a creak of contempt).* Now what do you suppose I could do with sugar or a carrot if I had it? No, a drop or two of oil now and then is all I take in the way of sustenance. That's another point in my favour, I cost little or nothing to keep. Now, your oats and hay and stuff, I daresay, cost more in a year than I'm worth altogether!

*Bayard.* I must admit that you have the advantage of me in cheapness. If I thought she grudged me my oats—But I'm afraid I couldn't manage on a drop or two of oil.

*The Bicycle.* You'd want buckets of it to oil your bearings. No, she wouldn't save by that! *(Stubbs re-enters.)* Ah, here comes my man. I must be going; got to take her over to Pineborough, rather a bore this

dusty weather, but when a lady's in the case, eh?

*Bayard.* There's a nasty hill going into Pineborough; do be careful how you take her down it!

*The Bicycle.* You forget, my friend, I'm not a Boneshaver, I'm a Safety. Why, she'll just put her feet up on the rests, fold her arms, and leave the rest to me. She knows I can be trusted.

*Bayard.* Just tell me this before you go. Does—she doesn't pat you, or kiss you on your—er—handle-bar after a run, does she?

*The Bicycle (turning its front wheel to reply, as Stubbs wheels it out).* You don't imagine I should stand any sentimental rot of that sort, do you? She knows better than to try it on!

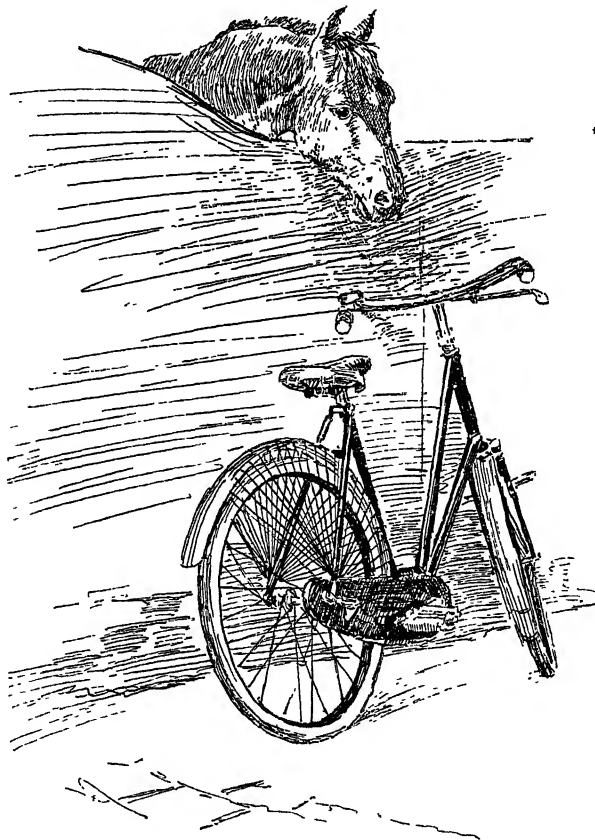
*Bayard (to himself).* I'm glad she doesn't kiss it. I don't think I could have stood that!

SAME SCENE. SOME HOURS LATER.

*Stubbs (enters, carrying a dilapidated machine with crumpled handles, a twisted saddle, and a front wheel distorted into an irregular pentagon).* Well, I 'ope as 'ow this'll serve as a lesson to 'er, I dew; a marcy she ain't broke her blessed little neck! *(To the Bicycle.)* No need to be hover and above purtlicker 'bout scratchin' your enamel now, any'ow! *[He pitches it into a corner, and goes.]*

*Bayard (after reconnoitring).* You don't mean to say it's you!

*The Bicycle.* Me? of course it's me! A nice mess I'm in, too, entirely owing to her carelessness. Never put the brake on down





that infernal hill, lost all control over me, and here I am, a wreck, Sir! Why, I had to be driven home, by a grinning groom, in a beastly dog-cart! Pleasant that!

*Bayard.* But she—Miss DIANA—was she hurt? Not—not seriously, eh?

*The Bicycle.* Oh, of course you don't care what becomes of me so long as—*She's* all right enough—fell in a ditch, luckily for her, I came down on a heap of stones. It'll be weeks before I'm out of the repairer's hands.

*Bayard (to himself).* I oughtn't to be glad; but I am—I am! *She's* safe, and—and she'll come back to me after this! (*To the Bicycle.*) Wasn't she sorry for you?

*The Bicycle.* Not she! These women have no feeling in them. Why, what do you suppose she said when they told her it would take weeks to tinker me up?

*Bayard (to himself—with joy).* I think I can guess! (*To the Bicycle.*) What did she say?

*The Bicycle (rattling with indignation).* Why, all she said was: "How tiresome! I wonder if I can hire a decent bike here without having to send to town for one." There's gratitude for you! But you can't enter into my feelings about it.

*Bayard.* Pardon me—I fancy I can. And, after all, your day will come again, as soon as the Vet has set you up. *Mine's* over for ever. (*To himself.*) Oh, why, why wasn't I born a bicycle!

## METER OF GASLIGHT, ATONE!

("Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who'll mete the Meters?)

[In a recent case it appeared that a gas-meter had registered 20,000 feet too much gas within one quarter.]

AIR—"Meet me by Moonlight alone!"

METER of gaslight, atone!

Of your cheats we could tell a sad tale.

It seems that remonstrance alone

To Monopoly will not avail.

One must watch the sly meter instead,

To prove what its "registries" mean;

Or 'twill turn on whilst one is in bed;

'Tis the trickiest gauge ever seen.

Ah! Meter of gaslight, atone!

Gas-meters may do for the gay,

The thoughtless, who're all *s. d.*;

But for that twenty thousand to pay,

Which I have not consumed, won't suit me.

Oh! Remember a meter's a snare,

And though dearly your gaslight you prize,

Have your gas-meter tested with care,

And perchance it may open your eyes.

So, meter of gaslight, atone.

DOUBLE DUTCH AND EQUIVOCAL ENGLISH.—*England* says, wittily, that "if President KRÜGER wanted to teach us Dutch, he ought to begin with *short sentences*." Yes, but OOM PAUL may perhaps retort that, if the Outlanders wanted to teach him "plain English," they ought *not* to have begun with mysterious *cyphers* and obscure *cryptograms*.

OMINOUS FOR THE UNIONIST CAUSE.—The Liberal candidate for the Wick Burghs is Mr. HEDDERWICK—doubtless a luminary, who intends to plunge into Parliament.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FINANCIER AND A ROWING MAN.—One feathers his nest, the other his oar.

PAINFUL REMINDER ON THE OAKS DAY.—A corn.



## HOSPITALITY.

*Spokesman of Working Men's Club (on the occasion of their Patron's first visit).* "AND WE 'OPES, SIR AS THIS 'LL BE NEITHER THE FIRST NOR THE LAST TIME AS YOU 'LL DEW US THE HONNER OF SETTIN' AMONG US!"

## OBSTRUCTION IN EXCELSIS.

(*A Moan at a May Meeting.*)

THE modern maid to the meeting's gone,

With a hat like the Eiffel Tower;

With various species of fruit thereon,

And every description of flower.

Alas that a lady should crown her head

With a Babel tower *plus* a garden bed!

It looks like a city o'ercrowded with spires,

In a forest o'ercrowded by trees,

And one's neck with continual shifting tires,

But 'tis precious little one sees.

With bows, and blossoms, and grasses 'tis

filled,

And the fowls of the air in its branches

might build.

If you took an ait from the reedy Thames,

And piled Covent Garden thereon,

You would have some idea of modern dames,  
When they to the meeting have gone.

Obstruction in Parliament? Lor', what is

that

To a modern maid in a May Meeting hat?

R. I. P.

[*"The steam-packets Samphire and Breeze have been put out of the Dover and Calais service, and sent to Tilbury."*]

GONE to their resting place!

And oh! soon may their grave

Be found to grant a little space

Wherein to stow the *Wave*!

And we our chance of being ill bury

In dock-yard grave with them at Tilbury.

"BARBED WIRE."—An insulting telegram.



### BALL-ROOM WHISPERS.

*Archie.* "BERTIE, SHALL I INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS CHOLMONDELEY-MAINWARIN', THAT ALGY'S TALKIN' TO? PRETTY GIRL—AND CAPITAL SHOOTIN'!"

### CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

(A DIALOGUE ON THE DERBY.)

*Interlocutors, Mr. PUNCH and a Pretty Girl.*

*Mr. P.* Going down to the Derby, my dear?

*Miss P. G. (with emphasis).* You bet, *Mr. Punch!*

*Mr. P.* Never, my dear; not even on *you!*

*Miss P. G.* Oh! I meant "you bet" in the American sense, you know; not as a charge against *you!* you dear, punctilious old thing! But really, now, do you *never, NEVER, NEVER* have a bit on?

*Mr. P.* I never have a bet on, if that is what you mean.

*Miss P. G.* Why? Are you a member of the Anti-Gambling League?

*Mr. P.* No! I never bet,—save, perchance, a few gloves with a pretty girl like yourself,—because if I did I *should always win*, and that is not "sport," you know.

*Miss P. G.* Oh, isn't it though? Just the sport I like!

*Mr. P.* Naturally! And, therefore, I'll have a dozen pairs with you on—

*Miss P. G. (eagerly).* Ah! on what, *Mr. Punch?*

*Mr. P. (astutely).* Oh, on any horse you like!

*Miss P. G. (pettishly).* Oh, bother! (*Coaxingly.*) I do so want a tip, you know, dear old thing.

*Mr. P.* You have one, my dear; a very pretty Tennysonian, "tilted" one, too!

*Miss P. G. (austerely).* I am sure, Sir, my tip is not tilted at all, but just as straight as—well, as I trust *yours* will be. (*Purrs persuasively.*) *Mr. P.* Slyboots!

*Miss P. G.* No, but really now, *entire nous*, and in perfect confidence, can I safely back *Persimmon*? I do so want the dear Prince to win! Don't you?

*Mr. P.* Look at my big Cut, and see for yourself, Miss CLEVER.

*Miss P. G. (demurely).* Not as clever as *you* are, I am sorry to say. And that's why I come to you for advice.

*Mr. P.* I'll give it you, in verse:—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that "tips" betray,

To do the square thing and look jolly,  
The sportsmanlike thing is—to *pay!*

*Miss P. G.* Oh bother! That's only just what ALGY says—in prose—viz., "Pay up and look pleasant!"

*Mr. P. (politely).* The latter you must *always* do!

*Miss P. G.* Thank you—for nothing! At present, *Mr. P.*, I am fishing for valuable "tips," not cheap compliments.

*Mr. P. (genially).* Very smart, indeed, *Miss.* You deserve—

*Miss P. G. (eagerly).* What?

*Mr. P. (gravely).* My best advice.

*Miss P. G.* And that is?— *Mr. P.* Back—

*Miss P. G. (excitedly).* Yes—yes—yes? *Mr. P.* Nothing!!!

*Miss P. G.* Oh, you aggravating— Well, well, I dare say you're quite right, and I'll really think over your counsel—next year. This year I have made quite a book on the Blue Riband, inspired largely by *loyalty*, I do assure you, and I do want the aid of your unerring judgment.

*Mr. P.* Artful little flatterer! Well, well, if you'll promise me never to "make a book," as you call it, any more, I'll do my best to help you square the present one.

*Miss P. G. (triumphantly).* Oh, thanks—thanks—thanks, so much! you sweet old darling! And what shall I do about *Persimmon*?

*Mr. P.* Well, you've read about those Outlander cyphers?

*Miss P. G. (dubiously).* Why, ye—e—es, of course. But what have dear Doctor JIM and those horrid Boers to do with the Prince and *Persimmon*?

*Mr. P.* Not much, perhaps. But there's a deal of talk about cryptographs and other secret writing just now. And my advice to you concerning the latter and your little "book" is couched in the key-phrase:

BLACK PRINCE MINUS ONE!

*Miss P. G.* Oh, but that is so mysterious!

*Mr. P.* All oracles are. And you consulted me as an Oracle, you know. *Au revoir*, my dear! Meet you at Epsom, and—I wish you luck!—better luck than "dear Doctor JIM's"! [Exit.]

[Private Key to Cryptogram.—"Black Prince," minus one letter, may read either "Back Prince" or "Lack Prince."]



### A DERBY FAVOURITE.

MR. PUNCH (to H.R.H. THE PR-INCE OF W-L-S, owner of "*Persimmon*"). "YOU'RE A GOOD SPORTSMAN, SIR,—AND I WISH YOU LUCK ON YOUR FIRST 'DERBY'."





## SPORTIVE SONGS.

AN OLD ETONIAN MUSES IN UPPER SCHOOL  
ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE.

BENEATH the busts of FOX and PITT  
In Upper School the youths declaim  
The lines of statesman, poet, wit,  
Who little recked of schoolboy fame.  
None ever deemed his transient voice  
Would live to kindle boyish fire.  
But even PORSON would rejoice  
To know that GREEK could lads inspire!

The old dead languages revive,  
E'en spoken with our "foreign twang,"  
And French and German seem to thrive  
Where GRAY and SHELLEY thought and sang;  
Where WELLINGTON his battles won  
Before his jacket turned to "tails,"  
And GLADSTONE burned for many a son  
The Eton light that never fails.



Where ROSEBERRY and BALFOUR too  
Authoritative rules would mock,  
And earned, as stripling traitors do,  
Meet expiation on the block.  
Those panels scored with inwrought names  
Are tribute to Etonians past,  
Who, at "my tutor's" or "my dame's,"  
Gave not a thought to names that last!

I hardly hear the speeches made,  
Can scarce the "Head" or AINGER see.  
My memory needs not their aid,  
My speech unheard is one for me!  
I think how in this dear old school  
I longed to test the unforeseen.  
But now I know I was a fool,  
And only mourn what might have been!

I see you sitting open-eyed—  
The sun entangled in your hair;  
You looked a dainty little bride,  
So wondrous white, so purely fair.  
Precocious youngster! How I wished  
Our lives we could together tune!  
For you I "absence" shirked. Then,  
"swished,"  
elt love-lorn on the Fifth of June!

DEFINITION OF THE START FOR THE DERBY.  
—Sent from Coventry.

## NECK OR NOTHING!

(By an Old Fogey, after a course of Fashion Plates.)

Oh, ladies! of loveliness little you reek!  
Most fair is the feminine throttle;  
But Fashion now packs up the daintiest neck  
Till it looks like the neck of a bottle.  
Destructive of shape, of sweet curve, of soft  
nape,  
Are those wheel-frills—away let them  
trundle!  
And what lover can doat on a fair female  
throat,  
Tied up at the back like a bundle?  
*La Mode* does its worst woman's beauty to blur,  
To cramp, or distort, or enlarge her.  
Now, a nice neck and head swathed in stiff  
frills or fur  
Look too much like St. JOHN'S "on a  
charger."  
"A neck like a swan," made for gazing upon,  
Was a beauty in sweet *Annie Laurie*;  
But when modish pride would disfigure or hide  
Woman's throat, every man must feel sorry.

## WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

THE man in front of the bookstall was  
quiescent. "But I assure you, Sir," repeated  
the attendant, "that this paper contains the  
latest news and the best written articles. It  
has correspondents in every part of the world,  
and its information is at once unique and  
reliable."

"But how about the city intelligence and  
the sporting?"

"Prophets of the most wonderful sagacity  
and success are in command, and have made  
the fortunes of thousands of readers."

"And Literature, Music, Art, and the  
Drama?"

"The very best critics give their finest work  
to the consideration of the subjects to which  
you refer."

The man in front of the bookstall wavered.  
"Is it a large paper?" he asked.

"A very large one," was the reply, "but  
in a most convenient shape. You see it con-  
tains not only the news of the day, but all the  
best features of a magazine, and a cyclopaedia."

"But considering present prices in jour-  
nalism, it is very expensive."

"My dear sir," said the attendant, "I see  
it is best to be frank with you. I admit that  
it is not cheap. But look at the quantity and  
quality! Surely it is worth the money?"

"Well, I suppose it is," returned the man in  
front of the book-stall, and without more ado  
he paid the necessary—*farthing*!

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

To know the day—your birthday, dear—  
Was my desire, that once a year  
Something for certain I might know

Of you when far away.  
But calm reflection tends to show  
'Twas folly to have wanted so  
To know the day!

Because all days, where'er I go,  
You know—they say maids always know—  
I think of you morn, noon, and night,

In moods both grave and gay.  
Could I do more if some kind sprite  
Gave me the boon, the great delight,  
To know the day?

And yet to-day with phrases trite,  
But still with all my heart, I write,  
Snatching a moment from my work,

To wish you joy away,  
Because—the truth I will not shirk—  
Because—I've found you out in Burke,  
And know the day!

## "BE MERRY AND WISE!"

A NIGHT OUT, thoroughly farcical comedy,  
at the Vaudeville, most adroitly adapted (by  
somebody whose name isn't mentioned in the  
bill—why?) from *L'Hôtel du Libre-échange*,  
is, as the public has already discovered, one  
of the funniest and most mirth-provoking  
pieces that has  
been seen in Lon-  
don for some  
years. Time was,  
when, it is not  
improbable, the  
Licensor of Plays  
would have re-  
fused his permis-  
sion for the per-  
formance of this  
farce as we now  
see it. *Mais, on a changé tout cela*,  
and that very  
large portion of  
theatre-goers,  
who dearly love  
a laugh, is fast  
becoming (some of  
the stricter sort  
would finish the  
sentence here, and reverse the words, so that  
they should read "becoming fast") tempo-  
rarily attached to the light, airy, and utterly  
farcical plays, which are genuine pass-times,  
if only they be irresistibly amusing, sending  
away the audiences feeling as satisfied as  
were the spectators of the plays during the  
period of the Restoration, when they looked  
on the actors as puppets, who had "neither  
souls to be saved nor bodies to be punished."  
*Honni soit qui mal y pense*, and who is there  
but will thoroughly enjoy *A Night Out*, in  
company with Messrs. GIDDENS, SUGDEN, and  
WILLIAM WYSES, assisted by bright Miss  
FANNIE WARD, earnest Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS,  
sprightly Miss PATTIE BROWNE, and the four  
charming daughters, in irreproachable robes  
*du soir*, of the Notary *Matthieu*?



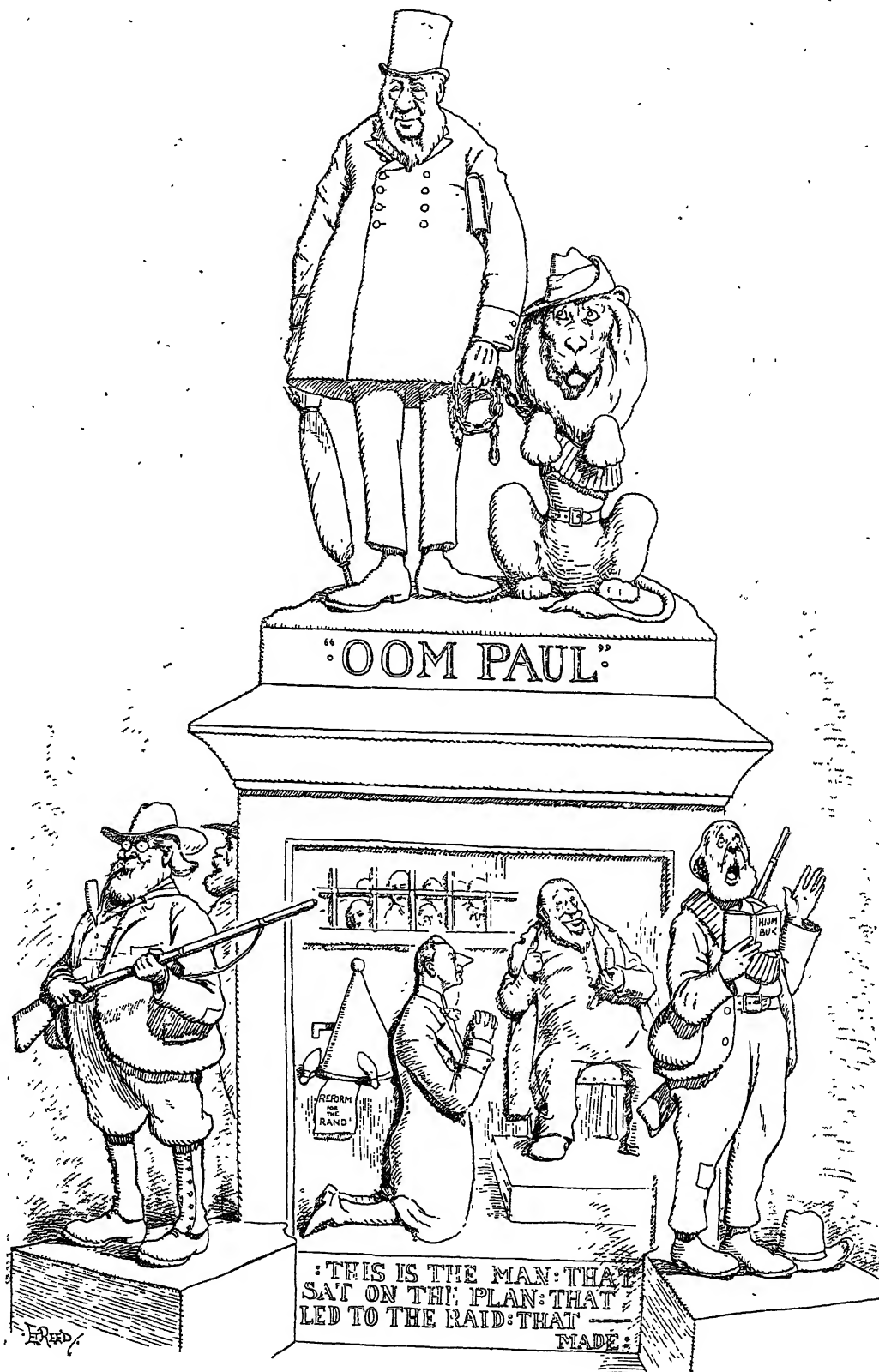
"I'm going to see *A Night Out* at the Vaudeville."

The scene in France—in what department  
is not mentioned—is still retained as in the  
original, though it would have been perfectly  
easy to have made all the characters English,  
and to have localised it in suburban London.  
It is admirably acted; the earnestness of Mr.  
SUGDEN and of Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS being  
in telling contrast to the light-heartedness of  
the two culprits, Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS and  
Miss FANNIE WARD. The studious nephew,  
who, of course, as is the rule in French farces,  
falls into the hands of the tempting cham-  
bermaid, Miss PATTIE BROWNE, is capitally  
played by Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD; and, to  
sum up, those who want to thoroughly enjoy  
an "Evening from Home" cannot do better  
than go to the Vaudeville, and there be con-  
vulsed by the humours of *A Night Out*.

A CORRECT MISPRINT.—The *Daily News* of  
Thursday, May 28, in its account of Sir HENRY  
IRVING's return to England, mentioned, as his  
"private secretary and manager," the name of  
"Mr. BRAM STOKER," meaning "Mr. BRAM  
STOKER." But "Brain" is good: without it,  
where and what would BRAM STOKER be?  
Certainly not Sir HENRY's private secretary  
and manager, and still less the author of  
several charming short stories.

PASSENGER (in Parliamentary Train, which  
has stopped for over an hour on a siding).  
"Hi, Guard! Are we on the Big Wheel?"

MOTTO FOR THE HOME FOR CATS AT HAMP-  
STEAD.—*La joie fait PURR*.



A REJECTED DESIGN FOR THE KRÜGER STATUE AT PRETORIA

(By Our Own Insufferable Boer.)

## BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

*First Lesson.*—Held on by instructor, a tall, muscular young man. Thought it was so easy. Cling for dear life to handle, as beginners in horsemanship cling to the reins. Instructor says I must not. Evidently cannot hold on by my knees. Ask him what I am to hold on by. "Nothing," he says. How awful! Feel suspended in the air. That is what I ought to be. At present am more on ground; anyway, one foot down. Even when in movement position of feet uncertain. Go a few yards, supported. Muscular instructor rather hot and tired, but says civilly, "You're getting on nicely, Sir." At this get off unexpectedly, and, when I am picked up, reply, "very likely," only my feet were off the pedals all the time. Then rest, and watch little children riding easily. One pretty girl. Wonder whether she laughed at me. Probably. Shall have another try.

*Second Lesson.*—Held on by another instructor, who urges me "to put more life into it." Hope it won't be the death of me. Work in a manner which even the treadmill, I imagine, could not necessitate, and get the wheel round a few times. Painful whobbling. Instructor says I must pedal more quickly. Can't. Rest a minute. Panting. Awfully hot. Observe little children going round comfortably. Pretty girl here again, looking as fresh and cool as possible. Suddenly manage to ride three yards unsupported. Then collapse. But am progressing. Shall come again soon.



## BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

*Mr. Smith.* "I WISH PARTICULARLY TO SEE MR. JONES—I MEAN SIR JAMES JONES. IS HE IN?"

*Junior Partner.* "HE'S NOT IN JUST NOW, MR. SMITH. BUT IF IT'S TO LEAVE ANY MESSAGE OF CONGRATULATION, I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DELIVER IT."

*Mr. Smith.* "YES. PLEASE SAY THAT I'M NOT ASTONISHED THAT SIR JAMES HAS SUCCEEDED. JUST LOOK AT THIS DIRTY OLD HAT THAT HE LEFT AT THE CLUB IN THE PLACE OF MY BRAND-NEW ONE!"

*Third Lesson.*—Endeavour to get on alone. Immediately get off on other side. Nearly upset the pretty girl. Polite self-effacement impossible when one is at the mercy of a mere machine. After a time manage better. And at last get started and ride alone for short distances. Always tumble off ignominiously just as I meet the pretty girl. Instructor urges me to break the record. Hope I shan't break my neck. Finally go all round the ground. Triumph! Pretty girl seems less inclined to laugh. Delightful exercise, bicycle riding! Shall come again to-morrow.

*Fourth Lesson.*—High north-east wind. Hot sun. Regular May weather. Clouds of coal-dust from track. Pretty girl not there at all. Start confidently. Endeavour to knock down a wall. Wall does not suffer much. Start again. Faster this time. The pretty girl has just come. Will show what I can do now. Career over large hole. Bicycle sinks, and then takes a mighty leap. Unprepared for this. Am cast into the air. Picked up. Can't stand. Something broken. Doctor will say what. Anyhow, clothes torn, bruised, disheartened. Dare not catch the eye of pretty girl. Carried home. Shall give up bicycle riding. Awful fag, and no fun.

VIVE LE PRINCE!—The Prince of WALES runs a colt called *Safety Pin*, which seems likely to be connected with a good deal of scratching this season. But H.R.H. also owns another animal in whose appellation the letters P.I.N. also appear. *Snaff, et curb, sap.*

## THE DERBY A FEW YEARS HENCE.

(By our Prophetic Reporter.)

"ARE we not fortunate in having so fine a morning?" exclaimed the hunter. "You are lucky, my friend, to see our national pastime at its best!"

"I have often heard of it," returned the Arab. "And it is so much better arranged nowadays than in the times of long ago."

"Well, yes," was the response. "The course is got over quicker than when we took it in hand; or, to be more correct, I should say in legs. A century since it was very popular with the Yahoos."

"And they never come now?"

"No, they have given up the grand stand, the hill, everything—save the course—to us."

"But why do they meddle with the course?" asked the intelligent foreigner.

"Because, my dear fellow," replied his friend, "the machines require jockeys as much as we did. In fact, even more, because, you see, we had intelligence, and did not work by machinery."

At this moment there was much neighing, and a good deal of horse laughter. It was evident that the great trial of speed was on the eve of being contested. Epsom Downs bathed in the sunshine was a sight to see. Masses of hay and oats were spread in profusion, shortly to be discussed at luncheon after the race had been decided.



At last there was a hush. Every horse, every pony, every donkey showed intense interest.

"They come! They come!" was the cry.

Then the machines, some of them propelled by steam power, others by paraffine, and others by electricity, appeared in sight. They passed rapidly, like a flash of lightning, and reached the judge's seat. In a moment more the numbers were up, and the event was a thing of the past.

The Derby Motor of 19— had been lost and won! And, this being so, the four-footed multitude, that had been doing nothing in particular for the last six hours but eating, shouting, and betting, returned, more or less contentedly, to their stables.

## A NEW TIP FOR AN OLD TALE.

SIR,—In reply to your application for the name of the winner of the Derby, I beg to submit the annexed tip, which is about the best point to the required cue that it has ever been my privilege to furnish. Trusting that your readers and yourself will not fail to act in the customary way, and cheque a portion of their takings to the old prophet, I am, Sir, yours confidently, DARBY JONES.

N.B.—You will notice that on these lines I have hung several hooks—

If the Derby by Saint be not won,  
By Old Nick he will surely be done,  
But do not forget  
That there may be regret  
When American fruit's on the run.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ARMENIA AND CRETE.—Fleet action.



MEDLEVAL ITALIAN DOG MUZZLE.

(From a Mural Tablet.)

## OUR SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED SELECTION FOR THE DERBY.

(By a New Hand.)

I AM glad, Sir, you decided to move with the times, and deputed me to give you and your numberless readers a real genuine put-your-last-dollar-on-it prophecy on the event of the sportive year. And having placed this confidence in my knowing-it-all-beforehand powers, I would not think of deceiving you. No, Sir, I would not descend to talking like some of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers, of "Old Solis," or "Ju Plu," or "Appy o' Polly who drives the Pee' Bus." If I had to ascend to classical particulars, I would remind you that the circus of the ancients was composed of the "cavea," the "spina," and some cypress trees, called by the good old sportsmen of those distant days the "mate," or goals. I would suggest that "ava" or eggs were put up or down as each charioteer completed a "lap," in honour of those genuine contest-loving Johnnies dear old Castor and good old Pollux. I could write yards more in this line, if you could not get for yourself the whole bag of tricks—as I did—at first hand from Dr. Smith's *Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities*.

So leaving the classics—the pure gold of my book-shelves, and the spurious imitation of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers—I come to modern times. You want to know who is to win the event which has been very properly called "The Blue Riband of the Turf." And in these days of Stock Exchange surprises, of South African slumps, and cycle booms, when you scarcely know where you are or what you are doing, it is refreshing to get away from the heated atmosphere of Capel Court to inhale the hawthorn-scented breezes of Epsom Downs. And if you should be able to make a few pounds before "going home to tea," like the faithful mariner whose "heart was true to Poll," why shouldn't you? In these precious hard times, when you have to pay five-and-sixpence in the pound as rates, and the same old "eightpence" for income-tax, why, I repeat, why shouldn't you?

So I contend he who can pick out the absolute winner before it's printed on world-renowned "Correct Card" is a public benefactor. And, beforehand, let it be known I don't want a statue. No, not even if it could be done as old HORACE hath it, "as easily as the nimble nine dupondii," by saying that the effigy alleged to be the late JOHN BRIGTH in the Lobby of the House of Commons was in reality intended for me. No, Sir, and ladies and gentleman all, don't insult me with statues, but send to me—as a mark of respect and personal goodwill—a small percentage of your winnings. However small a sum it is I shall be pleased, as it will be a token to me that I have given pleasure to others.

And now comes the momentous question—who is to win? I can tell you, and I am not going to beat about the bush, as some of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers do by saying in one line what they unsay in the next. What is the use of becoming invidious by particularising? When all the horses are good, why pick out the flower of the flock? If I did, I would be sure to hurt someone's feelings. It may be a certainty for the Prince, or the Duke, or the Baron. It's a pity it can't be as sure as nails for the

three, as they are all and every one of them fine specimens of the best traditions of the British Turf. And mind you nowadays it's not all "rara avis in terris," which, by the way, must not be confounded with the talented gentleman who appears nightly at the Adelphi in *One of the Best*.

And having now said enough to show my preference, my fancy, I pick out the winner. I give you "one, two, three," so that if you don't secure the absolute first, you can at any rate come safe home with a place. Without further circumlocution or additional procrastination, I plump for—

THE FIELD,

and have no hesitation as to the result. And now, please, print my name—sounding the second "i" short for special identification.

IXTON, THE WHEELER.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

*Whit Monday.*—The two DE RESZKÉS, with all their wits about them, appear, JOHN as *Faust*, and EDWARD as *Mephistopheles*. The latter, refraining from indulgence in that sort of humour which formerly made his *Mephisto* a "devilish amusing fellow, dontcherknow," is now more saturnine and satirical. Prefer his first reading, as more in character with the mocking fiend who wishes his victim to have a short life, but a merry one. *Mephisto* enters into the game as "the joker." He used to cower and snarl only when interfered with by objectionable persons with cross-handled swords; otherwise he was a jovial, cynical companion, full of impish practical jokes. MAGGIE MAC-INTYRE good as *Marguerite*; fresh as a daisy, and sad as a lack-a-daisical *prima donna* should be when she has come to grief. Opera in French. That accomplished M.A., or Mistress of Arts, Madame BAUERMEISTER, good as ever, if not better than ever, in character of gay young thing *Martha*. Holiday House crowded, though many stall-warts away, taking their Whitsun holiday. MANCINELLI conducting himself admirably. Orchestra out of sight, but not out of mind, nor out of time or tune. Never better. Chorus, perhaps, a trifle Whitmondaysish.



"Cavalleria Rusticana."

*Tuesday.*—*Fra Diavolo*, as before, BEVIGNANI in the chair.

*Wednesday and Thursday.*—Warbling WAGNER nights, with EMMA EAMES, PLANCON, and ANCONA, in *Tannhäuser*, and LES DE RESZKÉ FRÈRES, with Madame ALBANI, in *Lohengrin*. *Tannhäuser* excellentissimo. The Brothers at their best, as are EMMA EAMES and the others.

*Friday.*—*Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, always a charming couple, with a new *Santuzza*, Mlle. D'ALMA; but we are waiting to see the second opera made into *Calvé-leria*, which will give it a fresh start. PINI-CORSI made quite a pleasant fellow of *Alfo*. But original cast preferred.



"Pagliacci."

*Saturday.*—*Meistersinger* to commence at 7.30. When shall we dine? And if it is not over till past midnight, where shall we sup? These difficulties surmounted, we go to to-night's performance of *Die Meistersinger*. House crowded. Extra seats wherever they could be placed. Brothers JEAN and EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ warbling WAGNER in the choicest Italian, magnificently, with PLANCON doing his level best, and DAVID BISPHAM with M. BONNARD, an Englishman and a Frenchman, thoroughly entering into the Wagnerian fun of German low comedy. EMMA EAMES as *Eva* and Madame BAUERMEISTER as *Maddalena* leaving nothing to be desired, except that Waggish WAGNER should have given them more to do. Enthusiastic calls for everybody after every Act; and Merry MANCINELLI dragged on by the Great Twin Brethren to take his well-earned share of the general congratulations. Splendid finish to second week's Opera. DEURICOLANUS delighted. WAGNER Victorious!

BY OUR THOUGHTFUL JAMES IN A CONFECTIONER'S SHOP.—What is the natural companion to a *Bath Bun*?—Why, evidently, a *Sponge Cake*. [Buys both and retires.]





## ECONOMY.

*Dolly.* "WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? 'LADY CARNABY AT HOME. DANCING. R.S.V.P.' IN AN OPEN ENVELOPE, WITH A HALFPENNY STAMP!"

*Hughie.* "IT MEANS SHE DOESN'T CARE A HALFPENNY WHETHER YOU GO OR NOT!"

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Continued.)

HERE then was HARRY once more on my hands. Though he was still a very young man, he had contrived to cram a great deal of life into a very short space of time. He had been at Cambridge, had made an army-tutor's too hot to hold him, had revelled from wealth to penury at Monte Carlo, had totally failed in business, and had apparently exhausted the resources of British Columbia. The situation was a serious one, for we were confronted with the pressing necessity of doing something for HARRY. You can't put a brother-in-law away in a drawer of your writing-table, look him up, and forget all about him, as if he were a bill, and you can't tear him up and throw him into a waste-paper basket, as if he were an appeal for a church building-fund; but apart from such drastic proceedings in the direction of total neglect and oblivion, it was difficult to see how we were to treat this returned prodigal.

HARRY, I am bound to say, was quite amiable, and showed a perfect readiness to fall in with any proposal made for his benefit. There was a fine carelessness about him that disarmed anger. "You settle it yourself, old man," he said, "I'll chip in when you tell me the band's ready to start playing."

"But you won't like the tune, you know," I observed.

"Lord bless you, I shall like *any* tune, and, look here," he continued, with a generous show of making a great concession, "I'll play any blessed instrument you like, big drum, bones, or concertina—it's all one to me. Just you settle it, and then give me the office, that's all I want." Thereupon he helped himself to one of my long cigars, rang the bell, and told my butler to bring him a whiskey and soda. All this talking, he said, made his throat as dry as a limekiln.

"But couldn't you suggest something yourself?" I asked

"Surely you must have some preference." He pondered for a few moments, and sipped his drink. "I'll tell you what, old man," he suddenly broke out, "I've got it. I'll go to the Bar. I can eat dinners with the best of 'em, and as for going into chambers, why, I could do it on my head, wig and all. You can take me into partnership, old man, or I'll devil for you. I don't know what a chap does when he devils, but it sounds the sort of thing that might suit me. So there you are, and don't you ever say I refused to help in providing myself with a profession. I'll go to the Bar and keep on devilling all day; and I shan't want a big screw to begin with. Five or six hundred a year will do me. Is it a whack?" I had to explain to him that it was not a whack, a decision which did not impair his cheerfulness in the very least.

WHEN I consulted ALICE, she said that the poor boy must not be hurried into anything. There was lots of time, and, thank Heaven, we had money enough to support him in the meanwhile. As a practical proposal, she suggested that I ought to find a pleasant open air occupation for him, something that would keep him amused without putting too great a tax upon his intellectual faculties. Why shouldn't I send him down to look after the shooting I had taken in Suffolk? HARRY could live in the house, superintend the keepers and make preparations for the season; and as I could only get down there occasionally, the arrangement would really be advantageous to me. So said, so done. This conversation took place in the beginning of August, and in the following week HARRY started for Suffolk with one of the handsomest shooting and game-keeping outfits I have ever seen.

I HAVE no wish to linger long over the recollection of this experiment. It is enough to say that I got very little shooting myself. Somehow or other HARRY always wrote, at a time most inconvenient for me, to say that the birds really must be killed at once, and that, if I couldn't come myself, he thought he could get two or three fellows who could hold pretty straight, and, with their help, he might manage. He did manage. He and his friends had what he called a slap-up time, and lived—at my expense—on the fat of the land. ALICE certainly pointed out that it was delightful to have so many partridges and pheasants to give away to our friends, and that she always knew HARRY had a good heart, and would come right in the end. But, when I had paid all the bills, and counted the cost, I concluded that a shooting, managed in this style, was too expensive a luxury for me, especially as my own friends did not seem to fit in with HARRY's ideas. "Those two old Q. C. johnnies," he remarked, "can't shoot for nuts; and as for the Judge, he seemed to think I was a pheasant or a rabbit, by the way he tried to pepper me. No, thanks; I'll let the coroner get along without me, if I can." On the whole, the experiment was not a success, and I determined not to repeat it. So there was HARRY on my hands again.

SINCE then we have tried a great many other plans. We took a little cottage on the Thames, and installed HARRY in it. His bill for steam-launches was colossal. We packed him off with a couple of friends for a voyage on the Norfolk Broads; we took rooms for him in a moderate hunting county, but he soon tired of that, and said Leicestershire was the only county for a man who respected himself. So, though the inference was not obvious, to Leicestershire he went, with two horses of mine, and two that he bought for himself, dirt cheap, as he told me. As to the dirt I know nothing; the cheapness I deny, especially as I had to pay for them. At present, we have quartered him out in a golfing centre, with a brand new set of clubs, and a first-class bicycle. In fact, HARRY is sampling every amusement and almost every expensive pursuit under the sun, and all at my cost. This cannot go on much longer; no income can stand it. But I am as far as ever from knowing what to do with my cheerful brother-in-law.

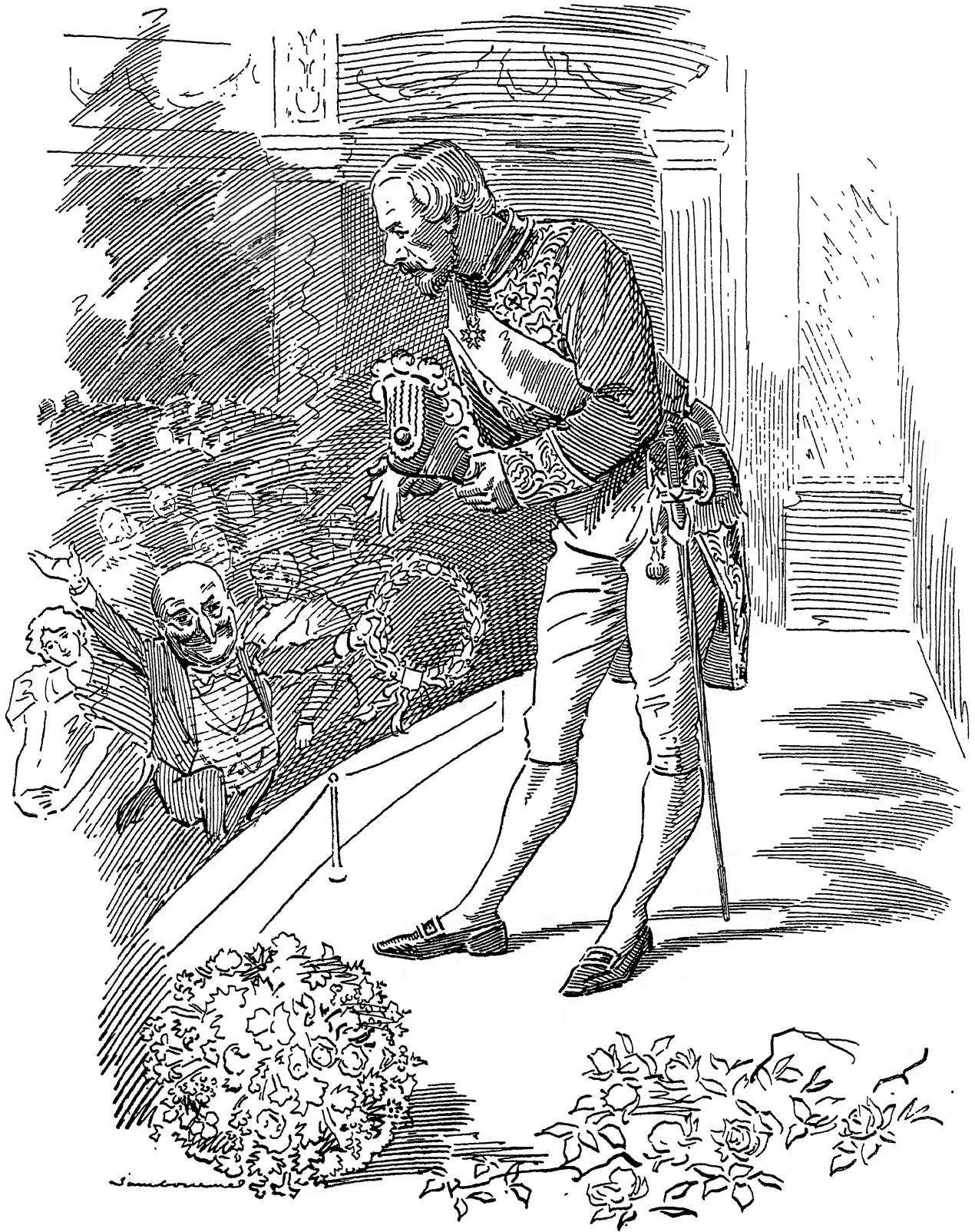
## A Bicyclist's Adieu.

It isn't because you said I was curt,  
When you shot from your "bike" like a dart,  
And curled up in all-too-promiscuous dirt,  
That for ever and ever we part.  
It is simply and solely—Why secrets disclose?  
But, another time, do not have holes in your hose!

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Honourable and Ancient Artillery Company of Boston, U.S.A., will invade this island next month, and will be immediately made prisoners by the Prince of WALES and the H.A.C. of London. The wrongs of JOHN BULL will only be redeemed by the rites of hospitality.

JEST IN TIME.—A well-known miser is said to have backed the winner of the Derby simply because he was so Persimmonious!

"WATTS" IN A NAME?—The Derby winner's jockey.



**"THE WELL GRACED ACTOR."**

*Mr. Punch (to the Marquis of D-f-f-r-n, in last act of "Diplomacy"). "NOT FAREWELL, MY LORD, BUT 'AU REVOIR!' HOPE SOON TO SEE YOU IN A NEW CAST!"*

## THE PRINCE'S PAIR;

*Or, the Power of Loyalty. An Ode in Honour of the Derby (and Oaks) Day. (A long way after Dryden.)*

AIR—"Alexander's Feast."

'Twas Friday, after the first Derby won  
By Queen VICTORIA'S son  
(With *Per-sim-mon*).  
Aloft in simple state  
The princely sportsman sate,  
The favourite his own,  
As in the Derby, in the Oaks he found.  
His brow with two Blue Ribands he saw bound.

(So should a plucky Prince be crowned.)  
The lovely *Thais*, side by side  
With DERBY'S Oaks competitor did stride.  
Alas, for *Thais*, WATTS'S pride!  
It were the loveliest of loyal jokes  
If he who won the Derby won the Oaks!  
Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,

None but the brave deserve such palmstowear!  
But *Canterbury Pilgrim* thundering nigh  
With RICKABY, all fire,  
With flying feet draws nigher, nigher,  
Trembling, triumphant notes ascend the sky!  
*Thais* appears to tire!

The *Pilgrim* wins, by Jove!  
Stirred are the crowded seats above,  
(Such is the power of loyal love!) [odds!  
*Pilgrim* shoots out—two lengths—upsets the  
"Hundred to eight! How well young  
RICKABY rode!

*Thais* is second. We had liked it best  
Had she been first tho'. Well he stands the  
test!  
His princely lip in quiet smile is curled.  
We'd back him—Prince or sportsman—'gainst  
the world!"

The princely "sportsman" smiled to see  
The public all, of high or low degree,  
With mighty sympathy a-move;  
For princely pluck doth stir the crowd to love!  
"The Blue Riband was no bubble,  
*Thais*' loss his mind won't trouble.  
All things must have a beginning,  
What is won there's no destroying,  
And the Derby *was* worth winning,  
And the memory's worth enjoying.  
Lovely *Thais*! *this* win is denied thee!  
Take the gifts the gods provide thee!"  
The many rend the skies with loud applause,  
So Love is crowned, and Loyalty wins the  
cause.

The Prince, quite able to conceal his pain,  
Smiles with an air  
Devoid of care,  
And—all the world hopes he will win again!

## RESULTS BY RED TAPE.

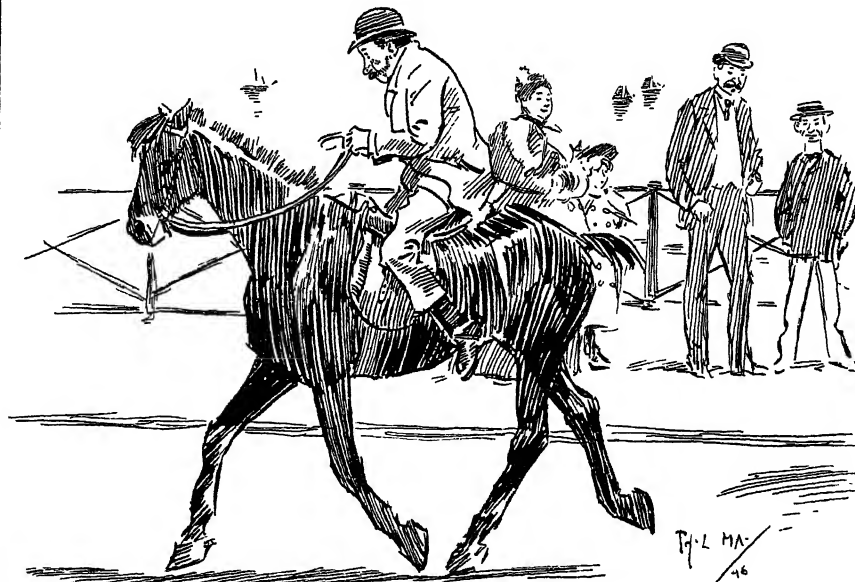
(A Story founded on Precedent.)

THE crisis of the campaign had been reached. The Commander-in-Chief and the Diplomatist—each of them a celebrity of the century—had all but succeeded in bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion. They had worked side by side and hand in hand for years, and had together grown old in the service of their country.

"We attack the citadel to-morrow," said the soldier, "and the town, once taken, you will arrange details."

"Assuredly," replied the statesman. "I have a draft treaty drawn out which must be accepted by the enemy. This point gained, and we shall have secured peace with honour. Peace that will last a century, and honour that will endure for ever."

The colleagues—he of the pen and he of the



## A SKETCH AT MARGATE.

"IT'S EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WAS!"

sword—shook hands, and congratulated one another. Then they retired for the night.

The next morning they were early a field. The warrior had marshalled his men, and the diplomatist had assumed his official costume, and had supplied himself with a sheet of parchment, a couple of pens, and an inkstand.

All was ready. The commander-in-chief called his officers round him to receive final instructions, and the courtier procured a taper and a stick of sealing-wax.

It was at this moment that a Government messenger put in an appearance.

"Very sorry to disturb you, gentlemen," began the new comer, "but orders are orders, and must be obeyed."

"We have no time to attend to you," said the soldier.

"Please stand aside," added the statesman.

"We will discuss the matter further when occasion permits. Remember that this is a critical moment. Recollect that I am the principal political officer."

"And I the commander-in-chief."

"Can't help that, gentlemen," responded the Government messenger; "but, as you have both reached to-day the age limit, you are compulsorily retired."

So the warrior and the statesman gave up the campaign at the critical moment. When they got home, they both received a pension. But, although the award was well earned, it was neither a pleasure to the recipients nor an advantage to the bestowers.

Still it was a triumph for red tape, and that—as every one knows—is something.

## TENNYSON ON TWO EVENTS.

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES won the Derby, and H.I.M. the German EMPEROR won the yacht race, so Mr. Punch says to all Englishmen—

"O give him welcome!"

"This (bowing to H.R.H.) is he  
Was great by land, as thou (saluting the  
German Emperor) by sea!"

(Tennyson's Ode on the "Death of the Duke of Wellington.")

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

A REFLECTIVE BRITON TO A NATATORY  
RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

We read in tales from many lands  
Of mermaids playing in the brine,  
With looking-glasses in their hands,  
And ringlets flowing free and fine.  
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has told  
With perfect pathos, subtle wit,  
Of that Princess with locks of gold  
Who loved, but could not walk or sit.

You, too, Princess, I often dreamed  
Must be a mermaid cast ashore;  
Your swimming gait was what I deemed  
No Naiad e'er displayed before.  
You look divine with that same walk,  
As down the Esplanade you sail,  
And from your ever constant talk,  
You must be very like a whale.

You speak with rapture of the dive  
That day by day you undertake,  
I marvel that you're still alive,  
Your swimming feats make bathers quake.  
The safety-rope you never seize,  
E'en when the waves their own would  
claim,  
You laugh at all the angry seas,  
And Venus-like have earned her name.

So rhapsodizing from this height,  
Where modesty bids me abide,  
I look upon the clean delight  
Of Woman battling with the tide.  
And far below I see a shape,  
Tall, skimpy, lightly clad in blue  
Brisels! do that damsel drape!—  
By Neptune's trident it is you!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—The "mug"  
always consorts with the "juggins."

A DUPLEX LAMP COUNTING TWO ON A  
DIVISION.—The Member for Wick.

THE MODERN EDICT OF "NAMES."—Passing in swimming at Eton.

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

## No. XIV.

*Mr. Jabberjee's fellow-student. What's in a Title? An invitation to a Wedding. Mr. J. as a wedding guest, with what he thought of the ceremony, and how he distinguished himself on the occasion.*

THERE is a certain English young fellow-student of mine—*videlicet*, HOWARD ALLBUTT-INNETT, Esquire, with whom I have succeeded in scratching an acquaintance at sundry Law Lectures, and in the Library of my Inn of Court—a most amiable tip-top young chap, who is “the moulded glass of fashionable form,” and the cap-in-hand with innumerable aristocratic nobles.

Seeing that I had (at an earlier period) been a more diligent attendant and note-taker of lectures than himself, he did pay me the transcendent compliment of borrowing the loan of my note-book, which, to my grateful astonishment, he condescended to bring back personally to Portico-bello House, saying that he had found my notes magnificent, and totally incomprehensible to his more limited intellect!

In addition, he graciously accepted my invitation to ascend to the drawing-room, where I introduced him freely to several select lady boarders as my *alter ego* and *Fidus Achates*.

On taking his leave, he expressed some marvelling that I should have concealed my superior rank under the reticence of a napkin, having observed that I was addressed as “Prince” by more than one of the softer-sexed boarders.

I replied that I attached no valid importance to the *nomini umbra* of such a barren title, and that the contents of what there is nothing in must necessarily be naught.

He answered me warmly that he entirely joined issue with me in such an opinion, and that he was often affected to sickness by the snobbery of mundane society, adding that he hoped I would give him the look up at his paternal mansion in Prince's Square, Bayswater, shortly, since his people would be overjoyed at making my acquaintance, which both enraptured and surprised me, for hitherto he had ridden the high and rough-shod horse, and employed me to suck my brains as a cat's foot.

And odzooks! before many days I was the recipient of a silver-lettered missive, stating that Mr. and Mrs. LEOPRIC ALLBUTT-INNETT did request the honour of Prince JABBERJEE's company at the marriage of their daughter, CLORETTA ISABEL, with Mr. OVERTON WOODBEIGH-SMART, at a certain sacred Bayswater edifice.

This I eagerly accepted, perceiving that my friend must have eulogised to his parents my legal accomplishments and forensic acumen.

When, like *Hamlet*, I did obey in all my best, I alighting at the church in my embossed cap, shawl neckcloth, a pair of yellow gloves, and patented Japan shoes, the spectators saluted me with shouts of joy as the returned SHAHZADAR, which caused me to bow profusely, while the driver of the hansom petitioned an additional sixpence.

The interior of the church was dim and crowded with feminines, and I could only hear flutters and rustlings, together with a subdued mumble at the remotest end—which I ascertained to be the ceremony. Then followed the long stop and awkward pause, accompanied on the organ, and at length all the company stood on seats and the tiptoe of expectation, as the bridal procession moved slowly down the central passage amidst the congratulations of their friends and nearest relations.

Not being desirous to hide under a bushel, I did press myself forward, and addressing a lady whom I took to be the bride, I felicitated her loudly, wishing that she might never become a widow, or use vermilion on her grey head, and that she might wear the iron bangle, and get seven male children.

Unhappily the serene ray of my goodwill was born to blush unseen in the dark unfathomed cave of a desert ear, for the actual recipient of my compliments was an unmarried spinster relative, who had already passed the years of discretion.

Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT welcomed me with cordial effusiveness, insisting that I should honour them by visiting their residence, and critically inspecting the nuptial gifts, to which I consented.

On my arrival, I held a lengthy colloquy with the happy bridegroom, from whom I was anxious to obtain particulars of English marriage customs, such as whether he would be required to spend the evening in having his ears pulled, and other facetious banterings,

by his mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, as in India.

But he seemed oppressed by so severe a bashfulness that I could extract no information from him, and presently the father of the bride came up and conducted me into an apartment wherein was a kind of bazaar, or exhibition of clocks and lamps and stationery cases and knives and forks and other trinkets and gewgaws, none of which appeared to me at all different from similar objects in shop windows.

However, the greatest admiration and wonderment were expressed by all who entered, and I found that the host was under grave apprehensiveness that the presents might be looted by the more unscrupulous of the guests, for he pointed out to me a sharp-eyed, shy gentleman in a corner, who, he informed me, was a disguised police-officer. This, at first, I was loth to believe, but was assured that it was a necessary precaution.

Still, I will presume to point out that the simulation by a policeman of the ordinary character of a friend of the family and fellow-rejoicer, is a rather reprehensible trap to catch a sleeping weasel, since those whose honesty is not invariably above par may be lulled into the false security by his civilian get-up. And I did assure him, privately, that it was totally unnecessary to keep an eye on myself, who was a native University man with no necessity or natural taste for peccation, but that I would infallibly inform him if I should succeed at detecting any attempted dishonesty.

Later I was ushered into the refreshment-room, and partook of a pink ice, with champagne-wine and strawberries, after which I entreated leave of Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT to deliver a nuptial oration. And she, overjoyed at my happy thought, did loudly request silence for Prince JABBERJEE, who was to utter a few very brief utterances.

So as they became all ears, I addressed them, describing how, in my native country, at such a bridal feast and blow-out, it was customary for the bridegroom's mother to eat a sevenfold repast, for fear of a subsequently empty stomach; but the bride's mother, on the contrary, will touch nothing, feeling that the more she fasts then, the more provender will fall to her later on. And I rather facetiously added that, on the present occasion, I had the certainty that both the mothers might indulge their appetites *ad libitum*.

Next I recounted how, during a former boyish wedding of my own, my wife's mother after, as was befitting, setting a conical tinselled cap upon my head, and placing ten rings of twigs upon my ten fingers, and binding my hands with a weaver's shuttle, did say, “I have bound thee, and bought thee with cowries, and put a shuttle between thy fingers; now bleat then like a lamb.” Whereupon I, being of a jocular disposition, did, unexpectedly and contrary to usage, cry “Baa” loudly, thereby causing my mother-in-law to fear that

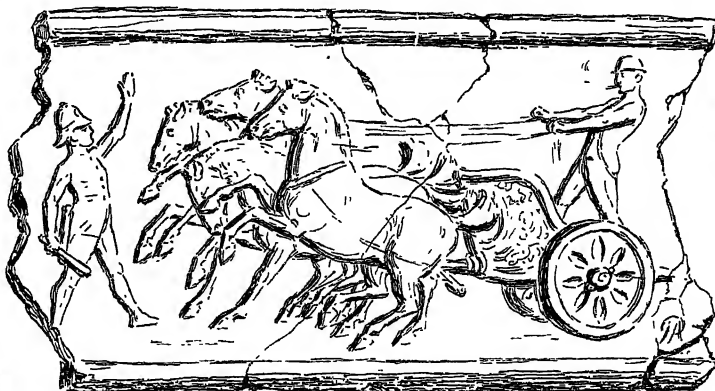


“The spectators saluted me with shouts of joy as the returned Shahzadar.”



I was a dull—until that night in the Zenana she had the great happiness to overhear me outwitting all the females present by the sprightliness of my badinage. And I was proceeding, amidst vociferous cachinnation, to enumerate some of my most lively sallies, when the bride's father did take me by the arm, and drawing me aside, inform me that the young couple were just about to start for their wedding journey, and that I was urgently required to see them depart. —I observed that here, as with us, it is *de règle* to scatter rice upon the head of the bridegroom—but neither treacle nor spices. Moreover, this complimentary shower is extended to the bride and the carriage-horses, and hurled with athletic vigorousness, while it is a point of honour to knock off the coachman's hat with a female satin slipper.

I was disappointed to see that both the happy pair had cast aside their gorgeous wedding garments, and put on quite ordinary and everyday attire, which, if not due to excessive parsimoniousness, must originate in a shamefaced desire to conceal their state of connubiality, though it might be reasonably anticipated that they should rather be anxious to manifest their triumphant good-luck *pro bono publico*.



ANCIENT BAS-RELIEF. "SIC ITUR AD ASCOT."

#### AFTER THE EPSOM WEEK IS OVER.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

So you see, Sir, you were right in trusting me. I gave you, as I promised, the absolute winner for the Derby. But more, Sir. If you followed my fancy, not only did you get *Persimmon*, but *St. Frusquin* and *Earwig*. It is not often that a racing prophet can boast of having given the absolute "one, two, three," of the Blue Riband of the Turf. But I did it. Yes, Sir, I plumped for the Field. And the placed ones were in the Field. But it is only right and proper that you should share the merit of your conscientious and right-minded contributor. If I indicated, with absolute accuracy, the heroes of the hour, or, I should say, the observed of all observers of the something less than three minutes, you, pluckily, hours before the race was decided, published a portrait of the winner!

There is only one slight drawback to the satisfaction of the moment. Those who have won through this marvellous production, have not yet sent, as requested, a percentage of their winnings. This oversight corrected, and the great British public will receive not only the congratulations, but the respect of IXION THE WHEELER.

#### OPERATIC NOTES.

*Tuesday*.—*DRURIOLANUS* confers great benefit on old, middle-aged, and young stagers, or, rather, opera-goers, by giving *Martha* with a remarkably good, and in the case of NED DE RESZKE, an exceptional caste. Just now, than *MARIE ENGEL*, no better representative of the



English *Martha*, whose *petit nom* is "Patty," a joke which escaped both *Nedreszké*—*Plumketto* (so printed, though surely it ought to be with an "n" not an "m"; but still, "N or M," as the case may be, there is more than one "Plum" in this part) and the amiable lover, *Lionello-Cremolini*, who, in the last act, might have substituted "Patty! Patty!" for "*Martha! Martha!*" to the well-known air. However, the opera went capitally without this slight alteration. Then again, the opera being an old one, and with one delightful typically English air in it, "*The Last Rose of Summer*," a second chance was lost by NED DE RESZKE—*PLUMPUDDINGKETTO*, when making up to the *soubrette* Nancy, played and sung with lady-like archness by Madame MANTELLI, omitting to sing "*I would I were with Nancy*,"

an innovation which, I am sure, *Signor BEVIGNANT* would have permitted, and would have orchestrated with the greatest pleasure.

The first scene of *Martha* is laid at Richmond, which at this date, somewhere about the time of *ROBIN HOOD*, to judge by the costume, was, it appears, overlooked by an Alpine range, including a suspicion of snow-capped mountains. The Surrey hills, always a fair scene, must have been very different then, as seen in this Fair Scene (in the second half of Act I.), to what they are nowadays. Evidently they have been considerably cut down since the time of *Plumkako* and *Sceriffo*, alias "Sheriff." NED DE RESZKE, with jovial drinking song and dance, obtained a tremendous *encore*. The dance did it. What a first-rate *Henry the Eighth* he would make! Let Sir *DRURIOLANUS* look to it.

The remainder of week given up to encores of already performed operas. In smooth water; and *Martha* again next Thursday.

#### A LITTLE MOSCOW-RAID.

[By a party of 170 revellers, led by an active chap-Perowne, who have visited Russia to witness the Coronation.]

To Moscow we've been, and the show we have seen,  
And now we're returning to Britain,  
Our tales to recount, despite the amount  
Of stuff that's already been written.

We English all found, as we trotted around,  
That the Russians were mightily civil;  
The croakers' alarms at the troubles and harms  
We should meet with might well be called "drivel."

If we photo'd or sketched, 'twas said we'd be fetched  
By gendarmes and removed to Siberia;  
While scribbling was banned by the law of the land—  
All these warnings were simple hysteria!

Like Britishers bold, in each palace we strolled,  
With our visiting cards as mere *permit*;  
The police let us through, without further ado,  
Surprised by our "cheek," as I'll term it.

We kodaked the Czar and his entry bizarre,  
And felt not a quail nor a trembling;  
Quite free of all charge, we wandered at large  
O'er the place I must spell as the "Krembling."

We came and we saw and were conquered—no flaw  
Could we find in the pageant of wonders;  
If we think we could beat this spectacular treat,  
We make just the biggest of blunders!

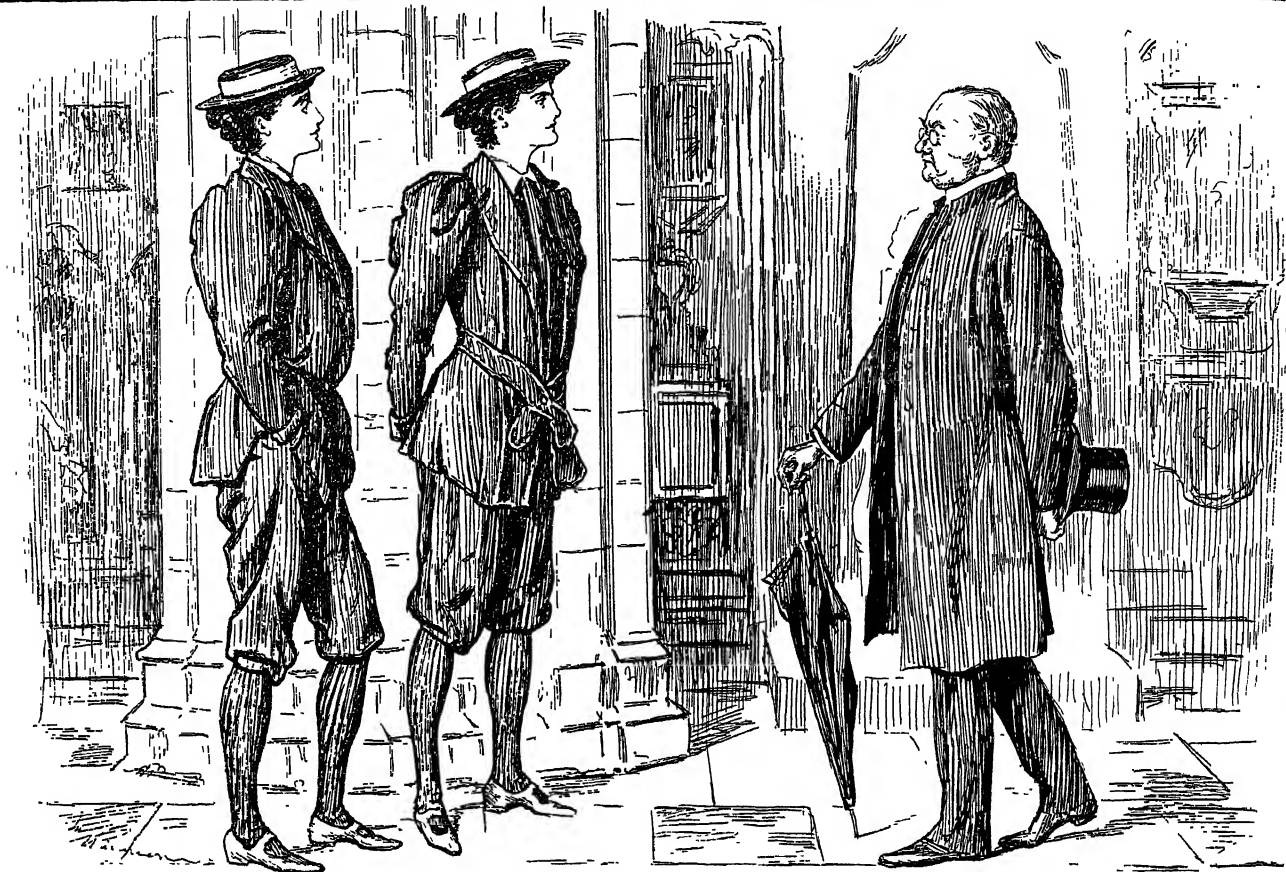
If only they'd spend a few roubles, and mend  
Those pavements that shake you to pieces,  
To Moscow we'd burn straightway to return—  
'Tis a town where delight never ceases!

And if ever the Russ should abolish the fuss  
About passports, as done by BRITANNIA,  
Why then, when we part, we could say from our heart  
The Slav *au revoir*—"do svidanya!"

"NOT YSAIYELY BUT TOO WELL."—I say that YSAIY's last concert takes place on Saturday next. Ysaye-turday? Why not say some other day, when it wouldn't clash (which is inharmonious) with the Sarasate Concert? If YSAIY were a Ysaye-acre, he would have made some other arrangement. Y saye this now? Never too late. Will YSAIY oblige, and play BACH's famous *Chaconne in D minor*? Forwards! always, but "try BACH," is the modern musician's motto. Perhaps some amateurs there be who do not care for the *Chaconne*. They should be "well Chaconne before taken" to hear the performance. But, after all, "*Chaconne à son goût*." And at this we leave it.

FROM ARMENIA TO CORNWALL.—The SULTAN's confidential emissary, the Ritter MICHEL VON NEWLYNSKY—or, as he is a distinguished Austrian journalist, let us call him "the Writer MICHEL"—when he has settled the diplomatic difficulty, will take advantage of his name, which proclaims his Cornish origin (he was born under a "*Newlyn sky*"), to proceed to Cornwall and settle the Newlyn strikers' difficulty. The artists there will welcome him at the Newlyn School.

CREAMERY AND CASH.—See the profits from ice-cream, lemonade, water ices, &c. About 500 per cent., according to case in Sheriff's Court. Why not a boom in ginger-beer? De Ginger-Beers much better than De Beers.



### RATIONAL COSTUME.

*The Vicar of St. Winifred-in-the-Wold (to fair Bicyclists). IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR MEN, I WILL NOT SAY GENTLEMEN, TO REMOVE THEIR HATS ON ENTERING A CHURCH!* Confusion of the Ladies Rota and Ixiona Bykerwell.

### OUR OWN EASTERN QUESTION.

(A New Tale of a "Tub.")

"It is pitiable, and, indeed, intolerable, that the great population of Plaistow, Canning Town, and all the rest of South West Ham, should be destitute of such a necessity of healthy life as a public bath and wash-house."

F. M. Marvin, H. M. Inspector of Schools.]

"RATED up to the eyes," yet unblest with a bath!

That's a sweet pretty picture of London's A pleasant incentive to choosing the path That divideth the man, although poor, from the beast.

Our workaday London must be a nice pitch For the poor Plaistow victim of drudging and dirt,

Whose only cheap "tub" is a dip in a ditch, A "bath" which would soil e'en a Casual's shirt!

The foul, stagnant sewage, that trickles from Into a marsh dyke, is a sweet sort of "tub"!

And life must be full of decorum and glee, Without chance of a plunge, without hope of a scrub!

Why even the dread "Purple East" of the Though bloodstained, is not grimed and bathless, like ours;

And WATSON might find our "Black East," Trade's backyard,

Furnish fine themes for wrath, as the Turk and the Pow'r;

Messrs. ALDEN and MARVIN might give him a text

For sermons in sonnets, with swear-words adorned,

And Wealth in the West, by scant water unvert,

Which the poor "Great Unwashed" has so oftentimes scorned, Might learn it is hard for the poor to keep clean.

With no baths, whether private or public, at hand.

When water is wanted to keep the earth green,

Church petitions find voices all over the But who lifts a prayer for our poor tubless East,

And our Waterless Babies—as KINGSLEY might say?

This would be a theme for the author of *Yeast*,

Who pointed such pertinent lessons in play. Conceive, gentles all, in such weather as this, A life amidst dirt, undispelled by a dip!

A bathless existence! Sweet Sir, if you miss Your dear morning tub, its cool lave, its nerve-whip,

How wretched you'd be, and how angry withal!

And what of a roll in a Regent's-lane ditch? *Punch* pities the poor in such plight, and must call

On the pity—and purse—of the bath-loving rich.

Mr. ALDEN, of Mansfield House, Canning Town pleads

To the West for the East! chance of plunge, dip, and scrub.

Give the Waterless East what that same sorely needs,

That's the moral of *Punch's* New Tale of a Tub!

### THE NEW ORDER OF VALOUR.

THE parade-ground presented a scene of unusual brilliancy. All the rank and talent of the country were there to do honour to the gallant girl whose bravery was to be suitably rewarded. The gracious lady who had undertaken the task of giving the decoration to the courageous recipient wore an expression of satisfaction at having so pleasing a duty to perform. All was sunshine—atmospheric as well as mental.

The important moment arrived, and then the maiden, wearing the costume in which she had performed her doughty deeds—divided skirt, smart coat and waistcoat, and dainty straw hat—approached the dais. She bowed smilingly as the worthy rival to the Victoria Cross was fixed to her button-hole.

Then there came a mighty shout. Hats were waved, handkerchiefs were fluttered, and parasols were agitated, in token of applause. The enthusiasm was marvellous. Only one person was astonished in that vast throng—an intelligent foreigner.

"Can you tell me," said the stranger from afar, addressing a police-constable, "why is it that everybody is so pleased that that young lady has got her splendid decoration?"

"Because," returned the protector of the Law, "she has richly earned it. She has survived a forlorn hope."

"And what has she done?"

"She has gone through an entire London season on a bicycle without an accident, and is being decorated for her luck and valour."

And the foreigner, being intelligent, wondered no longer.



## AN APPEAL.

INDIA. "I HAVE FOUND THE *MEN*, SAHIB!—WHY SHOULD I FIND THE *MONEY* TOO?"  
JOHN BULL. "'PON MY WORD, MY DEAR, I REALLY DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD!"





## THE CHAPERON'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* Now that the London season is at its height, I suppose it may be assumed that you are becoming weary?

*Answer.* Not so much as might reasonably be expected, as habit is second nature, and the duties of a chaperon are practically continuous.

*Q.* But do you not obtain rest in the country?

*A.* Not when one's charge has been out for more than a year, and has no time to lose.

*Q.* Has it not been suggested that chaperons are superfluous?

*A.* The idea was imported from America, but was discarded when the New Woman was voted out of date.

*Q.* Then a *débutante* still requires a guide?

*A.* Certainly; who should also be a philosopher and a friend.

*Q.* What are the duties of a chaperon to her charge?

*A.* To attend her to garden-party, concert, opera, or ball, and to suggest a vague superintendence over her movements.

*Q.* May a chaperon indulge in any of the pleasures of her charge?

*A.* Until recently she might dance at balls, but the mode is now considered antiquated.

*Q.* Is it permitted to her to sleep on duty?

*A.* The correct answer to this question depends on circumstances. If an eligible *parti* is present repose is sometimes not only permissible, but beneficial; but a chaperon can never be sufficiently wideawake in the neighbourhood of a detrimental.

*Q.* Is not the wear and tear of a nightly tour of revelry trying to health and strength?

*A.* Yes; and consequently Sunday entertainments are to be deprecated, as an addition to a burthen already sufficiently irksome.

*Q.* Can you suggest anything



## A DRESS REHEARSAL.

*L-rd Ch-f J-st-ee (to Sir H-nry Irv-ng).* "YOU SEE, WE ARE GOING 'ON TOUR' IN THE STATES, AND SO—(diffidently)—YOU ASK HIM, L-CKW-D."

*Sir Fr-nk L-ckw-d, Q.C., M.P.* "WELL, ME AND MY PARDNEE, SO TO SPEAK, WANT TO KNOW IF YOU AND J-HN H-RE CONSIDER OUR 'MAKE UP' AS CORRECT FOR THE BUSINESS?"

*Sir H. I.* "WELL—UM—(to J. H-re)—WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

*J. H-re (pleasantly).* "I THINK THEY LOOK 'A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.' BUT (apologetically) THAT WAS A BIG SUCCESS IN THE STATES."

[*Séance closed.*]

better than supper after the play, to be followed by a couple or so of crushes and a drive home by daylight?

*A.* Yes; a day off at home, yielding a good night's rest.

*Q.* If the functions of a chaperon are so trying and disagreeable, why are they assumed?

*A.* Because, as the mother or nearest friend of her charge, the chaperon, naturally, is either actuated by duty or affection.

*Q.* And what is the highest aim the chaperon has in view?

*A.* To secure for her charge a suitable marriage.

*Q.* What is a suitable marriage?

*A.* One giving wealth, rank, and an easy-going husband.

*Q.* And having secured these boons for her charge, should a chaperon be contented?

*A.* Entirely. She should be happy with a happiness saddened only by one painful reflection—that at some distant date the charge she has chaperoned may become, poor girl! a chaperon herself.

## A FULFILLED PROPHECY.

"WHEN American fruit's on the run"

Was my tip. And the biscuit or bun

By my foresight was easily won—  
As every race-goer owns—

So I beg that the gents with the winnings

Won't neglect to stomp up on my innings.

Cheques payable to

DARBY JONES.

APROPOS COINCIDENCE.—The Princess of WALES and her daughters dined at Derby House on Wednesday, June 3.

IN THE BRITISH LION'S DEN.—Captain DANN, ringmaster at the Agricultural Hall.

GOOD GOLFING GROUNDS.—The North and South "Fore"-lands.

## THE "FOURTH" FORM AT ETON.

By JOYNES MINOR.

FOURTH of June a fine day, all the finer for being also a *dies non*. Much pleased with my new "bags," especially ordered for the occasion; ditto with jacket and white waistcoat: altogether a triumph of BROWN'S. Sorry I threw that bale of cloth at his head the other day. My button-hole—a red rose—most effective, and "matches my complexion"; Major, who is up at Cambridge now, said combination reminded him of history reversed, viz., the roses of the Warre. Cheek this! Sweltering heat during speeches in Upper School; bust of PORSON positively perspired. Don't particularly care about speeches, but went in hope of seeing CROAKSON, my sixth-form fag-master, make an ass of himself. He did so—stumbling all over his speech from ARISTOPHANES' *Frogs*; was delighted—served him right for calling me a "lazy little skug."

Shirked "absence"; if complained of, shall say I was "staying-out," suffering from absent-mindedness. SKINNY and LIL minor, shirked too; prospect of a "swiping" for us to-morrow: never mind, we shall "swing, swing together," as our boating song says. My new "patents" rather painfully tight, so went with Major to rest my Trilbies for a moment, and have an ice in a "sock" shop. Met our "people," and lunched with them at the *White Hart* (people rather a bore, but, of course, unavoidable). Father, as usual, got up in execrable taste; feel inclined to ask him where he got that hat, but, being hopeful of substantial tip, don't. Paid off old tick at

JOBY's out of *Persimmon* winnings; by the way, so glad the Prince won, believe the whole school was "on" him. Watched the dry-bobs in Upper Club: Major assumes superior air of cricket connoisseur, just because he was twelfth man at Lord's last year (I hope to get my "sixpenny" myself this summer). Take Major down a peg by mentioning how "Buns" THORNTON hit him over the trees for six twice running. He does side so much about his "alows."

Saw little SKIPPY NIGHTMAN (the "beak" on a "bike") come such a cropper off his wheel in crowded High Street; grinned with joy, and "capped" him respectfully. Am "up to" him for mathematics, and shan't forget in a hurry his keeping me in "after twelve" on St. Andrew's Day, to do a beastly "extra work." Spoke to young KOSMO WILKINSON, cox of the *Thetis*, who was bursting with pride (and strawberry squash) on account of his admiral's uniform and "cabbage," which he called a "bookie." Followed the procession of boats in a steam-launch to Surley Hall, where we dined.

Ripping race home to Brocas, where BROCK'S fireworks "went off" brilliantly. Appropriately to result of yesterday's great race, the leading boats were the *Victory* and the *Prince of Wales*. Father gave me a fiver (hardly sufficient atonement for his hat, though), which Major at once wanted to borrow. Not much! Said "Good-bye" to people, and saw them safely off. Then met LIL minor and SKINNY. Went to "tap," and recklessly attempted the "Long Glass." Back to my dame's at 11 P.M.—one hour after "lock-up." Let us eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for to-morrow we—are swished. *Floreat Etona!*



THE POLITICAL "FIVE O'CLOCK."

THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS ARE DAILY ATTRACTING A "FRESH-AERATED AND WELL-BRED" COMPANY TO THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



## THE DIFFERENCE.

*Coachman.* "Now then, Cabby, get along, will yer!"

*Cabby.* "Why, what's your 'urry? You ain't paid by the job!"

## OUR DERBY PROPHECY.

WHERE be your Prophets now? And where be your "Profits," if you did not avail yourselves of the Tip *par excellence* given in *Mr. Punch's* Derby Cartoon last Wednesday? Oracles are for the wise, and is not a veil, a Derby Day veil, a part of the Prophet's attire? Was not H.R.H.'s *Persimmon* evidently *Mr. Punch's* "tip" as clear as the noonday sun? A prophecy to be read by those who ran, or who were interested in the runners. *Mr. Punch* takes this, his earliest opportunity, of heartily congratulating H.R.H. on the most popular event of the year. Winners, on this occasion, won with additional pleasure, and losers felt their losses less. Wrote "PAYO" in the *Morning Post*: "So far as the tip was concerned, *Punch's* remarkable cartoon, with its admiration of the Prince of WALES as 'a good sportsman,' in 'wishing him luck on his first Derby,' will go down to posterity as one of the most triumphant predictions ever published." Wasn't it evident to the astute Reader of Riddles that there was a "Purse" in *Persimmon*?

## The Onus of Obstruction.

(By any Party Politician.)

OBSTRUCTION for our side hath no seduction;  
For when we're out it is not called Obstruction!  
When we are in Obstruction blares and bellows,  
But then the fault is with—those other fellows!

QUESTION FOR NEXT YEAR.—Cannot the "Royal Military Tournament" be put under the management of Sir DAURIOLANUS, and be brought up to Olympia or Earl's Court? Or why could there not be a big circus temporarily erected for the show in Regent's Park?

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—Mr. BARLOW, the new Member for the Frome Division, owes his election entirely to the popularity of his pupils, Messrs. SANDFORD and MERTON.

LORD DUFFERIN'S FAREWELL SONG.—"Parigi O Cara!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 1.*—Back after Whitsun holidays; at least some four or five score of us. The SQUIRE still lingers at Malwood amid the other June roses. PRINCE ARTHUR looked in at question time; as soon as light railways were brought into station, got himself shunted. Quiet, business-like sitting tempered by CALDWELL. Began to count number of speeches he made; providentially fell asleep midway in computation. When I awoke CALDWELL was moving to insert in Clause 4 "when required in the interests of agriculture."

Principal attraction found on the Terrace. Transformation scene in one respect. ROBERT, who used sometimes to bring you the tea you had ordered but generally to take it to someone else, has been superseded. In his place trips neat-handed PHYLLIS in black frock, white apron, and spotless cambric cap. HENRY HOWARTH gloomily surveys scene from doorway. Nothing will induce him to cross the threshold.

"What we are coming to," he said in muffled tones, "I really don't know. The other day we had women in possession of Westminster Hall. To-night they swarm the Terrace. One thing I am grateful for is that my old friend and companion dear, DICKY TEMPLE, hasn't lived to see this day. Of course I mean lived in a Parliamentary sense. Outside the House he's younger, handsomer, and more vigorous than ever; ready to succeed ELGIN at Calcutta and Simla, if the MARKISS insists. Anyhow he's out of Parliament, and a happy man at that. This engagement of waitresses on the Terrace is opening the door of the House itself to the thin end of the wedge of Female Suffrage. Shall go off and write letter to *Times* on subject. Haven't given them anything lately."

As for Colonel MARK, uncle (on the Coldstream Guard side) of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., he sat at a table all by himself, surveying the scene which owed its inception to his fertile brain, its execution to his discriminating hand. With new cork hat pushed to miraculous angle at back of his head, he sat, a wan smile flickering over countenance of scholarly pallor.

"On occasions like this, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "prose won't do for me. I must drop into poetry. Don't be afraid. Under new



Kitchen Committee regulations no extra charge. O Woman," he continued, reverentially removing the cork hat, without which he never ventures to cross the Channel—

"O Woman, in our hour of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
Come, brave the cooling Terrace breeze,  
And serve our five o'clock teas."

*Business done.*—Light Railways advanced along report stage; rate not exceeding eight miles an hour.

*Tuesday.*—Cap'en TOMMY, marooned in the early Forties on an island in the Corsican Archipelago, wore through the weary hours by mastering the Italian tongue. Comes in useful now; enables him to master contents of Green Book issued by Italian Government, setting forth communications passing between the MARKISS and Italian Foreign Office on subject of Soudan. Apparently only two copies of precious volume in London. The CAP'EN has one stowed in his hammock; GEORGE CURZON spends his nights and days at Foreign Office studying the other. CAP'EN to-night paid out long cable of questions culled from Green Book. JOHN MORLEY, DILKE, and SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE chimed in. These easily put on one side. At least they haven't got the Green Book, and speak only by hearsay. The CAP'EN literally speaks by the book. No more shaking him off than was found possible by the wedding guest in the case of another Ancient Mariner.

The Under Secretary could not choose but hear. Some choice left him in matter of answering questions. Elected to make none, or hardly any. Scene closed with vague impression that there is something wrong at the Foreign Office; that the X rays of Cap'en TOMMY's remaining eye have pierced the veil; that the MARKISS has been thrown into a state of extreme nervous unrest; and that even GEORGE CURZON's imperturbability has been punctured as if it were merely a pneumatic tyre.

"I wonder at you, of all men, CAP'EN," said SARK. "You have your little flare-ups from time to time; but you sit behind your leaders, and are too old a salt not to know the respect due to the Admiral. Remember I was once staying down at Middle Hall, in Worcestershire, with old friend THOMAS PHILLIPS. Going through his library, he showed me precious fifteenth-century manuscript, being the *Itinerarium* of AMBROSIVS CAMALDULENSIS. The manuscript is, in the main, written in Latin. But, as Sir THOMAS pointed out, when the learned General of the Camalduli monks came to record the peccadilloes of monks or nuns of his own order, he wrote in Greek. Do you see the pretty moral that underlies this story? and don't you think it is applicable to conduct of a good Ministerialist?"

The CAP'EN's eye, which, long-scanning the ocean, has taken on a shade of its colour and assumed some of its depth, glistened.

"I see," he said, rubbing the side of his nose with the hook that better serves him than an ordinary man's right hand. "But Greek wouldn't suit the tack I'm sailing, so I haven't stowed any."

*Business done.*—Light Railways through Committee.

*Thursday.*—Who was it of whom the poet remarked that he was Problematically pious, but indubitably drunk?

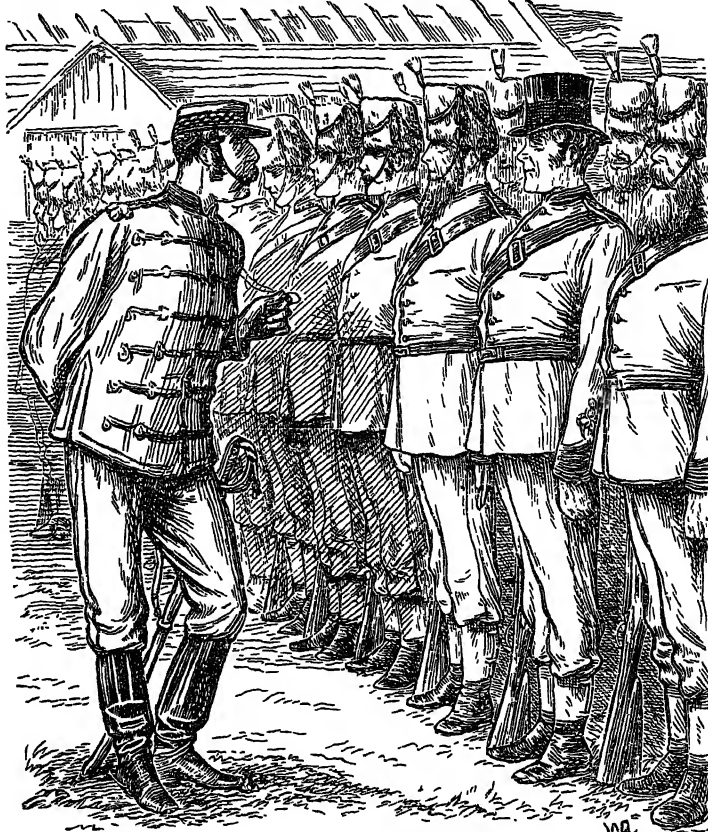
No one in the House of Commons, I'm sure, whether big or little, having cathedral connections, or chumming in chapel. Line recurs to SARK's inconsequential mind as he yawns through the slow hours, and from time to time awakes to the conclusion that the House is problematically busy, but indubitably dull. Light Railways on again. Started very well with RITCHIE in guard's van. At first seemed as if it would reach terminus "on time," as they say in the United States. At junction with Clause 13 line blocked; for more than hour train didn't advance a yard. Steam-whistle blown for Closure; no notice taken by signalman in box at table. Another long wait; steam-whistle on again; this time signal answered; points closed; train moved on—to be blocked again, and so laid up for the night, with destination still far off.

"Talk about your Big Wheel," said RITCHIE; "it's quite a revolving cataclysm compared with trying to work an innocent Bill through this House now the Opposition, having tasted blood at an all-night sitting, have won two seats at bye-elections. If these things are done in the dry of a Light Railway Bill, what will it be in the green of the Education Bill?"

Lighting his short black clay, doffing his lantern with a jerk, and muttering an unparliamentary remark about the early time at which workmen's trains on the Underground are knocked off, the irate guard set off on his weary walk home.

*Business done.*—Light Railways Bill blocked again.

*Friday.*—Chairman of Committee on Private Bills wandering about House in forlornist mood. Looks as if he had lost his way down one of the hills that girdle far-off Fingen. SARK says he is



Adjutant. "HULLO, WHAT'S THIS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY APPEARING IN A DASHED POT HAT?"

Volunteer (coolly). "FACT IS, I'VE NO OTHER, AS MY WIFE MADE A MUFF OF MY BUSBY!"

huffed about that hat. It is his business to be in attendance every day at three o'clock. Takes seat on Treasury Bench. Clerk reads out list of Private Bills. FINGEN, making response, lifts his hat and says, "To-morrow," "Thursday," "Monday," or whatever day may be fixed for further procedure. This all very well once in a way; but to go on day after day through a list of Bills as long as a mountain path tells upon a hat, however stout the brim. At beginning of Session proposal talked of that provision should be made in Civil Service Estimates for two new hats per Session for Private Bill Committee Chairmen. Nothing came of it, not even a Glengarry.

"Bother the hat!" said FINGEN, with petulance unusual in man of angelic temperament.

"Ah," said SARK, watching him as he went down the corridor, meaning to go into the library and, losing his way, straying into the newspaper room, "I know what it is. It's LOWTHER. Pulled him up, you know, the other night when he was discoursing on Light Railways Bill; warned him of irrelevance; finally ordered him to resume his seat. Nice position this for Chairman of Private Bills Committee. Worse than the beasts of the field. Dog won't eat dog, but Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means is not above trampling upon Chairman of Committee on Private Bills. No wonder FINGEN's upset." *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

#### Rhyme on the Relief Bill.

(By Mr. Ch-pl-n.)

I FONDLY hoped sweet Frome would say  
"For this Relief much thanks!"  
But no! Frome coldly turns away,  
And—joins the ROSEBERRY ranks!  
Alas! that any Bill of mine  
Should help to swell that "thin Rad line"

A PUZZLER.—"For the life of me," exclaimed Mr. MATTHEW MUDDER, "I cannot understand what the 'Christy Minstreley' can have to do with foreign politics." Nor did it seem clear to anyone until some person more enlightened than the others suggested that for Christy Minstreley should be substituted "the CRISPI Ministry." "Of course!" said MUDDER; "that's it."





A FALSTAFFIAN TREE IN THE HAYMARKET,  
AS SEEN BY BÖNTGEN RAYS

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

#### "ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM."

OCCASIONALLY, when I have been suffering from the terrible reaction caused by reading a bad book, a fearful temptation has assailed me. Something, not myself, that makes for righteousness (or, to use Mr. HALL CAIN'S word, for rightness), seems then to whisper to me, "take your pen in your hand, seclude yourself from the world and its pleasures, and write a compendium or dictionary of bad books. Thus shall you profit the public, and gain for yourself favour and an immortal fame." So the tempter whispers, but a few moments of reflection banish the pleasant idea by convincing me of the hopelessness of the task.

THERE were once two barristers-at-law, vigorous young men of a high spirit, and it occurred to them, as they divided their swift minds now hither now thither in search of professional advancement, that no one had yet written a Digest of Overruled Cases, a dictionary, so to speak, of bad law. So they set to work, secured a kindly publisher, and in the space of three years produced a monumental work, in which they brought together in a convenient shape the decided cases which a later and more enlightened judicial opinion had robbed of authority and consigned to destruction. By an ingenious application of the method known to racing men as "Form at a Glance," you were enabled to see how a case had run in public since it was foaled up to the moment when, broken down and decrepit, it had been dismissed by an elaborate dictum of Rhadamanthus, Chancellor, to the knacker's yard. On the analogy of this Digest I figured to myself a *Digest of Disapproved Books*, and my mind, pursuing the pleasant imagination, seemed to see some such entry as the following:—

"THE SATANIST'S SUICIDE, 3 vols., 189—. Commented on by daily press *passim*; reviewed by GRANT ALLEN; disapproved by ANDREW LANG, 'a book that might have amused the last moments of an Aztec on his way to the sacrificial stone, and might still satisfy a Fijian's yearnings for culture;' finally overruled by A. T. QUILLER COUCH."

BUT the task, as I said, is hopeless, and I had always to abandon it. It were otherwise if we appointed our critics as we do our judges, if,

for instance, Mr. ANDREW LANG, by public decree, duly printed in the *Gazette*, were one fine day to be promoted to a seat on the Bench of the High Court of Literary Justice, with a proper emolument and any amount of ermine. I can picture the scene. Lord Chief Justice LANG would take his seat on the morning after his appointment, and the Attorney-General of Literature—the editor, let us say, of the *Weekly Mentor*—would rise in his place, and, in a few well-chosen words, congratulate the judge on his appointment, recalling the days when, as young men, they had struggled side by side in many a hard-fought review. Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE would add his congratulations on behalf of the Junior Bar, and, without any further formality, the new Chief Justice would immediately proceed to dispose of the first book on his list.

THIS, however, being a mere dream of authority, we must content ourselves with the best substitutes we can devise. Therefore I welcome, with all proper cordiality, Mr. A. T. QUILLER COUCH'S *Adventures in Criticism*, lately published by CASSELL & Co. If I should ever, for my sins, be compelled to draw up a list of "Books that have done me good," I should keep a very high place for this delightful book. It has sanity, tolerance, and, above all, a fresh and abundant spring of humour. With a light and graceful touch, Mr. QUILLER COUCH ranges from CHAUCER to THOMAS CAREW, thence to M. ZOLA, and so on to the "Attitude of the Public towards Letters," to Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, Mr. DU MAURIER, and Mr. FRANK STOCKTON. His air is so gay, his conversation so agreeable, his whole manner so affable, that you needs must follow where this easy and attractive guide leads you, thanking your good fortune that gave you so charming a companion.

LET it not be assumed from anything that I have said at the outset of this paper that Mr. QUILLER COUCH assumes an Athanasian attitude towards his authors. On the contrary, he is apt to praise—but to praise with discrimination. I do not always agree with him. For instance, I doubt if he is fair to CALVERLEY, and to others I am convinced that he is more than fair. But as to CALVERLEY, I confess that I distrust my own judgment as an infallible guide; for a youthful enthusiasm leaves its traces in maturity, and the grown man shrinks from depreciating that which delighted him as a boy. For me CALVERLEY is unapproachable, not merely when I think of him as a writer of light verse of the most extraordinary finish and felicity, but also when I remember his beautiful version of THEOCRITUS.

STILL, even when one disagrees with Mr. QUILLER COUCH, one disagrees with hesitation, and a moment afterwards disagreement is certain to give place to a hearty assent. After reading his book I feel as if I had cleared my mind of all manner of humbug and nonsense. There is more sound sense in (to take only two instances) "The Attitude of the Public towards Letters" and "The Poor Little Penny Dreadful" than in all the pompous and magisterial sermonisings that pass for criticism with the great Public, and are afterwards republished and forgotten. Without wishing to tread upon the dangerous ground of comparison, I may say that Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S essays produce upon my mind a sort of mixed effect of HAZLITT and CHARLES LAMB. He has something of the penetrating directness of the one and not a little of the whimsical playfulness of the other. And he has his own qualities peculiar to himself which make his writings a pleasure.

### DARBY JONES ON THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—Despite the fact that no cheques or postal orders have rewarded my singular talent in discovering the Royal winner of the Derby, obedient to your command I venture to place before you and your readers an inkling, written in pencil, as to the successful candidate for the Hunt Cup at Ascot. Here it is:—

"At Ascot I'm a Mascot,  
Don't quarrel with the Easter boon I tip,  
Though I own a sheep's condition  
May disclose the imposition  
Of a quack who can't a young-old man outstrip."

In the above Homeric lines you have, I fancy, the essence of this great event faithfully Lisbigged. Hearing that you have, since the Epsom victory, been feeding your dog *Toby* on mutton chops, while regaling yourself with magnums, not *in parvo*, I take leave to remind you that crumbs from the table of DIVES are not despised by  
Your obedient Servant,  
DARBY JONES.

### "A Case for the Victoria Cross."

ON Wednesday, June 10, "The Contents Bill" of the *Daily Telegraph* had the following announcement,—

CAPTURE OF SUARDEN

BY OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Alone he did it!! Shall such daring bravery go unrewarded?



*Leslie Sanderson, del. & sculp.*

### ROSEBERIGO THE ANTI-TORYADOR.

[“Lord ROSEBERY has come back from Spain in capital spirits. . . . The ex-Premier will address a great Liberal Meeting in London before the end of the present month.”—*Westminster Gazette* June 10.]

## A BALLADE OF FASHION.

(By an unwilling Volary.)

AWAY from here, among the flowers,  
By quiet country hedge-rows trim,  
Would I might roam away the hours,  
All unregarding Fashion's whim.  
But throttled in her clutches grim,  
I saunter stiffly down the Row—  
Confound my collar's iron rim!  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

I love to wander, head all bare,  
On mountain fall, across the flat,  
To feel the breezes kiss my hair,  
Or storm-winds twine it in a mat.  
But my poor head has Fashion gat  
Fast in her vice, where'er I go—  
Confound my thrice accursed top-hat!  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

A "social function" might have grace  
But for the jostle and the squeeze,  
The Park might be a pleasant place,  
Could people dress as just they please.  
If one might sit beneath the trees,  
Bareheaded, flannelled, cool!—but no,  
To slaves of Fashion farewell ease,  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

Envoi.

This truth comes borne with ball and rout,  
At Lords, at Ascot, in the Row—  
By night and day, in doors and out,  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

PARTICULAR TO A SHADE.—They call  
the SULTAN "The Shadow." Solid JOHN  
BULL does not desire to be considered  
"the Valet of the Shadow."

THE GREATEST RELIEF TO A PARCHED  
THROAT.—Lemon-aid.

WHO TO ASK ABOUT CARPETS.—Why,  
ex-Minster, of course!

THE BOWER OF PERFECT BLISS.—Kew  
Vicarage.



## ONE WAY OF STOPPING HIM.

"HAIR VERY DRY, SIR!"

"YES, YES. DOCTOR'S ORDERS. EVERYTHING  
DRY. GOUTY TENDENCY!"

## A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE "Nonconformist Conscience" cynics  
chaff,  
And its vagaries sometimes raise a laugh  
In minds that no mere mockeries care to  
fling.  
But the Conformist Conscience—curious  
phrase!— [praise,  
An honest mind can neither blame nor  
Because—there is, and can be, no such  
thing! [fiction.  
A conscience that conforms? 'Tis a mere  
Non est in fact, in terms a contradiction!  
For conscience that conforms—to power  
stronger,  
Or practice popular—conscience is no  
longer.

## A PLEA FOR PROOF-CORRECTORS.

["Proof-correctors are a race to whom  
authors have constantly expressed indebtedness.  
... Efforts are now being made to endow a  
second pension for widows of proof-correctors,  
in connection with the Printers' Alms-house  
and Orphan Asylum."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

INDEBTEDNESS? Yes! Where's the  
scribe who won't bless,  
Like BROWNING, the service extreme  
which they render?  
How many a "masterpiece" were a mere  
mess  
But for that true Argus, so vigilant,  
tender?  
"Proofs before letters" may fetch a big  
price,  
But "letters before proofs" (and sharp  
proof-correctors)  
Would go at a discount. If Genius is nice  
'Twill acknowledge—and back up—its  
own best protectors;  
And even mere talent contribute its mite  
To that pension for widows, deserving  
as any,  
Mr. Punch, too, will see that fund swell  
with delight  
By many a "Gratitude's true Golden  
Penny!"

## A CLASSICAL FRAGMENT.

["A fresh inscription has just been discovered at Delphi giving circumstantial details concerning the method of training the various competitors at the ancient Olympic Games."—*St. James's Gazette.*]

WE are enabled to furnish our readers with an early translation of such portions of the inscription as are legible.

... Wherefore not only by those who drive the chariots, but also by those contending in foot-races, is it necessary that certain and fixed laws be observed, else not first, but rather behind the others, will their feet bring them to the wished-for goal. When earliest rosy-fingered morning touches the skies, they shall leave the couch and perform the lustrations that are seemly. Concerning these ablutions, moreover, let them use the washing-tablets of one maker only, taking pains that the report of their so doing be noised abroad. For then that maker, being not unapt at advertisement, will furnish them with his best, no return of drachmæ having been asked, especially if they be athletes of widespread fame. Thereafter let them breakfast, eating the flesh of the hinder part of oxen, not overmuch cooked. ...

Very much especially indeed is it necessary that they inhale not the smoke of herbs,\* which at other times indeed is comforting; but for those who are being trained pernicious above all else. Let them take warning by the fate of that Argive youth of whom HERODOTUS makes mention, who on the eve of the race in which he was to row, himself the eighth, against the Academy of Athens, was detected by his instructor breathing the smoke of the dew of Hymettus.† Being, as it were taken in the act, he prayed for pity, alleging that he did but cherish his pipe in honour of Pan. "Ungrateful and wicked wretch!" replied his master; "listen to my words." ... ‡ So they buried the youth amid much lamentation, more especially from those who had staked their obols, for the crew from Athens conquered by

\* This passage finally disposes of RALPH'S absurd claim to have been the discoverer of tobacco.

† Evidently an early kind of "honey-dew."

‡ It is impossible to translate the awful language which occurs here.

the length of many boats. By this example, then, let warning be taken. ...

It is the part of the wise man to treat all his neighbours with kindness, but most of all those who are to serve as judges in the race wherein he runs. Some there are who complain of this practice, alleging that it is unjust. But the illustrious SOCRATES has proved it to be otherwise, for, as he says, we offer sacrifices to the gods to win their favour, so that we, rather than our antagonists, may succeed in our business. Why then should we not give gifts to the umpires, who are indeed in the place of the gods at the Games, and award the prizes to those whom they think fit? Wherefore it is good that the runner offer sacrifices of drink to the umpire, and so, perchance, even if he arrive last at the goal, all his rivals will be disqualified. ...

Concerning those who contend with clubs and ball, care is needful that they be trained to speak discreetly, not allowing words winged with anger to fly from their tongue. For indeed it is a shameful thing for a man to speak unseemly things because, the earth having been seventeen times smitten with the club, the ball remains in the bushes. Rather let him pursue his way in the silence of the philosopher, perchance sacrificing one or two of those who bear clubs, § to appease the wrath of the gods. Nor let these competitors be allowed, as the manner of some is, to bewail, on their return, the great misfortunes which have brought them defeat, or the excoiling skill which has gained them the victory. For those who thus talk, let hemlock be mingled with the evening drink.

As to the throwing of the disc, and other sports ...

[The fragment ends abruptly at this point.]

§ Perhaps "caddies."

LAST WEEK'S LATEST AND VERY BEST NEWS.—"So well did Sir JOHN MILLAIS appear yesterday morning that it was decided to issue one more bulletin and then drop them."—*Times, Saturday, June 13.*

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Sir JOHN GORST on his scarlet runner.

## OLD THYME AND ROSEMARY.

MESSRS. PARKER AND CARSON'S *Rosemary* is not as strong as Mr. PINERO'S *Sweet Lavender*; yet 'tis a very pretty play. The authors' delineation of the central figure gives just that sweet-homely (a compound adjective, somewhat suggestive of "sweet omelette") and peculiarly English domestic flavour to the dish which has rarely ever been known to fail in its effect on the sentiment of the genuine English playgoer; and more especially telling is it with the less experienced playgoers. The craze for the costume of the earliest

part of the nineteenth century was, some years ago, started by KATE GREENAWAY and RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, and has long been recognised in the Academy as the happy hunting grounds of MARCUS STONE, BOUGHTON, and ORCHARDSON; and though by now the flame has well-nigh flickered out, except for the Academicians above named, yet there still exists an artistic feminine curiosity, which is anxious to learn exactly how their grandmothers and great-grandmothers looked at eighteen years of age, when Her Gracious MAJESTY, now happily reigning, ascended the throne. It was a period of side-curls, large bonnets, and short skirts,—not so very unbecoming a costume, after all, if we are to judge by the appearance of Miss MARY MOORE as *Dorothy Cruickshank*, aged, 18 in the year 1837. But the attire of the young lover of that period, aged 21, is hopelessly absurd; and if *Dorothy* had possessed any of the artistic talent associated with the name of CRUICKSHANK ("GEORGE" of that ilk), she could never have allowed her intended to go about town in so ridiculous a suit of clothes, even though they were "of the period." Just look at the sketches by "Phiz," and CRUICKSHANK, and others, illustrating the earlier works of "Boz," who, it seems, was at this time just bringing



Miss Rose-Mary Moore in the Nineteens.

out, in numbers, his *Nicholas Nickleby*.

In this piece you have the costume of three periods: that of the old people, like *The Naval Captain* and *Professor Jogram*, both of whom seem to belong to the time of *Commodore Trunnion*; then that of *Sir Jasper*, who is, I should say, about twenty years their junior; then you have the Dandy-Sadlerian old post-boy; and, to finish up with, we see the costumes of the Queen's Jubilee year, when there are French waiters in London, and *Sir Jasper*, a nonagenarian (that is, if he was forty years of age in the first act, the last act being fifty years after), appears in the dress of an old gentleman, a *viveur*, quite up to date. But *Sir Jasper* at forty, in Act I, seems quite young enough, in spite of his evidently assumed paternal air, to become the husband of *Dorothy*, aged eighteen. Yet he is not; and when *Jogram*, being interested in the Squire's remaining a bachelor, points this out to him, the Squire perceives that disparity of years is a bar to happiness in marriage, and sensibly gives up the game, subsiding, nay, collapsing suddenly, into "the sere and yellow." This, by the way, is not the doctrine of CHARLES DICKENS as set forth in the touching episode where "Mr. Dick fulfils my Aunt's prediction." And here is exactly where the play is thin; so thin, that, in the last act, it is whittled away to nothing. Now in this third act, *Sir Jasper*, aged 90, has to find, in a hole in the wall, a paper placed there by him fifty years before. When he does come across it, at first it recalls nothing, although the occasion of his hiding the paper was the event of his middle life. Gradually

it recalls the sprig of rosemary which *Dorothy* had divided with him. Now a strange thing happens. *Sir Jasper* produces the pocket-book in which fifty years ago he has placed that very sprig of rosemary, and which, with the sprig in it, he has, it must be assumed, invariably carried about with him; yet, in spite of this ever-present memento having been with him through all mortal changes of coats, fashions, and pocket-books, he has, up to this minute, quite forgotten the unique occasion when it was given him, and when he, on the impetus of the moment, purchased the house which would be "in perpetuum memoriam rei." In these circumstances, such inconsistency—in a man who is not like *The Headless Man* in any other respect save that, when we first see him, he, from sheer light-heartedness, does not trouble himself to remember names,—is simply impossible. Had he lost the sprig for years and recovered it, had the house passed into other hands, and had he never revisited it till this moment, then, by some extraordinary inspiration, the whole scene might have been reproduced in his imagination, or (and very effective this would have been), in a dream, as he sat there, the solitary *viveur*, *Marius* among the ruins of a dead past, the touching scene could have been re-enacted. In fact, the action of the play just barely develops a hint of an excellent idea which might have been "so infinitely better expressed."

The acting all round leaves nothing to be desired. CHARLES WYNDHAM is at his best. Miss MOORE is charming. Mr. BISHOP, wonderful; and Mr. BARNES as stolid as could be wished. Miss ANNIE HUGHES is delightfully fresh in a bright bit of character that recalls her excellent performance of the youthful grand-niece of the ancient Waterloo veteran at the Wellington Street Theatre; while Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON gives us a quaintly pretty study for an early-nineteenth-century picture. Messrs. PARKER and CARSON may be quite satisfied with the result of their work, and as "the young person" and the "reverend gent" can see it without fear of being startled out of their propriety, and, as there is just a touch of DICKENS in it, if the authors interchange initials and style themselves "CARKER and PARSON," it will satisfy all the requirements of the case.

Of course the costumes "of the periods" go for much, picturesquely, towards the success. But if success in comedy were to be dependent on costume, what a fine chance, as far as novelty goes, would the costumes of the Noah's Ark period have, with the characters in the long coats of SHEM, HAM, and JAPHET, as they still appear (when found) in toy Noah's Arks. Our artist has shown Mr. WYNDHAM in the "Nine-ties," but as a fact he was only in the "one-tie," which was round his neck as usual.



"Last act of all that ends this strange, eventful history."

Mr. Wyndham in the Nineties.

HIS LORDSHIP OF "WIDE-AWAKE-FIELD."—Dr. How, Bishop of Wakefield (*Dr. Primrose* was never raised to this dignity), destroyed Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S latest book. Was it his latest, or a "rather too previous one"? No matter, it was destroyed by Bishop How. How, when, and where destroyed, deponent sayeth not. There was in it *trop d'Hardiesse* for the Bishop. We shall be glad to hear that Dr. ANY How has made it up with the novelist, and has said with NELSON, "HARDY! HARDY! Kiss me, HARDY!" And so, *Pax*.

A PLACE FOR "SPOONY" COUPLES.—The "Old Deer" Park at Richmond.



## BOUNTEOUS GUY.

*A Song for Hospital Sunday. After Sir Walter Scott.*

["The founder, THOMAS GUY, a citizen of London, and a bookseller and publisher, invested his money so that for 150 years the income derived from it was quite sufficient to carry on the great work he had devised. . . . At last, however—fifteen years ago—there occurred the great fall in the value of land, in which, according to the will of the founder, the entire capital bequeathed has been compulsorily invested. Then, for the first time, the endowment proved insufficient. . . . Money remains our one indispensable requirement."—*The Prince of Wales at the Festival at the Imperial Institute in aid of the Funds of Guy's Hospital.*]

ATR—"County Guy."

Ah! Bounteous GUY, the hour is nigh,  
When needs, in £ s. d.,  
Have evil power to mar the dower  
Kindly bestowed by thee.  
The land to-day no more doth pay  
As in those years gone by;  
That happy hour when first did flower  
The boon of Bounteous GUY.

No thought or thrift will make the gift  
Do now its destined work.  
But shall our hand, for fall in land,  
A glorious duty shirk?  
True THOMAS, no! Let bounty flow.  
From low and eke from high.  
And still fulfil the gracious will  
Of brave and Bounteous GUY!

How many a heart hath felt the smart  
Of pain and anguish less,  
Through healing care long lavished there  
With glorious success!  
How many a soul, denied that goal,  
Turns with a grievous sigh.  
Too late, alas! the gates to pass  
Thrown wide by Bounteous GUY!

Though boons abound, though GLADSTONE'S  
furd,  
And INGLETON'S great gift,  
Their coffers swell, they still must tell  
Of sorry need and shift.  
One hundred beds for stricken heads,  
Reluctant, closed!—and why?  
Because sheer lack of pence must slack  
The gift of Bounteous GUY!

Sure this is shame! A Royal name,  
A Prince's fervent plea,  
Have done their part to move the heart  
And stir up Charity.  
Think of the need! Put by cold greed!  
To suffering's rescue fly!  
Say stail we stirk the staid did work  
Begun by Bounteous GUY?

The gentle maid may well have prayed  
The kindly cit to rear;  
And Beauty high is not too shy  
As a moner to appear.  
The plea of Love, all pleas above,  
Sounds soft 'neath Summer's sky.  
Let high and low its influence know,  
And second Bounteous GUY!

**RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION TO THE HEDR-APPARENT.**—The Evangelical Free Churches of Rochdale, Heywood and district have forwarded a resolution to the Prince of WALES, stating that "This conference views the institution of racing as a fruitful source of moral disease in this country, and on this account respectfully implores the Prince of WALES to withdraw his powerful patronage from this monster institution of gambling of the worst order." Suggested telegraphic reply by H.R.H. "Just won the Derby. Am delighted. Hope to pull off the Leger."



## WHY, NATURALLY.

'COOK, OUGHT I TO WRITE SALVATION ARMY IN CONVERTED COMMAS?'

## POURQUOI?

MONSIEUR.—J'arrive, il y a quelque temps, de la France. Ah, la chère patrie! Cependant, après la douloureuse traversée, je trouve votre pays aussi très-charmant. C'est gai, c'est riant, votre département de Kent-shire. Mais Londres est un peu triste. Une grande ville sans boulevards! Nom d'une p'p's, ça m'étonne, car moi je suis on ne peut plus boulevardier!

Eh bien, j'arrivai, et je m'installai dans votre Hidparc, là au coin, où tout le monde se promène et se repose pendant les grandes cha'eurs de l'été en Angleterre, entre le Riding Row et l'allée où les Anglaises, si belles et si gracieuses, montent à bicyclette, ce qu'on appelle en anglais un "bik." J'endossai un nouvel habit vert, et j'attendais impatientement le moment où je vendrais le *Time*, le *Daily Graph*, le *Morning Graphic*, le *News*, le *Saint-James-Globe*, les *Extraspécialités*, et tous les autres journaux anglais—surtout, *Monsieur Punch*, la magnifique journal qui porte votre nom et votre nom. J'attendais, je dis, j'attendais toujours. Et il paraît que j'attendrai encore, lorsque tout le *high's* en ira à Goodwood et à Cowes. Peut-être au mois d'août je commencerais. Mais alors—sapristi!

Ainsi, *Monsieur Punch*, c'est à vous que j'adresse ma petite réclamation. Pourquoi, je vous demande—pourquoi Monsieur le First Commissionnaire of the Work fait-il venir un étranger, qui attendait toujours une vie des plus gais sur les grands Boulevards de Paris, et qui reste planté là dans le Hidparc, sans rien faire et entouré de palissades, comme l'illustre *M. Picnic* dans le pound?

Recevez, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

LE NOUVEAU KIOSQUE DU HIDPARC.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES.—*A flet.*

THINGS NO HIGELANDER CAN UNDERSTAND.—Breaches of promise.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

A MAN ON A STEAM-LAUNCH BEWAILS A LOST COMPANION.

UPON the sweet familiar tide,  
My heart goes back from now to then;  
I curse my folly born of pride  
That makes me wretchedest of men.  
But Hope suggests that even yet  
We may renew the long ago,  
That you may pardon and forget,  
That I may pay the debt I owe.

Sweet thought! to dream that once again  
Together we shall onward steam,  
And, oarsmen treating with disdain,  
Rush madly up and down the stream.  
For you I'd make the boiler glow,  
Regardless of official ire;  
Fined heavily, I think you know  
I still should burn with fiercest fire.

"On! On! O launch, you bear my bride!"  
I'd cry unto my willing craft;  
Swift through the water she would glide,  
And malefactions leave a shaft.  
What matter if the banks should fall  
All crumbled by our rapid rush?  
What matter if the anglers bawl  
Strange blasphemy that makes us blush?

This unconcern for stranger woes  
Befits the part I mean to play;  
Shame on the loon who feebly rows!—  
The corsair needs a launch to-day!  
You are not here, and yet I feel  
The realism, fervent, true—  
Your dainty hand should turn the wheel,  
The skipper you, and I the crew!

That I was wrong I own, but still  
You reason gave for jealous fears;  
'Twas love that made my heart grow chill,  
'Twas love that drew your bitter tears.  
That fellow JENKINS, low-bred man,  
Was cause of all our dreadful tiff;  
I see you now—By Jove! *I can*,  
And JENKINS with you, in a skiff!

BOER OPINION.—That Mr. CECIL RHODES used the Cape as a cloak.



## PREMATURE.

*Mamma (looking at her watch). "HOW LATE PAPA'S TRAIN IS—NOT EVEN YET IN SIGHT! I HOPE THERE HASN'T BEEN AN ACCIDENT!"*  
*Molly (after thinking a while). "WOULD YOU MARRY AGAIN, MUMMIE?"*

## 'OFFICERS ONLY.' A VOICE FROM THE RANKS.

YEARS ago, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, you had a splendid cartoon about two officers who had been turned out of the service for bullying one of their mess comrades. It was in the days, Sir, when the Duke had just been made General Commanding-in-Chief; and since then, and if it comes to that, before then, you were, and have been, the truest of true friends to the British soldier. Not only to Tommy in the ranks, Sir, but to the Johnnies in the ante-room. And we all of us know that, Sir, because the Regimental Library contains your series from Vol. One to Vol. Over-a-hundred.

And this being so, Sir, I take the liberty to ask you to say another word, and, if I am not confusing expressions, in the same direction. Thanks to the School Board, I am a better hand at learning than the boys who have passed into the Reserve, or, it may be, into the cemetery. Speak the word in the same direction, and show the way the wind blows. Sir, there was a deal of bullying fifty years ago, and if you read *Truth*, you will find there seems to be a lot of it flying about even now. Last week as ever was, *Mr. LABOUCHERE* told, in his paper, how two young lads belonging to a light cavalry regiment were simply forced out of their profession by the persecution of their brother subalterns. So far as we can make out, it was simply because they were, neither of them, considered rich enough to bear the expenses of life in barracks. One of these lads was asked where he was going to keep his hunters and racers, and when he said he didn't intend to have any, he was questioned as to why and wherefore he had joined the regiment. Then, when the answers were considered unsatisfactory, his fate was made an unhappy one. He was dunked in a horse-pond, and all his things were made into hay. That is how the case is put, Sir—one surely calling for explanation.

Now *Mr. Punch*, Sir, in these days, when the purchase system is abolished, and a lot of us rankers look forward to getting away from the canteen into better quarters, it is a matter of importance that those above us should not be only officers but gentlemen. If the only qualification for the stars and crowns on the shoulder-straps is lots of money, any prosperous pawnbroker (if he begins early enough) can get into the *Army List*. But we have always thought that it

wanted something more than cash to earn the Queen's Commission. The cavalry don't draw omnibuses, so the force doesn't require cads to be on the strength of the establishment. And as this is so, subs who can't behave themselves had better take to driving cabs, if the cab-drivers will tolerate them. Speaking for myself—for when on furlough I now and again indulge in a hansom—I don't think they will. Cabby, as a rule, is a good fellow, and doesn't care to associate with sweeps, wealthy or otherwise.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, we know from your Cartoon what happened when the good old Duke was at the Horse Guards. His Royal Highness has a successor; and, although there are many new-fangled ways coming into fashion, there should be no difficulty about following the precedent set nearly half a century ago. I give the tip as "a word to the wise"—take the matter up to head-quarters.

Of course, Sir, discipline is discipline, and it is not for the likes of me to give orders to our superiors; still I do think that now flogging is abolished as "degrading," the prestige of the Service should be further maintained by allowing the rank-and-file to be commanded, as in days of yore, by gentlemen. So, as a pretty strong charge has been made, there should be a searching inquiry. And that is the opinion of all of us—front rank, rear rank, and supernumeraries.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, Sir,

Yours, coming smartly to attention,

THOMAS ATKINS (Private but not confidential).

*Eve of Waterloo Day, 1896.*

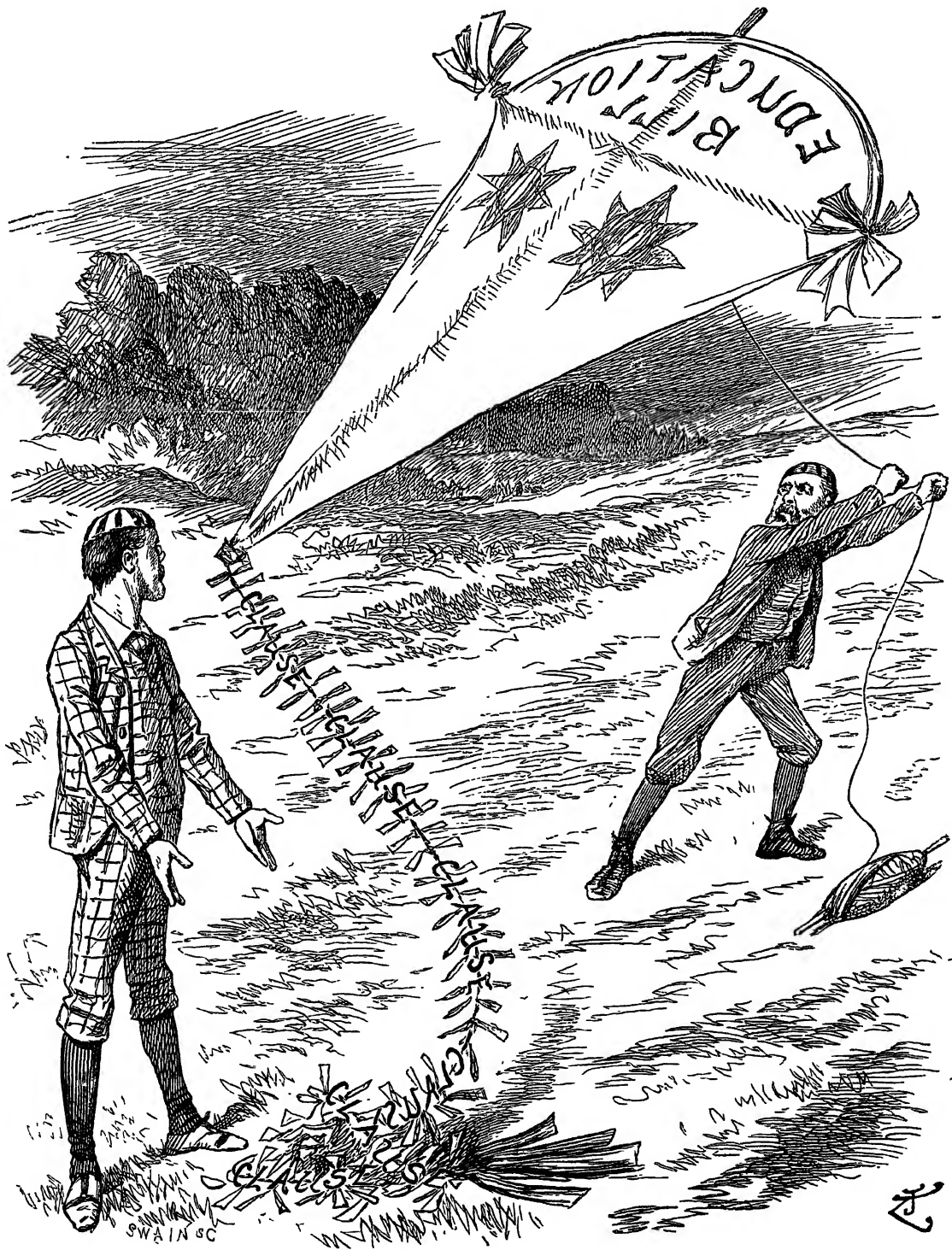
"WE NEVER SPEAK" UP TO DATE.

*Brisket (of the Meat Market, to Cornizzi, of the Baltic). I thought you knew KRAMMER, of the Stock Exchange.*

*Cornizzi. I did once; but now we are not on telephoning terms.*

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It is announced that Parliament will rise about the middle of August. So will the grouse.

PAX IN BELLO.—"Our War Correspondent" still reviews the Egyptian troops in Fleet Street.



### A TANGLED TAIL.

MASTER ARTHUR B-L-F-R. "I SAY, 'JOHNNY GORST, WE SHALL NEVER GET HER UP WITH ALL THIS!  
I MUST CUT OFF ABOUT HALF OF HER TAIL!"





## ENCORE, SARA!

"L'ABSENCE est le plus grand des maux," quoth *Adrienne*, reciting "*la fable des deux pigeons*"; and, remembering this, Madame SARA returns to us, and gives a short series—far too short—of her best. Her *Adrienne* comes to us

## COMEDY THEATRE



MADAME SARA, "JUST PASSING THROUGH."

"How do you do and good bye! Can't stop! Can't stop! Can't stop!"

with all its ever-fresh charm, and her reception was as enthusiastic as ever, perhaps a "trifle more so"; for "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

M. DEVAL, as *Maurice de Saxe*, is well able to support, physically and artistically, the divine SARA. M. CHAMBERLAIN, drily amusing as *Prince de Bouillon*; which name, "*Bouillon*," to English ears, is suggestive of the part being appropriately given to a "souper" M. LACROIX a capital *Michonnet*, very humorously tragic in his desire to be a "*Sociétaire*."

*Friday.—La Tosca.* Same charm as ever, the torture and assassination scenes being wonderfully given. But the climax, when *Tosca* prefers to leap before she looks, is not startling. The leap does not give anyone "the jumps"; it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and would have been fatal to any other actress save the favourite SARA.

When this brief notice appears there will remain but four nights more of SARA B. in London. Of this chance we strongly advise all lovers of true dramatic art to avail themselves; for to see and hear SARA, and to get a French play well played in town, "is a liberal education in itself." 'Tis a wonder to many of us theatre-goers that in London there should not always be a French theatre, with a first-rate working company, giving the newest Parisian successes, with the occasional visit of a "Star" as an additional attraction.

If ever man could manage it, his name is MAYER, and if he has failed, then there is small probability of any one else being successful.

SUITABLE BREAKFAST FOR A LEADING LITERARY CRITIC.—Log-roll with a pat of butter.

APPROPRIATE AIR FOR HARD-WORKERS AT ETON.—"*Voi ché sap-ete.*"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON was fortunate in two respects when writing the volume published under the title *My Confidences*. The first is the conception of its scheme. In a second title he describes the work as *An Autobiographical Sketch addressed to my Descendants*. Incidentally it is published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., and all the world who have fifteen shillings to spend, or can borrow the book may read it. So careful was the diarist that his children and his children's children should have the confidences presented in most perfect, polished form, that he had the MS. set up in type, and bestowed upon it final affectionate revision before he died. Still it holds the privileged position of a communication privily addressed to a family circle. If the public don't like it, they can leave it. In spite of the printing and proof-reading, it was not meant for them, only for "my dear children," to whom any trivial incident in the daily life of a revered parent is interesting, any little exhibition of vanity a sacred weakness. Thus the gifted author may indulge in impulse of his most trivial moods, none daring to make him afraid. Happily in Mr. LOCKER's case this condition is controlled by a kindly heart, a bright intellect, and a highly cultured mind. We are privileged to look on at the playtime of a courtly, scholarly gentleman, and frankly share his innocent satisfaction in the really wide circle of acquaintance among members of the aristocracy and less eminent personages, such as DEAN STANLEY, ALFRED TENNYSON, MATTHEW ARNOLD, MR. LECKY, and MILLAIS, "who etched my portrait." This last does not appear to have given supreme satisfaction. "There are points," Mr. LOCKER writes, in one of those delightful asides that reveal his nature, "where MILLAIS almost surpasses the great Dutchman, FRANZ HALS. But he wants charm, and I do not see in his faces that passing look, that exquisitely evanescent expression which appears about to change even as we gaze." When we read Sir JOHN's "Confidences," perhaps we shall hear what he thought of Mr. LOCKER as a subject. Meanwhile the book is one to be read right through. My Baronite thinks the gem of the collection will be found in the exquisitely humorous account of Mr. LOCKER's defeat in his attempt to complete his SHAKESPEARE folio of 1623 by purchase of the missing leaf with BEN JONSON's verses. The other good fortune, in addition to the happy design of the book, is in the choice of editor. Mr. BIRRELL, who fills that position, has doubtless supplemented Mr. LOCKER's affectionate revision of the typed sheets. But, save by a preface strictly limited to the measure of a sonnet, he does not obtrude his personality by a single note. This modesty is rarely precious in the editor of a biographical work.

There seems no limit to the capacity of CLARK RUSSELL to produce stirring stories of the sea. He has so long and so closely communed with the illimitable ocean that he has acquired something of its power and its infinite variety. His latest story, *The Tale of the Ten* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is as good as anything he has yet written, which is high praise. It is better than some, inasmuch as

the action is more rapid. Once started with the story, my Baronite found it difficult to lay the book down till he had seen comfortably shot, or hanged, every one of the Ten. This desire is, through a series of breathless incidents, fulfilled. Like the Ten Little Niggers of earlier fame, the rogues drop off one by one, "and then there were" only just enough to send to Norfolk Island. The story, skillfully constructed, graphically told, is adorned with some of those marvellous descriptions of the many moods of the sea in which CLARK RUSSELL is unapproachable.

THE BARON.

## PASTRY OF THE PAST.

SIR,—The "Elderly Correspondent" of the *Lancet* who asks where is the pastry of our youth, "the crisp and saccharous tartlet, the delicate puff, the imponderable dumpling," has hit on a real grievance. As for tartlets, I feel inclined to sing with Mrs. HEMANS (I think), "*O call those tartlets back to me!*" Puffs—well—I believe that these are sometimes heard of still, in literary circles, but they are never "delicate," and the kind sold at the confectioners' ought to be used for ship ballast—they're fit for nothing else. What's the good of a new Education Bill, technical classes, and all that, if cooks aren't taught to use the rolling pin? Why, it's

PUFFICKLY MONSTROUS.

SIR,—This crusade against modern pastry is most excellent. But it should also include modern sweets. I ate some almond toffee the other day, and, would you believe it, it nearly made me sick! It never did that when I was a boy, sixty years ago. How well I remember munching it on our playground while looking on at our first eleven heroes licking (at cricket) the contemptible fellows sent by some other school to play us! The Bath pipe that I and SNUGGLINGS junior swore eternal friendship over—where is that sort of Bath pipe now? Vanished—in smoke! Gone out—with a puff!

Yours, PUFF COLLUSIVE.

SIR,—It is quite true about the pastry and the rolling-pin. But the real reason why pastry doesn't agree with us nowadays is because of all the *nasty foreign ingredients* put in it. Russian flour. French butter. German eggs—how can you expect a thing made in Germany to be digested in England? And that leads me to the chief point of this letter, which is to say that we must have PROTECTION! I generally manage to bring all arguments round to that, and I'm glad to have been able to do so in this instance.

Yours hopefully,

JIMMYLOWTHERITE.

SIR,—My boy tells me it's all rot about the puffs at confectioners not being as good as ever. He asked for sixpence to go and try, in order—as he said—to "make quite sure about it," and as he felt a little doubtful at the end of the experiment, I gave him another sixpence to complete it. He finished them all! Yet there are people who declare that modern pastry can't be digested!

Yours,

PATER SUPERBUS.



SO INVITING!

## THE THIRD KING OF CRICKET.

*Jupiter Pluvius to Sol on the "Bowler's Match," M.C.C. v. Australia, June 11-12, 1896, won by M.C.C., on wet wickets, in one innings, with 18 runs to spare. (See "The Two Kings of Cricket," "Punch," p. 267, June 6.)*

THE Cornstalks all out for Eighteen! Ah, King Solly,  
You see your "too previous" vaunting was folly,

Since I've had a go at the wicket.  
"The Two Kings of Cricket" read all very fine,  
But sure you forgot a third monarchy—

mine!  
Whilst "Ju Plu"'s to the fore, why it 'tisn't all shine  
(Ask young SHINE of Cambridge) at cricket!

Eh? eight, four, a six, and — eight  
"ducks" in a row,

Ha! ha! good Old Solus! And likewise ho! ho!  
Eight wickets for nix! That's a corker!  
There isn't a bat in that team who's a duffer,  
But with sodden wickets plus JACK HEARNE and POUGHIER,

The steadiest bat with the slogger may suffer,  
And fall for a duck to a yorker.

Great Scott! 'Twas a regular basket of "eggs,"

The Bowler a day—now and then—fairly begs,

He got it this time, and no error!

The "trundler"—'twas nothing but right—  
had his turn;

What HEARNE left to POUGHIER young POUGHIER didn't spurn,

And if 'twasn't POUGHIER, why then it was HEARNE,

And each seemed a fair holy terror!

A "rot"? That's all rot. 'Twas but cricketer's luck!

Not pleasant to sleep on! But sleeping brought luck!

SID GREGORY, DARLING, and EADY  
Got even such bowling as that "in a knot."  
Though POUGHIER and HEARNE might be still  
"on the spot,"

Though 'twas too late to win, EADY put on the pot,

And Australia's DARLING was steady.

A win—in one innings—with eighteen to spare!

And IREDALE and TRUMBLE two brace had to share!

Don't scoff at Ju Plu after that, Sir!

A victory well earned—or I should say well HEARNED!

You see Cricket's Third King—King Rain—  
can't be spurned.

For 'tis plain that the victory often is turned  
By a shower, to the Ball from the Bat, Sir

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—*La Tra-la-la-viata*. Madame ALBANI as *Violetta* simply excellent. "Never berrer," as *David Copperfield* observed at the end of his first dinner-party. At finish of third act, magnificent bouquet handed up to prima donna by Signor BEVIGNANI.

When bouquets are handed up publicly, the names of donors should be announced also publicly. This would add to the value of the bouquet. Signor BEVIGNANI would announce "Bouquet from H.R.H., owner of *Persimmon*." (*Enthusiasm*.) "Bouquet from Mr. GLADSTONE." (*Cheers*.) "Ditto from Lord SALISBURY." (*More cheers*.) "Bouquet from BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, regular subscribers." (*Applause*.) Several other bouquets, the names being undecipherable by Signor BEVIGNANI; and, finally, a splendid bouquet from Mr. Punch. This last presented in a scene of indescribable excitement, cheers, tears, and applause, amid which Madame ALBANI was led off the stage by Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, attended by the ever-faithful Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, carrying the bouquets: a Flowery Bower-meisteress for this occasion only. ANCONA good as *Georgette Gernont*; and Signor LUCIA uncommonly good as *Alfredo mio*, "le petit bonhomme plus petit que ça." Except *Manon's* lover, is there any lover in operatic history who is such a nincompoop of a character as this 'Alf-and-'Alf-redo!

Tuesday.—*Die Meistersinger* as before.

Wednesday.—*Aida*, by the ever-Verdy VERDI. As there are hardly any recitatives, the libretto cannot be called what the music is, "werry Wordy." Magnificently put on the stage. Odd effect of polyglot "version of Verdi," as ALVAREZ, representing *Radames*, Captain of Egyptian Guards, sang in French, whilst some others gave their words in English, thus representing what ought to have been the joint occupation of Egypt, where the scene is laid, by the united forces of France and England. DEUBIOLANUS always has an eye to the events of the moment, and this evidently struck him as being peculiarly up-to-date.

Great enthusiasm after finale of second act only equalled by perturbation of singers, who, like *Barkis*, were "willin'" but could do nothing, as BEVIGNANI had "gone out with the tide," and had disappeared to his mysterious hiding-place under the stage "far from the madding crowd." Madame ADINI, a splendid specimen of an Ethiopian slave, who would have made a fortune as Principal of a Female Christy Minstrel Company. Grand evening. Rise in Egyptians.

Thursday and Friday.—FLOTOW's *Martha*, and GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*. Nothing new. *Tout va bien*; and Masterful MANCINELLI and Beneficent BEVIGNANI are satisfied.

Saturday.—Warbling WAGNER's *Hookey-Walküre*, or *Les Promeneuses*, as to-night it is given by Le Chevalier DEUBIOLANUS, in French. Happy Thought to show us these Lurline-like water-sprites on so hot a night. ALVAREZ excellent; Mlle. BRAZZI fine; and Madame LOA BEECH will be heard to greater advantage in something lighter. Her first appearance here. Of course, the ever-useful-and-ornamental Mlle. BAUERMEISTER delights us as a water sprite. Masterful MANCINELLI must be congratulated on magnificent musicians.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 8.—"Man and boy," said SARK, "I've lived in House of Commons for twenty-five years. Never till to-night was I so sharply struck with sense of the innate nobility, the pure unselfishness, the impulsive generosity of Members."

What caused SARK's voice to falter, almost brought tears into his eyes, was the readiness shown from unexpected quarters to forward public business by closing debate on second reading Irish Land Bill. Arranged when House met that two nights should be given up to talk round subject. PRINCE ARTHUR, apprehensive that even that allotment of time would be insufficient, gave notice that he will to-morrow move suspension Twelve o'clock Rule, so that debate may, if need be, continue all night. Suddenly movement in favour of completing debate at current sitting had birth. Rapidly grew till, by ten o'clock, Bill read second time, leaving two hours to discuss proposal to refer it to Grand Committee.

It was TIM HEALY began it. After long absence, TIM back again at corner seat below Gangway, envied by loving friends. On his left sits dark-visaged JOHN DILLON; behind him plump JOHN REDMOND. Perhaps it was these sunny circumstances that melted the icy truculence that sometimes seems to grip TIM's manner. However it be, having spoken for something over half an hour (and said all he had to say) TIM gladdened heart of Ministers by protesting that he really did not care about extending debate.

"Take your Closure at once," he said. "It is not we who will oppose it or cry 'Gag!' when it is granted from the Chair."

Not to be outdone in generosity, Colonel SAUNDERS, who followed, took the same line. No use carrying debate over second day. Why not pass second reading forthwith, and get to work in Committee?

Peculiarity noted in action of both Members was that at the time they protested this indifference to prolongation of speech-making, each had made his own. Members who had prepared orations, and were waiting for opportunity of delivering them, not quite so enthusiastic in approval as was PRINCE ARTHUR. That a detail. Nothing could resist influence of lofty aspirations of TIM and the Colonel for dispensing with idle talk and getting to work. So, they having concluded their speeches, House listened with impatience to a few others, which the authors would not willingly let die. Members who had gone off to dinner, understanding that to-morrow night would also be given up to second reading debate, came back at ten o'clock to find Bill read a second time, and House embarked on fresh debate upon new issue.

*Business done.*—Irish Land Bill read second time.

*Tuesday.*—Since to-night wasn't wanted for Irish Land Bill, it is given up to Irish Estimates. Occasion serves to show the change wrought by hand of Time. Ten years ago the House, in Committee on Irish Estimates, would have been liveliest spot in town. To-night it is one of the dullest. Member after Member gets up to tell moving story of how he has been attacked by Royal Irish Constabulary. Seems first thing happens to Irish Member on temporarily revisiting his native land is that he is set upon by the police, and more or less severely beaten. SWIFT MACNELL, with tremor of genuine emotion in voice, held forth for over half an hour in succession of blood-curdling stories about the police. WILLIE REDMOND, modestly presenting

himself to favourable consideration of Committee as "a bit of authority on rows," gave graphic account of a Sunday morning spent in bosom of his constituency. This place of repose was literally represented by the middle of the main thoroughfare, where the hon. Member, flat on his back, off which his coat had been torn, seems to have spent a pensive hour, with the policeman who had knocked him down ottrusively standing over him.

Bitterest reflection was that he had reached this recumbent position whilst bent upon an errand of peace. Coming together in the quiet streets of Clare on a Sabbath morning, WILLIE R.'s constituents and the police had incontinently "gone for" each other. The Apostle of Peace interposing, straightway found himself in the recumbent position described. It was nothing to him; he seemed quite used to spending his Sunday morning in such circumstances. What vexed him was (1) that his recumbent position prevented his pursuing his mission of peace; (2) that the overhanging policeman was not conveniently numbered as are his colleagues in the

streets of London. Whence ensued insuperable difficulties in recognising him and bringing him into a position where the ground of his almost rude conduct might be inquired into.

After this elaborate story, PATRICK O'BRIEN's modest narrative of how, upon a certain occasion, he received "a blow on the cranium" from a policeman's *bâton*, fell a little flat. Mr. O'BRIEN mentioned that his "cranium" still bore evidence of the concussion. Languid Committee temporarily stirred by flush of expectation as he put his hand to his head. Expected that he was about to show Chairman of Committees exact spot of the tragedy. Apparently couldn't find it. Anyhow, after fumbling round for a moment, he gave up quest, and proceeded with speech.

*Business done.*—Irish votes in Committee.

*Thursday.*—Pity established custom is against Members making up for particular parts, as they do on the stage of other theatres. Loss felt with peculiar acuteness in case of JOHN O'GORST. To-night we get into Committee on Education Bill. As Captain TOMMY, who has been heaving the lead, genially announces, there are exactly 1335 Amend-

ments already printed. Consideration thereof means some weeks' hard labour for House in general, and in particular for Minister in charge of Bill. So JOHN O'GORST, taking seat on Treasury Bench to-night, assumes stricken air of patient resignation pathetic to look upon.

Where defect appears is in his complexion. The consequence of going about his Ministerial duties on a vermilion-hued bicycle has been to reflect upon his countenance a ruddy tinge incompatible with the character he desires to assume. If, as is the case in preparation for another stage, our leading man of the hour were permitted use of powder-pot, effect on progress of Education Bill in Committee would be appreciable. As it is, there is obvious incongruity, distinctly deleterious.

GORST does his best in the circumstances; is obviously determined not to add to length of debate. When Amendment moved, he states, in phrase of freezing brevity, insuperable objection, and sits down. Argument all very well in some cases. JOHN O'GORST is conscious that he has behind him overwhelming argument in form of majority varying from 170 to 249. As the advertisement says, "Why pay more?" JOHN O'GORST certainly won't. Having said what he has to say he sits down, folds fragile arms over timid breast, puts on look of preternatural pensiveness, patiently listens whilst others talk.

No lack of supply. At end of hour and a half constitution of audience considerably altered. Members freshly arrived from pro-



Mr. Field (President of the Irish Cattle Traders' and Stockowners' Association, Vice-President of the National Federation of Meat Traders) introduces to the House two "Bulls" of his own breeding.

longed tea on the Terrace look upon the grey-haired figure on the Treasury Bench, and wonder why it doesn't speak. Member after Member rises wanting to know why the Vice-President of the Council

has no reply to give? A pleasing prospect this, capable of indefinite prolongation. At five o'clock, Minister stated his objections to amendment; speeches go on for hour and half. At 6.30 a new audience has gathered. Weren't present when Minister interposed; insist on his speaking again. Minister re-states his objection. Another hour-and-a-half's talk. 8 P.M., fresh audience. "Why doesn't the right hon. gentleman state the Government view on this important point? Why treat the House with marked discourtesy?" Angry cheering from Opposition. Minister meekly makes his speech a third time. Fresh audience fall to; discuss it with undiminished vigour.

9.30 P.M. Changing and shifting, another new audience assembles. Motion to report progress by way of resenting contemptuous silence of insolent Minister; and so on, till the morning and the evening are another day.

This legislation by shifts, as work is sometimes carried on in collieries, evidently has its disadvantages. JOHN O' GORST early checks it. "I have stated my objections," he said, when pressed a fourth time to set them forth. "Hon. Members who were not present when I spoke may read the remarks in the papers tomorrow morning."

Opposition horribly shocked at this; but, after all, if we are to get forward with our work, there seems something in it.

*Business done.*—In Committee on the Education Bill.

*Friday.*—The *Codlin* and *Short* business of Irish Leaders sometimes a little hard on House. Habitually tends in direction of inflicting two speeches where one would have done; and that, as R. G. WEBSTER says, is very different from making two blades of grass grow where formerly there was a dust-heap. When JOHN REDMOND makes a speech, JOHN DILLON feels bound to put in appearance, and *vice versa*.

JOHN REDMOND, resolved to show Ireland that in her interest he neither slumbers nor sleeps, urged PRINCE ARTHUR to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule so that Irish Land Bill might, if necessary, be debated all night. PRINCE ARTHUR, for reasons inexplicable, except on ground of extreme hot weather and consequent languidness, consented. JEMMY LOWTHER interposed; saved House from objectless sacrifice. On Wednesday, JAMES's heart stirred within him by what an ordinary person would have called flat robbery. J. L. denounced the project as "deletion of the Eighth Commandment."



"Received 'a blow on the crayanium'!"  
(Mr. P-tr-ck O'Br-n.)



He was invited to row on the Piræus.  
(Mr. McK-mna.)

what an ordinary person would have called flat robbery. J. L. denounced the project as "deletion of the Eighth Commandment." To-day he, with equally magnificent manner, successfully withstands

PRINCE ARTHUR's temporary weakness. Motion to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule not proceeded with. Waste of time upon a Bill no one pretends to see carried through Committee thus limited to midnight. *Business done.*—Eight hours talk round Irish Land Bill.



METEOR II. DAZZLES THE YACHTING WORLD, AND WINS THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE SURF!

### "A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

(Extract from a Note-Book found near Islington.)

HAVEN'T much time for jotting down impressions. More's the pity, as, with my School Board learning, I am getting quite a dab at composition. But what with tent-pecking, musical rides, and bayonet contests, and the rest of it, there's quite enough to do. It pleases the public, I suppose, and the funds go to some Service charity or other, so *that's* all right, and the Intelligence Department says it "promotes recruiting," so *that's* all right, too. And then the management is re-organised. Not too much of the Volunteers—just a noble C.O. of the auxiliaries thrown in to give a civilian but aristocratic flavour to the show—and *that's*, from a Service point of view, all right again. But as the Commander-in-Chief was using one of his precious new brooms and sweeping some more of the old traditions away into the dust-hole, why didn't he get rid of "dressing-up"? Of course, I don't mean the dressing-up of the barrack-yard, but the painting-your-face-red dressing-up of Mr. CLARKSON, or some other eminent *perruquier*.

It's all very well to show the ten-shilling seat-holders "the sons of the Empire," but if darkies run short, that's no reason why Tommy Atkins should have to black his face as if he were waiting ready for an engagement, not on the battlefield, but at St. James's Hall, Regent Street and Piccadilly. The Military Tournament, no doubt, is quite right and proper, especially now that the Viscount has kindly taken it under his own special patronage, but surely the line might be drawn at blank cartridge, and not quite so low as burnt cork. How can a self-respecting soldier-man hold himself in proper personal esteem if he has to daub his face as if he were a perambulating nigger on Margate sands?





Country Cousin (looking at Index of R.A. Catalogue). "UNCLE, WHAT DOES 1, 3, 6, 8, AFTER A MAN'S NAME, MEAN?"  
Uncle (who has been dragged there much against his will). "EH! WHAT? 1, 3— OH, TELEPHONE NUMBER!"

#### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

PREPARING to go to the seaside under the impression that the sultry weather will continue until your arrival by the sad sea waves. Making arrangements to remain in town on the chance of rain setting in at the coast.

Leaving England for a tour on the continent in the belief that you can see better pictures abroad than at the National Gallery, or more remarkable *objets de vertu* than those at the South Kensington Museum.

Becoming a Fellow of the Imperial Institute on the chance of obtaining the benefits of Colonial Federation *plus* the glories of a rival to Olympia.

Taking tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons to secure peace and quietness, in preference to asking for the same refreshment at your pet club.

Reading the intelligence from South Africa in the newspapers with a view to "fluttering" on the Stock Exchange to your own advantage.

Lastly, taking decided action in any matter at a time when the most reasonable course to pursue is to settle down on a sofa under a punkah and go to sleep.

#### A RETIRING NAVAL OFFICER.

In the *Times* for June 17, Admiral P. H. COLOMB writes *à propos* of "The Higher Policy of Defence":—

"For myself, I am eminently content with the part I have played, and recognise with pleasure the arrival of a time of rest."

But his readers won't be of the learned Admiral's opinion. May the time be far distant when the COLOMB will be half or a quarter of a Colomb in the *Times*, and still farther distant when he comes to a full stop.

WITH THE ACCENT ON THE PENULTIMATE SYLLABLE.—A French diplomat, in proposing Lord DUFFERIN's health, hoped that his Lordship would find some pretext for Duf-fer-rin' his departure from Paris.

#### A HARROWED ETONIAN.

SIR,—In your edition of June 13, you published an essay on the Fourth of June, purporting to be the work of "JOYNES MINOR." I don't know if the writer, by appropriating the name of an honoured bygone preceptor, endeavoured to pose as an Etonian, but if he were so, indeed, he must have been a very old one. His reference to JOBY savours of the pliocene age, that excellent judge of small beer having long been gathered to his fathers. Then he talks of KOSMO WILKINSON, cox of the *Thetis*, arrayed in an admiral's uniform! Shades of all defunct Captains of the Boats! Who ever saw the steerer of the *Thetis* in a cocked hat? The garb of NELSON is reserved for those who hold the lines in the Upper Boats. And then "JOYNES MINOR," for the sake of reference to the Heir Apparent's success at Epsom, has the effrontery to say that the leading boats were the *Victory* and *Prince of Wales*, whereas every real Etonian knows that the ten-oar (the only one on the river) is always the *Monarch* of all it surveys, being stroked by that most magnificent personage, the Captain of the Boats! Lastly, "J. M." wrongly makes the Brocas the scene of BROCK'S fireworks, which did not go off "brilliantly," owing to the proverbial rain. Sir, I know not with whom to be the more indignant, you or "JOYNES MINOR," whose father must have more money than sense, if he did indeed tip him a "fiver"!

And then he talks of "Buns" THORNTON. "Bun and Jam" was the *sobriquet* of our great slogger. "Buns" was a later reading, invented by those, who did not share his effective society at the College of the Blessed Virgin. The sham Etonian is as readily detected as is the false nobleman. He may be able to talk about "absence," "swishing," "tick," and "drybobs," but there are certain little passwords which he can never get hold of. For instance, I will bet a sovereign to a halfpenny that Lord GRANBY or Lord ARTHUR WELLESLEY would know in an instant at what house I boarded, when I state that my room at my dame's was on "the lower sarg." In my opinion "JOYNES MINOR" hails from Harrow, where, possibly, at "Ducker," or whatever the hill-top lads call their swimming bath, he picked up a few light-blue expressions from the renegade (no offence meant) WELLDON.

Your obedient Servant,

HUGGS MAJOR.

#### APHORISMS BY OUR OWN JUDICIOUS HOOKER.

'Tis a long worm that has no turning.

Spare the rod and spoil the rise.

The original Senior (Wr)angler. ISAAC WALTON.

Gentry who do not grumble at checks. Bank fishermen.

The Hook of Holland is attached to the Great Eastern Line.

Every jack has his gill.

Highland inventions. Reels.

Not associated with salmon-catching. Penny gaffs.

Fish which are never cowed. Bull trout.

Theatrical accessories. Floats and flies.

#### OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—Splendid *Roméo* of JOHNNIE DE RESZKÉ. Excellent *Juliette* of MELBA'S. MELBA looking and singing uncommonly well. Great enthusiasm. *Melba-Juliette* called before curtain about ten times in all, and received about half that number of bouquets. Names of donors not mentioned. Franciscan Brother EDWARD DE RESZKÉ very pious and pleasant. Masterful MANCINELLI to be congratulated. Rumour in lobby of indisposition of Sir DEUBIOLANUS OPERATICUS. General sympathy from all, *et ab omnibus vox*.

Saturday.—Good old *Lucia di Lammermoor*. MELBA excellent as *Lucy*,—not "HENRY" of that ilk, but another.

INTERESTING LECTURE AT SOUTHWARK.—The Bishop, lecturing on the restorations at St. Saviour's Church, forgot to say that in 1106 there was here a Priory of St. Mary Overy, so called because it furnished a hospital to such afflicted persons as felt "all overy-like." His lordship also omitted to mention that at the dissolute time of the dissolution the Austin canons, who showed considerable mettle, were all either melted down or sent to the Tower to defend the battle-ments. At the Tower the canons were loaded with chains and abuse, but were none of them let off. The Bishop, as "Boss of the show," exhibited much emotion in showing his predecessors, "the bosses of the oak ceiling, which still exist" (!!!).

"A HOPEFUL Future M.P." writes wanting to know "if, in the House of Commons—which, as a matter of course, includes 'Short Commons,' and is equivalent to a German 'Diet'—the larder supply of meat is under the supervision of the 'Standing Joint Committee'?" Also, how long is a Joint allowed by such Committee to stand? Likewise whether hot or cold?"



### MASTER JOEY'S LITTLE FLIRTATION.

["If we decide to give advantages to the Colonists such as those mentioned by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in consideration of their abandonment of Protective duties against British goods, are we sure that the masses in this country will be prepared for such an object to tax foreign foodstuffs and foreign raw materials?"—*The "Times" on Mr. Chamberlain's Speech at Congress of Chambers of Commerce, advocating a British Zollverein.*]

## A SPORTING PARALLEL.

[Lord ROSEBERRY's Quarrel, by Discord—Free and Easy, won this year's Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot.]

Lord ROSEBERRY ruminates:—

Quarrel, by Discord, lands me a win,

On the summer-parched turf in the Hunt Cup at Ascot! Is Humph! Are revenges about to begin? [Mascotte?]

Soon shall I hold a (political) Discord, from Quarrel, upset me last year.

Quarrel, from Discord, now flurries my foemen, And Free and Easy—dear

ARTHUR!—I fear Breedeth this Quarrel. Now is this an omen?

HARCOURT and Option—ah well, never mind!

Let bygones be bygones! It oost him his Derby, But BALFOUR must be amazingly

blind To course that is lumpy, to wires that are barby,

If he does not see that "his Royal Hunt Cup"

Is far from a certainty now with his Quarrel.

He stands in more risk than I did from The Tup,

E'en from his own stable! Now what is the moral?

Strongly-backed "certs" are bowled over sometimes,

Flouted outsiders do romp in good winners;

And colts charged with halfequine follies and crimes

May score at the finish, though doubtful beginners!



Fair Philistine. "I THINK AN ARTIST'S LIFE IS PERFECTLY CHARMING—TO BE ABLE TO GO ABOUT FROM ONE SEASIDE PLACE TO ANOTHER, AND SKETCH ALL THE PRETTY BITS!"

## A QUICK CHANGE ARTIST.

"[I have known an old gentleman to get up at five o'clock every morning to arrange one flower pot, one chair, and one screen, so that they should vary each day, but still be in strict artistic harmony with each other all the time. There is where the Japanese differ from us.]—Mr. Mortimer Menpes to Correspondent of "Daily News" in Japan.]

An ancient Jap it seems at five Each day gets up—his daily lot In cunning fashion to contrive A chair, a screen, a pot.

How nice to see him as he sets, With trembling hands and loving care, To work until at last he gets A screen, a pot, a chair.

And if that does not satisfy, A wondrous change comes o'er the scene, Artistic sense is set straight by A pot, a chair, a screen.

How brain-exhausting it must be To this old Jap—each day has got

To have its own device, e.g., A screen, a chair, a pot.

Himself in seeking to adorn The early minutes he'll not spare, For here 's the labour of his morn—

A pot, a screen, a chair.

And whether in the mart I mix, Or walk alone 'mid pastures green, I ever see him strive to fix A chair, a pot, a screen.

## A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

SCENE—A Masked Ball. Enter a Fair Mask, in a wheat-tinted domino, and a keen-faced Pierrot.

Fair Mask. What, JOEY? Why, I hardly knew you in Pierrot motley.

Pierrot. And may I know you—without your mask?

Fair Mask. No, indeed—at least, not yet. But can you not divine?

Pierrot. Perhaps that were impolite, or, at any rate, impolitic!

Fair Mask (sighing). Possibly! For some time I have not been a persona grata with you and your friends.

Pierrot. My old or my new ones?

Fair Mask. Both, I'm afraid! The difference is, that the new ones only "dissemble their love"—for obvious reasons—while the old ones would fain "kick me down stairs." With which class am I to rank you now, JOSEPH?

Pierrot. It is easier to dissemble love than hate. Do I show any signs of the latter?

Fair Mask (softly). Well, I admit you have changed considerably of late, and are ever so much nicer than you were—to nous autres—than when you associated with the Hawarden Set, and railed about Runsom. Now, tell me (seductively), are we also not much nicer than you fancied?

Pierrot. Mutual knowledge breeds mutual liking—often. And if I knew you better—

Fair Mask. Perhaps that were dangerous. I am terribly taboo to all your old friends—and some of your new ones, I fear. Even the Marquis admits—with sorrow, no doubt—that he sees no chance of my being cordially received in decent political society again.

Pierrot. Humph! That depends—on the name.

Fair Mask. Well, I have been called by several names. "Protection," "Reciprocity," "Fair Trade,"—oh! all sorts of amiable and attractive aliases.

Pierrot. Thanks! That is almost as good as lifting your mask. But what do you say to Miss ZOLLVEREIN?

Fair Mask. Humph! Sounds a little foreign, doesn't it?

Pierrot. Pooh! We are all cosmopolitan now—in speech. Perhaps "Customs Union" would please you better. It sounds less neat, but

means practically the same. I am not one to squabble over names. But what are the wise man's counters are the current coin of fools.

Fair Mask. I fancied "Fair Trade" would fetch them, but—

Pierrot. It is rather "blown upon" by this time, I fear, like "Bimetallism." As to "Protection," that, as SALISBURY says, is impossible—now. But if, by a new name, we can only associate you with Patriotism, even you will soon become popular! Imperial Free Trade Protected against the Foreigner! Surely that would "fetch" both the "orthodox Free Trader" and the Jingo.

Fair Mask (archly). And yourself, my dear JOSEPH?

Pierrot (blandly). Do I look irreconcilable? Don another dress, assume a new name, mask, a new fan, and—who knows? "What I want to impress upon you is, my personal conviction that you would not be met with a blank refusal by the people of this country." Allow me!

[Exeunt arm-in-arm.]

"A BLUSH ROSE."—Miss ROSA KENNEY gave a capital recitation of Mr. F. ANSTEE-GUTHRIE'S *Burglar Bill* at Steinway Hall. Approbation from Mr. Punch is praise indeed, and should bring the blush to the cheek of a ROSA, that is, if she possessed "cheek," which she doesn't, but she has talent and discretion.

BY OUR WELL-INFORMED CONTRIBUTOR.—Last Thursday, at Mercers' Hall, was held "The Apposition" dinner in connection with St. Paul's School. The rule as to the speeches at this "Apposition dinner" is, that all remarks must be "apposite." Hence the name.

ASTRONOMIC.—Mrs. DOUBLE LENS writes to say that she had a splendid view of the Osculation of Jupiter with the Moon, and hopes that they enjoyed themselves.

EXCELLENT CHURCH-WORK.—Professor CHURCH has undertaken to restore the Statue of JAMES THE SECOND in Whitehall Gardens. As Professor CHURCH has never taken it away, it is all the more difficult for him to restore it. But he is making the noble attempt to restore JAMES who abdicated, and whose effigy will once more be in statu quo.



## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XV.

*Mr. Jabberjee is asked out to dinner. Unreasonable behaviour of his betrothed. His doubts concerning the social advantages of a Boarding Establishment, with some scathing remarks upon ambitious pretenders. He goes out to dinner, and meets a person of some importance.*

THE pleasing impression produced by this humble self upon both Mister and Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT at the wedding of their eldest daughter became speedily prolific of golden fruit in the request of the honour of my company for dinner at 8.15 P.M. on a subsequent evening.

Incidentally recounting this prime compliment to my lovely JESSIMINA, I was astounded that she did not share my jubilations, but was, on the contrary, the sore subject at not being included in such invitation, which, as I explained, was totally irrational, seeing that the inviters remained unaware of her nude existence. She, however, maintained that I ought to have mentioned that I was an affianced, and have refused to sit at any banquet at which she was fobbed off with a cold shoulder. This again was absurd, since the moiety of a loaf is preferable to total deprivation of the staff of life, and moreover, in my country, it is customary for the husband-elect to take his meals apart from his bride that is to be; nor does she ever touch food until he has previously assuaged his pangs of hunger. Notwithstanding, she would not be pacified until I had bestowed upon her a gold and turquoise ring of best English workmanship, as an olive-branch and calumet of peace.

But, outside Porticobello House, I have been close as wax on the subject of my flowery chains, and it was especially inconceivable that I should inform my friend HOWARD of same, since he has frequently bantered me in wonderment that a respectable Oriental magnate should reside in such a very ordinary and third-rate boarding establishment, where it was an impossibility to gain any real familiarity with smart and refined English society.

And who knows that if I should introduce Miss JESSIE into company of a superior caste, some haughty masculine might insult her under my very nose; and lack-a-daisy! where would she find a protector?

I am certainly oppressed by an increasing dubiety whether Mrs. MANKLETOW is verily such an upper crustacean and *Habituee* of the *beau monde* as she did represent herself to be. It is well-nigh incomprehensible that any individual should seek to appear of a higher social status than Nature has provided; but my youthful acquaintance, ALLBUTT-INNETT, Jun., Esq., informs me that this is a common failing among the English classes, who fondly imagine that nothing is needed to render a frog the exact equivalent to an ox except an increased quantity of air, forgetting that if a frog is abnormally inflated, it is apt to provide the rather ludicrous catastrophe of exploding from excessive swellishness!

However, *revenons à nos moutons*—*id est*, the dinner party.

I intended to be the early bird at Prince's Square, but, owing to a rarity among the hansom cabs, did not arrive until most of the guests were already assembled, being welcomed with effusive hospitality by the household god and goddess, Mr. and Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT, who begged leave to present to me all the most distinguished of their friends.

Then—*pop*, and *à l'improviste*—the door was thrown open, and a butler announced *ore robundo*, Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND, whom, in the wink of an eye, I recognised as an ex-Justice of the very court in Calcutta in which my male progenitor practises as a mook-tear, or attorney, and who, moreover, was familiar with myself almost *ab ovo*, having been more than once humbly presented to his notice by my said father, with a request for his patronising opinion

of my abilities, and the feasibility of my education at a London Inn of Court!

Oh, my gracious! I was as if to sink through the carpet, and sought to draw in my horns behind a column, when, to my uncontrollable dismay, my hostess led him towards me, with the remark that he was probably already acquainted in India with His Highness Prince JABBERJEE.

The Hon'ble Retired Judge at this did merely smile indulgently, observing that India was a country of considerable extensiveness, and inquiring of me in my own tongue where my *raj* was situated, and the strength of my army, though with a scintillation in his visual organs that told me he knew me perfectly well.

And I, realising that honesty was my best policy of insurance from his displeasure, did throw myself frankly on the mercy of the Court, protesting volubly in native language that I was an industrious poor Bengali boy, and had always regarded him as my beloved father; that I was not to blame because certain foolish, ignorant persons imagined me to be some species of Rajah; and earnestly representing to him that our kind mutual hostess would be

woefully distressed by any disclosures. "Let your Hon'ble Ludship," I said, "only remain hermetically sealed, and preserve this as a trade secret, and my sisters, sisters-in-law, and aunts shall always chant hymns on the Ganges for your Honor's felicitities!"

His Honor, laughing good-naturedly, did tell me that if I liked to assume the plumes of a daw, it was no affair of his, and kindly promised to respect my confidences—at which I was greatly relieved. Indeed, throughout the evening, nothing could exceed his affability, for, being seated on the other side of the hostess, opposite myself, he showed me the greatest honour and deference, frequently requesting my views on such subjects as Increased Representation of the People of India, the National Congress, and so forth; upon which, being now perfectly reassured and at my ease, I discoursed with facundity, and did loudly extol the intellectual capacity of the Bengalis, as evinced by marvellous success in passing most difficult exams., and denouncing it as a crying injustice and beastly shame that fullest political powers should not be conceded to them, and that they should not be eligible for all civil appointments *pari passu*, or even in priority to Englishmen.

Wherein his Honor did warmly agree, assuring me with fatherly benignancy of the pleasure with which he would hear of my appointment to be Head of a District

somewhere on the Punjab frontier, and mentioning how a certain native Bengali gentleman of his acquaintance, Deputy-Commissioner GRISH CHUNDER DÈ, Esq., M.A., had distinguished himself splendidly (according to the printed testimony of Hon'ble KIPLING) in such a post of danger.

I replied, that I was not passionately in love with personal danger, and that in my case *cedant arma togæ*, and my tongue was mightier than my sword, but that there was no doubt that we Bengalis were intellectually competent to govern the whole country, provided only that we were backed up from behind by a large English military force to uphold our authority, as otherwise we should soon be the pretty pickles, owing to brutal violence from Sikhs, Rajputs, Marathas, and similar uncivilised coarse rascals.

And Sir CHETWYND expressed his lively satisfaction that I appreciated some of the advantages of the British occupation.

Thus, through my presence of mind in boldly grappling with the nettle, I turned what might have been a disaster into a conspicuous triumph, for all the company, seeing the favour I was in with such a big wig as Hon'ble CUMMERBUND, listened to me with spell-bound enchantment, especially my friend HOWARD's sprightly young sister, a damsel of distinguished personal attractiveness, who was seated on my other side. Her birth-name is LOUISA-GWENDOLFN; but her family and intimates, so she did inform me, call her "WEE-WEE."

Of the dinner itself I can speak highly, as being inexpressibly superior, both in stylishness of service and for the quality of the



"Some haughty masculine might insult her under my very nose."



food, &c., to any meals hitherto furnished by Mrs. MANKLETOW'S mahogany board. Nevertheless, I wondered to find the ALLBUTT-INNETTS behind the times in one respect, viz., the lighting, which was with old-fashioned candles and semi-observed lamps, instead of the more modern and infinitely more brilliant illumination of gas! Here, at least, though in other particulars of very mediocre elegance, I must pronounce Porticobello House the more up to date.

In taking leave, I did thank Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND profusely for so discreetly retaining its feline contents within the generous bag of his mouth, whereat he clapped my back very cordially, advising me to abstain for the future from a superabundance of frills, since the character of a diligent legal native student was a precious lily that needed no princely gilding, and adding that he was indebted to me for a most entertaining and mirthful evening. This I do not understand, as I had not uttered any of the facetious puns and conceits wherewith it is my wont—when I will\*—to set the table in a simper.

But possibly I may have spoken rather humorously unawares, and it is proverbial that these exalted legal luminaries are pleased with a rattle and tickled by a straw.

On my return I did omit to mention Miss WEE-WEE to JESSIMINA; but, after all, *cui bono*?

\* This is a fairly sample specimen, though I have frequently surpassed it in waggishness and drollery.—H. B. J.

### SERVICE INTERNATIONAL.

[At the Hôtel Cecil the curry is served by a Hindoo in native dress.]

A NOVELTY this, which in time might extend  
Till all on the *menu* was handed *comme ça*,  
And every country its waiters would send  
To offer its own individual *plat*.

The olives by Spanish attendants be brought—  
Their bull-fighting dresses at first would look odd;  
A Scotchman would serve you the salmon he caught,  
A Doggerbank fisherman hand you the cod.

The plan even might be improved, like the House  
Of Commons—have waitresses, certain to please.  
The North would send maidens to bring you the grouse,  
And neat little Swiss girls would offer you cheese.

But who could hand turtle? That soup, without doubt  
Quite English, an Englishman surely should bring,  
But he is, since Germans have crowded him out,  
The dodo of waiters, a quite extinct thing.

*Roast* would be easy, that foreigners' dish  
So little seen here, foreign waiters could hand;  
*Bouillabaisse*, *macaroni*, one also might wish  
To taste as the product of some foreign land.

One waiter hotel-keepers could not engage;  
This system would happily stand in the way;  
Unless German sausage became all the rage,  
The *Diener* from *Deutschland* would vanish away.

### DICKENS'S DOMBEY AND SARDOU'S SARA.

SIR,—Last week your critic gave a brief notice of SARA BERNHARDT in *La Tosca*. Every one conversant with the play remembers the great situation when *La Tosca* clutches up the knife from the supper-table and confronts her would-be lover, the "bold bad man," chief of the police, with the cruel smile and the lustful eyes. Happening, by merest accident, to take down from a book-shelf CHARLES DICKENS'S *Dombey and Son*, what do I find in the scene between *Edith Dombey* and *Carker* of the gleaming teeth? This:—

"He was coming gaily towards her, when, in an instant, she caught the knife up from the table, and started one pace back."

The exact situation in *La Tosca*. Only—*Edith* did not stab *Carker*. SARDOU went a step farther than DICKENS, and made the hit dramatically. But as "Todgers's could do it when it liked," so DICKENS, when going in for melodrama, could come out uncommonly strong, and did so, too.

By the way, let any one who comes across this note refer to that chapter (it is the twenty-fourth, in the second volume), and, after noting how carefully the supper for two had been prepared, let him wonder *who ate it*? *Edith* didn't; *Carker* didn't. Did *Dombey*, arriving late, get it? Or did the waiters collar it, by way of perquisites, next morning? Also, who paid for it?

But genius is above details. Simply we come back to the situation where *Edith Dombey* is the forerunner of *La Tosca*, as we see it played by SARA SIDDOONS BERNHARDT. Yours, JOE BAGSTOCK.

WHAT CAPTAIN S-M-NDS, THE L. C. C. FIREMAN, FORGOT.—To invent any escape for himself. But his friends will provide him with one.

### HENLEY REGATTA IN 1900 A.D.

["The foreign entries at Henley are more numerous than ever."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE usually quiet little Oxfordshire town of Henley has been the scene of some regrettable disturbances resulting in a loss of life, which it is, at the present time, impossible to compute. At the moment of sending this despatch, comparative peace has been restored, owing to the presence of two infantry regiments and one of cavalry, together with a battery of artillery.



These have occupied all the training quarters of the crews, while detachments are constantly patrolling the principal streets. Further reinforcements have just been sent for at the urgent request of the Mayor of Henley, who waited on the Colonel commanding with a bandage over his right eye and his arm in a sling. These injuries were received by him in the courageous execution of his duty as chief magistrate of the town. The stewards of the Regatta, those of them, that is to say, who survive, are in permanent session in the Town Hall, the walls of which have been strengthened by sand-bags, while a guard of 500 picked men is disposed in and about the building.

It is difficult in the excited state of public feeling to arrive at the exact truth of what happened. It seems, however, that in the first heat of the Grand Challenge Cup for Eights, the Matabele Argonauts (with the Bucks station) were drawn against the Sons of the Nile from the Soudan. In the second heat the Ojibbeway Leanders were to compete against the lately formed Eskimo Boat Club. Owing, however, to some mistake, arising, probably, from a defective knowledge of English, the Ojibbeways came to the post in the first heat, and insisted on starting. The Matabele oarsmen and the Sons of the Nile, naturally enough, protested, and their protest was backed by the Umpire, who ordered the Red Indians off the course. They refused to move, and their stroke, SWINGING BUFFALO, in a moment of intense irritation, clambered out of his racing ship on to the launch, and, before the horrified spectators could realise what was happening, he had scalped Mr. FRANK WILLAN and was waving his bloody trophy frantically in the air. Directly afterwards he fell, pierced to the heart by a well directed assegai, hurled by the arm of OOMATOFLOPOGAS, the coxswain of the Matabele Eight. In a moment all was confusion and carnage. The spectators on the banks and in the water took up the quarrel, and a hideous scene of promiscuous massacre ensued. The air became black with the arrows of the Ojibbeways, the assegais of the Matabele and the spears of the fierce Soudanese Arabs. The local volunteers and the county police were powerless to quell the conflict, which raged without interruption for three hours. The river is strewn with the wreckage of house-boats and craft of all sorts, and dead bodies to the number of three hundred and sixty-two have already been taken out of the water and laid in rows for identification. It is gratifying to note that on this occasion Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, Americans, and Englishmen forgot their international rivalries, and fought side by side in defence of law and order. The incident has, unfortunately, rendered it necessary to cancel the Regatta fixture, and all entrance-fees will be returned to the captains of crews, or to their executors and administrators.



### DARBY JONES RIGHT AGAIN.

RESPECTED SIR,—Just a few lines to remind you that the old man was again on the spot, and wrote—

"Don't quarrel with the Easter boon I tip."

Thus did I place the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot first in the field. Then I go on to say—

"Though I own a sheep's condition  
May disclose the imposition  
Of a quack."

The *Tup* ran third. But remember that in each and every contest the first will always be Yours respectfully, DARBY JONES.  
P.S.—I have something "snug" for the Newmarket July Meeting. £10 a head for information.



### LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE.

*Weary Chaperon* (1.45 A.M.). "HOW INSUFFERABLY HOT IT IS, MAUD—AND HOW RIDICULOUSLY CROWDED THE ROOMS ARE!"

*Maud*. "OH, IT WILL BE MUCH BETTER IN ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO, AUNT MARY!"

### MR. PUNCH'S PLEA

*On Behalf of the Elizabeth Rundle-Charles Memorial.*

[MRS. ELIZABETH RUNDLE-CHARLES, the much-esteemed authoress of that fine book, *The Schomberg-Gotha Family*, took a deep interest in the North London Hospital for Consumption. As a fitting memorial to an excellent writer and most charitable lady, it is proposed to endow in that hospital "The Elizabeth Rundle-Charles Bed," thus at once honouring her, and "forwarding the work so dear to her heart."] A GENTLE lady and her generous task Honour and help at once! And, who could ask

Pleasanter double duty?

Her life was like her books, divinely moved To service of the two high things she loved, Charity and chaste beauty.

Her words spake to the world, but those sick wards Best knew her work, which also was her

Lord's, Unselfish help and healing. The sick, the suffering, the fate-stricken poor,

Will see that sympathetic smile no more Through grief's grey shadows stealing.

*Punch* asks his friends to help perpetuate The light of a life's labour, dedicate To heaven and to humanity. Let this Memorial be the public care, In honour of true heart and talent rare, For these things are *not* vanity!

Subscriptions to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, BASIL WOODD SMITH, Esq., Branch Hill Lodge, Hampstead Heath, N.W.

### OOM! SWEET OOM!

AIR—"Home! Sweet Home!"

'Mid castles and palaces tho' he mayn't boom, Though his dress may be humble, there's no boss like Oom.

Fine skill in his play seems to score and to scare, Which diplomat *nous* cannot equal elsewhere.

Oom! Oom! Cute, cute Oom!

There's no PAUL like Oo-om! There's no PAUL like Oom!

Though Joe's invitation might tempt you in vain,

O come, PAUL—says *Punch*—to our shores o'er the main!

The Boers, whom *Punch* honours, won't question *his* call,

So throw over LEYDS! You'll be welcomed by all!

Oom! Oom! Tanta and Oom!

There's no guest like Oo-om! There's no guest like Oom!

THE LIQUOR COMMISSION.—So valuable was the evidence given by Sir HARRY BODKIN POLAND, Q.C., Recorder of Dover, during his three days' examination, and so full of information was it as to such intricate questions as the meaning of "entire" and "fine ales," that seeing how Kent is, *par excellence*, the Hop County, no other County being so Hopulent, and as it has quite a Hop-population which may be considered as represented at Dover by a "bare Bodkin," Sir HARRY's name and title is in future to be "Sir HARRY HOP-POLE-LAND, Q.C."

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A THIRSTY SOUL AT ASCOT TOASTS HIS MISTRESS.

THE burning sun with cruel ray Pours down on my too tender head; The scene is lively, joyous, gay, And yet I wish that I were dead. I will not Phœbus so malign As now to pray for pelting rain; No! No! my comfort I'll resign, And pledge your eyes in iced champagne.

Just now I said I would that I With life had ended; but that *vin* Has quite revoked my wish to die— But then I have backed *Arlequin*. A "monkey" is a pleasant thing To help one from a settling mess. That cork sends forth a tempting ring, Your health, my love, in B. and S.

A noble drink! you look superb With lace and lawn: a bishop's bride! And smile upon the "youths imberb"! With CLEOPATRA's aspide pride. Another winner! *Sauce Tartare* To life now adds an extra zest; Here's what we ought to be and are, The betters quaffing of the best!

'Tis most unkind of you to sneer That luck has made me drunk with joy My happiness, of course, is clear, But is not caused by too much "boy." Now listen. You on Tuesday next, Shall, well cheque-mated, sally out. There, dearest, you're no longer vex'd, But—Christopher! that twinge of gout!

"THE GENEROUS GIFT OF £100,000 FOR A TOWN HALL AT EDINBURGH."—Everywhere, nowadays, we hear that "the school-master is abroad"; therefore is it an exceptionally beneficial thing for Edinburgh to have an Usher at home.



### PUNCH AT PRETORIA.

MR. PUNCH (*Universal Secretary of State*). "THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, FOR YOUR GENEROUS TREATMENT OF THE PRISONERS. IF YOUR HONOUR WILL REFUSE TO FOLLOW 'UNFRIENDLY LEYDS,' AND CAN SEE YOUR WAY TO PAYING US A VISIT NOW, WE SHALL GIVE YOU A MOST HEARTY WELCOME!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

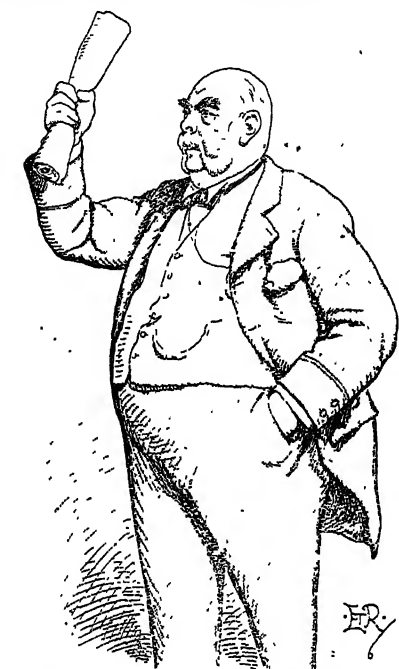
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 15—"Tout est perdu, fors-les vacances," said the Member for Sark, dropping into the tongue still spoken among his constituents.

That certainly seems to be result of Session at epoch reached by PRINCE ARTHUR's speech to-day. Been great meeting of Party at Foreign Office. Summons by Ministry of day to their followers to come and talk matters over has ever been the last resource of noble minds. To-day's proceedings supply no variation to rule. Matters in Commons reached muddle out of which there is no issue with programme as it stands, *cum* determination to adjourn in time for

grouse. PRINCE ARTHUR feels himself personally and directly pledged to break up school on or about the 12th of August. If performance of pledge involves breaking up of Education Bill also, and total abandonment of other measures, so much the worse for them. Thus it comes to pass, as SARK says, all is lost save the holiday.

PRINCE ARTHUR has pretty way of fronting exceptional expectation with countenance and manner of preternatural unconsciousness. Of course, everybody (especially those who were not present) knew all about Foreign Office meeting. House crowded in anticipation of what the Leader would say thereon, and how he would phrase his communication. When SQUIRE OF MALWOOD asked whether he had any statement to make, the PRINCE regarded him



"If the Clergy come on my platform, I push them off." (Major B-n-a.)

with air of puzzled interest. What could he mean? After moment's pause, he rose and mentioned, quite incidentally, that whole arrangements of Session were remodelled. Would go on for further fortnight in Committee on Education Bill; would then hang it up to dry till January; would proceed to pick up any crumbs of legislation that might have fallen from the table; would in any case adjourn for holidays about middle of August.

This a pretty piece of acting, though not easy to see why it should have been thought necessary or appropriate to occasion. Better still a couple of hours later, when JOHN O' GORST, leader in the Education Bill tandem, turned round, and ominously pricked up his ears under nose of driver on box seat. Last Thursday PRINCE ARTHUR threw over GORST on important amendment of Education Bill. GORST, as Minister in charge of Bill, resisted ROLLING-STONE ROLLIT's proposal to add the Councils of boroughs of 20,000 inhabitants to number of local authorities created by Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR, blandly observing that weight of argument was in favour of Amendment, straightway accepted it.

JOHN O' GORST said nothing then, but to-night took it out of his esteemed Leader. Only thing needed for completion of scene was presence in Peers' Gallery of GRAND CROSS. June seems to be the month when JOHN O' GORST lets himself go. It was in June, 1891, he delivered the famous Manipur speech, the most exquisite and boldest piece of irony ever spoken in the Commons. To-night he out-manipured Manipur. PRINCE ARTHUR not in his place when what SQUIRE OF MALWOOD wittily called the boomerang was let fly. Pale scouts went in search of him. As he walked in, he could only guess what had happened. There sat the Opposition, quizzical, hilarious, closely watching. PRINCE ARTHUR strolled to his place, with just the slightest flush on his fair cheek, with carefully manifest attempt to suppress a yawn, with general air suggesting that if he were at the trouble to address the Chairman he would observe, "Dear me, Mr. LOWTHER, don't you find it oppressively hot?"

*Business done.*—The Education Bill's.

Tuesday.—Major BAKES (3rd Essex Artillery Volunteers) limbered up just now; got range of Treasury Bench; raked it fore and aft

with murderous fire that nearly blew JOHN O' GORST into arms of PRINCE ARTHUR. In times of peace, when the Major makes his helmet a hive for bees, he is a wharfinger and bonded warehouseman, of Mark Lane and Wapping. Even when in mufti, military strategy instinctive with him. Thus to-night, thermometer being 77° in the shade, he thoughtfully denuded of the letter "h" all words which, according to common practice, give it precedence in their orthography.

"I hope Sir JOHN," said the Major, mopping his glistening forehead, "won't leave West 'Am out in the cold."

West Ham is all very well for a Winter Session; in these tropical days West 'Am is distinctly more agreeable. Just approaching dinner hour. Whether designedly or not, Major's way of putting it suggested all a sensible man would care for dinner on such a night. A slice of cold 'am, a crusty roll of bread, and a pint of Pommery, not too much iced, but iced enough.

That an idle fancy born of approach to eight o'clock. The Major thinking of something much more important than dinner. Is concerned for the interests of forty thousand school children, in a great constituency that knew a good man when they met him on a wharf or in a bonded warehouse. So placed Major at head of poll without his going out of way to solicit vote. That was what nerved the Major to raise flag of revolt against his own leaders. A fine figure he presented as he stood on back bench below gangway, his white waistcoat gleaming in the gathering twilight, his face flushed with honest emotion, his left hand in his pocket, his right beating the air with copy of the Orders of the Day, tightly rolled up so as to represent the linstock of the gun he had just fired off at Education Bill.

"I want to see Voluntary Schools assisted," said the Major, "but don't want to see Board Schools degraded. We all know where the evil influence at the bottom of this business comes from. It comes from the Church," he added, feeling in his trouser pocket for another cartridge. "The Government has got very bad advisers. The Clergy are not men of business—never were. If they come on my platform, I push them off." Here a vigorous wave of the linstock which had, early in the oration, cleared the space within range of its movement, Members preferring to watch the action from safe distance.

*Business done.*—Education Bill having bad time.

Thursday.—"Been in the House forty-two years," said big JOHN KENNAWAY. "Often said a few words in its ear; never till to-night discovered that I am born Parliamentary orator. Feel like that chap in the French play who suddenly found out he'd been talking prose all his life. So I find that GLADSTONE isn't in it with me, and, as for HARCOURT, I can give him ten minutes' start and a beating. Pleasant to be recognised, even though a little late in the day. Shall give 'em some more since they seem to like it."

Sir JOHN's speech certainly made sensation: roused Opposition to loftiest heights of hilarious cheering. Ministerialists ominously dumb. Treasury Bench empty, save for JOHN O' GORST and GEORGE HAMILTON. Sign of the times that G. H. has broken out again in old passion for tearing up slips of paper into minutest fragments. Carefully, with precise measure of forefinger, he tears off slip from Orders of the Day, folds and re-folds it as if life depended upon exactness of size, then sedulously reads it.

"Looks stupid, I know, dear TOBY," he said. "Thought I'd got over it; but it's like the passion for drink. Kept the pledge for months: suddenly break out and am as bad as ever. But what would you? Fancy Prince ARTHUR putting me in charge of JOHN O' GORST and this precious Education Bill whilst he goes off and thinks matters over. JOHN or Bill, taken singly, enough to wear a man out. The combination appalling. Why should it be me?"



"Too big to be settled in a hurry." (Sir John Kennaway.)



Brown. "CONFOUND IT! DONE AGAIN! I LOSE ON EVERY RACE. (To Barber.) HERE'S YOUR SHILLING."

Barber. "COULDN'T THINK OF TAKING IT, SIR. JUST WON £500 ON THE HASCOT CUP!"

What has the Secretary of State for India to do with the Education Bill? 'My dear GEORGE,' said Prince ARTHUR, when I put it to him, 'you see, we must be consistent. We brought the Indian troops to the Soudan, and on same principle we bring Secretary of State for India to relief of Education Bill muddle.'

KENNAWAY's speech that made such sensation was delivered from Ministerial Benches dead against Education Bill. That's why Opposition shout and throw up their caps. No more esteemed man on Conservative side than JOHN KENNAWAY. If he turns and rends the Ministerial Bill, its case seems hopeless. So SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and HENRY FOWLER take the burly baronet in hand, and rub him in, as it were, on PRINCE ARTHUR, who, as usual when the music grows louder, has been brought back to face it from the Treasury Bench.

*Business done.*—A lively night in Committee on Education Bill. JOHN KENNAWAY mutinies under command of Major BANES.

*Friday.*—After week's fitful fever, House sleeps well in Committee of Supply on Army Estimates. Quite refreshing this thirsty weather to have GEORGE WYNDHAM coming in with bottle of pop in one hand, and sample of home-made soda-water in other. As WILFRID LAWSON says, if he'd only a flask of brandy in breastcoat-pocket, and some crushed ice in neighbourhood of his coat-tails, we might make a night of it.

GEORGE, it seems, has some friends in the mineral water way. In certain canteens at Dover the young officers, commendably

anxious to avoid giving Satan a chance, have occupied otherwise idle hands in brewing ginger-beer and similar recondite refreshment. WYNDHAM's friends resent this as interfering with business. BRODRICK explains that Secretary of State for War has spent restless nights in thinking matter over. Commander-in-Chief takes long solitary rides revolving it. At present not disposed to revolutionary steps. *Business done.*—Talk about ginger-beer and soda-water, think about Education Bill and probable next move.

### HOW SHOULD A LADY ALIGHT FROM A BIKE?

THE *Westminster Budget*, after giving some doggerel lines instructing ladies how to mount their bicycles *gracefully* (ugh!), asks, "Will some other rhymster tell them how to get off their machines gracefully?" Why, certainly!

To quit the wheel with perfect grace,  
Your trotters on the pedals place;  
See that your lover is around  
To save from impact with the ground.  
Then gradually, without fuss,  
Deprive the bike of impetus.  
Your hands then quit the handle-bar.  
(Too dainty for its grip by far.)  
Then feel your feet, until you see,  
Quite close, the not impossible He.  
Then, without haste, or jerk, or fright,  
Fall in his arms! He'll hold you tight!  
Then yow, when the dismounting's o'er,  
Never to mount the horror more!

### A WILD AUTUMN;

*Or, Sport versus Party.*

["The graceless Member of Parliament says to his clerical friends and supporters:—'I am very sorry, but you must go on with the intolerable strain, for an Autumn Session is to me an intolerable strain. Grouse in August, partridges in September, pheasants in October, then foxes, and then we shall be very well disposed to consider the Clergy, the Voluntary Schools, and the Children.' We are in for a wild autumn."—*Mr. John Morley at Manchester.*]

*Sporting Patriot loquitor:—*

WELL, what is there here that's affronting?  
Just fancy the folly of shunting,  
For parsons and schools  
(They must fancy us fools),  
The pleasures of shooting and hunting!  
That were a "wild autumn," by Jingo!  
When sport is the only true stingo  
'Twere mighty absurd  
To miss barrel and bird  
For the sake of—JOHN MORLEY's stale lingo!

The parsons are all very proper.  
To plump Mother Church's lean coffer,  
And smash the School Board,  
Summer days I'll afford,  
But Autumn I really can't offer!

We cannot go shooting by proxies!  
Grouse, partridges, pheasants, and foxes  
To miss once again,  
Under Unionist reign,  
The prospect were dark as old Nox's!

### ECHOES FROM THE THAMES.

SCENE—*House-boat in a good position. TIME—Evening during "the Regatta week." PRESENT (on deck in cozy chairs)—He and She.*

*She.* Very pretty, the lights, are they not?  
*He.* Perfectly charming. So nice after the heat.

*She.* Yes, and really, everything has been delightful.

*He.* Couldn't possibly be better. Wonderful how well it can be done.

*She.* Yes. But, of course, it wants management. You know a lot comes down from town.

*He.* Will the stores send so far?

*She.* Yes, and if they won't others will. And then the local tradespeople are very obliging.

*He.* But don't the servants rather kick at it?

*She.* No, because they are comfortable enough. Put them up in the neighbourhood.

*He.* Ah, to be sure. And your brother looks after the cellar so well.

*She.* Yes, he is quite a genius in that line.

*He.* And it's awfully nice chatting all day.

*She.* Yes, when one doesn't go to sleep.

*He.* And, of course, we can fall back upon the circulating libraries and the newspapers.

*She.* And so much better than town. It must be absolutely ghastly in Piccadilly.

*He.* Yes, so I hear. And then there's the racing!

*She.* Ah, to be sure. To tell the truth, I didn't notice that very much. Was there any winning?

*He.* Oh, yes, a lot. But I really quite forget what—

*She.* Oh, never mind. We can read all about it in to-morrow's papers, and that will be better than bothering about it now.

[*Scene closes in to soft music on the banjo.*]

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